

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1882.

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With a Photograph of St. Ignatius of Loyola, from a Picture painted on the day of his death by Del Conte.

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- 3rd. To give a classified list of books, Catholic and other, published from month to month in Great Britain, Ireland, the Continent, and America.

The review of foreign literature forms one of the principal features of the journal, and is contributed by Catholic writers of eminence.

Subscription Price, 4s. a year, post free.

NOTE.—In presenting this list of some of the works reviewed or noticed in our columns during 1881, we venture to express a hope that it affords evidence of our having in some measure at least redeemed the promise with which we started our Journal, by introducing to the notice of our readers works of substantial value with which they might otherwise have remained unacquainted, and pointing out the pernicious principles of certain other publications. The scope of our undertaking is very wide, and cannot, as we remarked in our opening article, be fully put into execution at first. But we trust that our performances hitherto have been such as to command the confidence of the Catholic body, and that we shall continue to receive the ever-increasing support necessary for the full accomplishment of the important object which we have in view.

PETRUS IN ROM.	Joh. Schmid	Luzern : bei Räber.
MARIA STUART.	Th. Opitz	Freiburg : bei Herder.
A YEAR'S MEDITATION.	Mrs. Augustus Craven	... London :	Kegan Paul & Co.
DIE KIRCHLICHEN REUNIONSBESTREBUNGEN WAHREND DER REGIERUNGSZEIT			
KARL'S V.	Dr. Ludwig Pastor	Freiburg : bei Herder.
GUISSEPPE CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.	Dr. Alphons Bellesheim	Würzburg : bei Wörl.	
CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.	Edited by J. A. Froude.	Two vols. London :	Longmans.
HISTORY OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST IN GT. BRITAIN.	Two vols. Lond.	: Kegan Paul & Co.	
DIE GÖTTLICHE KOMÖDIE DES DANTE ALIGHIERI NACH IHREM WESENTLICHEN.			
INHULT UND CHARACTER.	Dr. Franz Hettinger	Freiburg in Brisgau :	Herder.
HISTOIRE DU TRIBUNAL REVOLUTIONNAIRE.	H. Wallon	... Paris :	Hachette.
THE EASTERN QUESTION.	By the late Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe	London :	Murray.
HISTORY OF DESIGN IN PAINTED GLASS.	N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A.	Oxford :	Parker & Co.
RAPHAEL: SA VIE, SES ŒUVRES, ET SON TEMPS.	Etienne Muntz	Paris :	Hachette.
MOIS DE MARIE	Paris :	Jules Vic.
HISTOIRE DU COMTE DE CHAMBORD	Paris :	Bray & Retaux.
PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND KING LOUIS XVIII.	M. G. Pallain	London :	Bentley & Son.
LE VICOMTE ARMAND DE MELUN.	M. l'Abbé Baunard	Paris :	Poussielgue Frères.
DEUX ANS DE SE-TCHOUAN (CHINE-CENTRALE)	Paris :	Bray & Retaux.
REPERTORIUM ORATORIS SACRI.	Hueser, D.D.	New York :	Puster & Co.
ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.	Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.	New York :	Benziger Bros.
THROUGH THE RANKS TO A COMMISSION.	London :	Macmillan.
THE WANDERING JEW.	By Moncure Daniel Conway.	London :	Chatto and Windus.
LETTERS AND WRITINGS OF MARIE LATASTE.	By E. H. Thompson, M.A.	London :	Burns & Oates ; Dublin : Gill and Sons.
LANDLORDS AND TENANTS IN IRELAND.	Finlay Dun.	London :	Longmans.
STUDENT'S ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY	London :	Philip & Son.
TRACTATUS DE VENERATIONE, &c.	Murray	Dublin : Gill.
LETTS' POPULAR ATLAS	London :	Letts, Son, & Co.
THOUGHTS ON PRESENT CHURCH TROUBLES.	H. P. Liddon, D.D.	London :	Rivingtons.
LES CONFINS DE LA SCIENCE, &c.	Par le P. I. Carbonelle, S.J.	Paris :	Victor Palmé.

N.B.—This Monthly Review was started in March, 1881. Back Numbers may be obtained from all Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, from SMITH'S RAILWAY STALLS, from the Publishers, BURNS & OATES, Portman Street, London, W.





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Eternal Punishment and Infinite Love.

IT is a characteristic of genius to give expression in striking and proverbial form to the opinions, true or false, current in the minds of men. Familiar quotations from Shakspeare are constantly in the mouths of many who are ignorant whence they come: every great English poet has contributed pregnant sayings which express, in a few words, thoughts floating in the air, influencing the minds of thousands who perhaps never formulated them definitely. A recent instance of what I mean is to be found in Mr. Tennyson's "Despair," published in the *Nineteenth Century* for November. It carries with it the sympathy of thousands and tens of thousands of the Englishmen of to-day. It is in the truest sense a popular poem: it catches up the thoughts of the people and puts them in a far better form than they could construct for themselves. It is a skilful expression of the revolt of modern England against certain forms of dogmatism. It is impossible to read it without a strong sympathy with much that it contains. We cannot help pitying the poor hopeless wretch who has been just saved in spite of himself from a self-inflicted death; we cannot help hating the narrow, bitter, heartless creed which can give him no consolation in his misery; we revolt from the unctuous minister of that creed, feebly accusing him of blasphemy, as he pours out his piercing reproaches and his heart-breaking cries of disgust and despair—

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—

Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

But while we agree with Mr. Tennyson in the horrors of the Calvinistic dogmatism, we take exception to the idea very prominent in this poem, and alluded to in the "God of eternal rage," and more clearly expressed in the three following stanzas.



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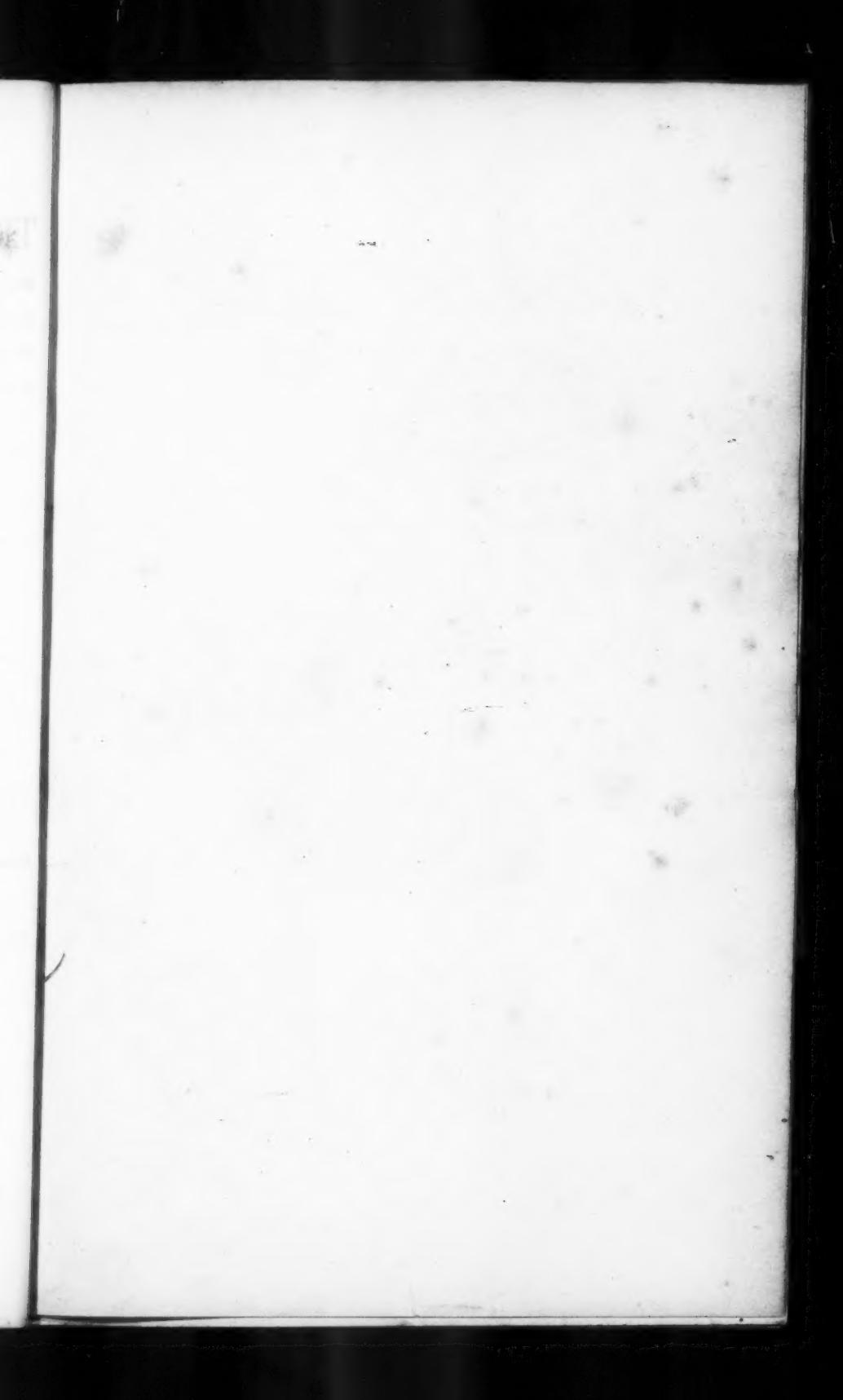
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J. Donatini

ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

ST. IGNATIUS of Loyola took the name of Ignacio out of devotion for the holy martyr of Antioch. His baptismal name was Eneco or, as he always wrote it, Iñigo. He was the youngest of the sons of Don Beltran Yáñez de Loyola and Doña Marina Saenz de Licona y Balda, born in 1491 at Loyola, near the town of Azcoitia in the province of Guipuzcoa in Spain. The paternal house is carefully preserved, enclosed in a noble College, and every room in it is a chapel. The whole forms a singularly devout sanctuary, in the midst of the very Catholic population of the Basque provinces, which regard St. Ignatius with pride and affection as their Patron Saint.

On Friday, the last day of July, 1556, St. Ignatius died in the Professed House of the Gesù at Rome. That room also is a very devout chapel, which has been respected even by the Italian Government, when it turned the Professed House into the official quarters of one of its departments.

Shortly before his death St. Ignatius thanked God that the three things he most desired, were accomplished. These three things were, that the Society of Jesus should be confirmed by the Pope, that the book of the Spiritual Exercises should be approved by the Holy See, and that the Constitutions should be completed and observed in the whole Society. These three things are the work of St. Ignatius' life. He wrote the Exercises, he founded the Society, and he gave it its Constitutions. The motto under which his life was spent was *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

The Saint was 65 when he died ; and the dates of the chief events of those sixty-five years are the following. In 1521, when he was 30, he was wounded in the defence of Pampeluna ; in the following year he did penance at Manresa ; in the year after that he embarked at Venice for Jerusalem ; in 1524, when 33, he went to school again with the children at Barcelona.

In 1527 he was imprisoned in Salamanca ; in the following year he was studying in Paris, where on the 15th of August, 1534, St. Ignatius and six companions took their first vows at Montmartre, laying thus the first foundations of the Society, which was confirmed as a Religious Order by Pope Paul the Third in 1540.

To put' flesh on these dry bones of mere dates cannot be done in three pages. It would take volumes, and it has been done in the many volumes of those who have written St. Ignatius' life. We cannot pretend to describe him or to give his spirit in these few lines ; but as a description of the Saint's personal appearance the following sketch drawn for us by the hand of Father Peter Ribadeneira, who of all the sons of Ignatius lived the longest and on the most familiar terms with his father, may be found interesting as an accompaniment to his portrait.

He was of short stature, being below the middle height. His face was comely, his forehead broad and prominent ; his eyelids drooped, and had become shrivelled and wrinkled by the plentiful tears he shed habitually in time of prayer. His nose, high at the bridge, tapered towards the point. His complexion was bright and clear, and his baldness added to the venerable aspect of his whole face. Sweetness and gravity were so blended in his countenance, that whilst the peace and calmness of his every look gladdened the beholder, their gravity acted as a check on the unrestrained. He was a little lame of one leg, but without any perceptible awkwardness in his gait—the tendency to limp being counteracted by his measured pace in walking. The skin of his feet had grown exceedingly hard and rough by reason of the many journeys and pilgrimages he had performed barefoot. His maimed and shrunken leg remained all his life long so extremely weak and sensitive as to be unable to bear the least touch without pain, a fact which increases the marvel of his having traversed so many countries on foot

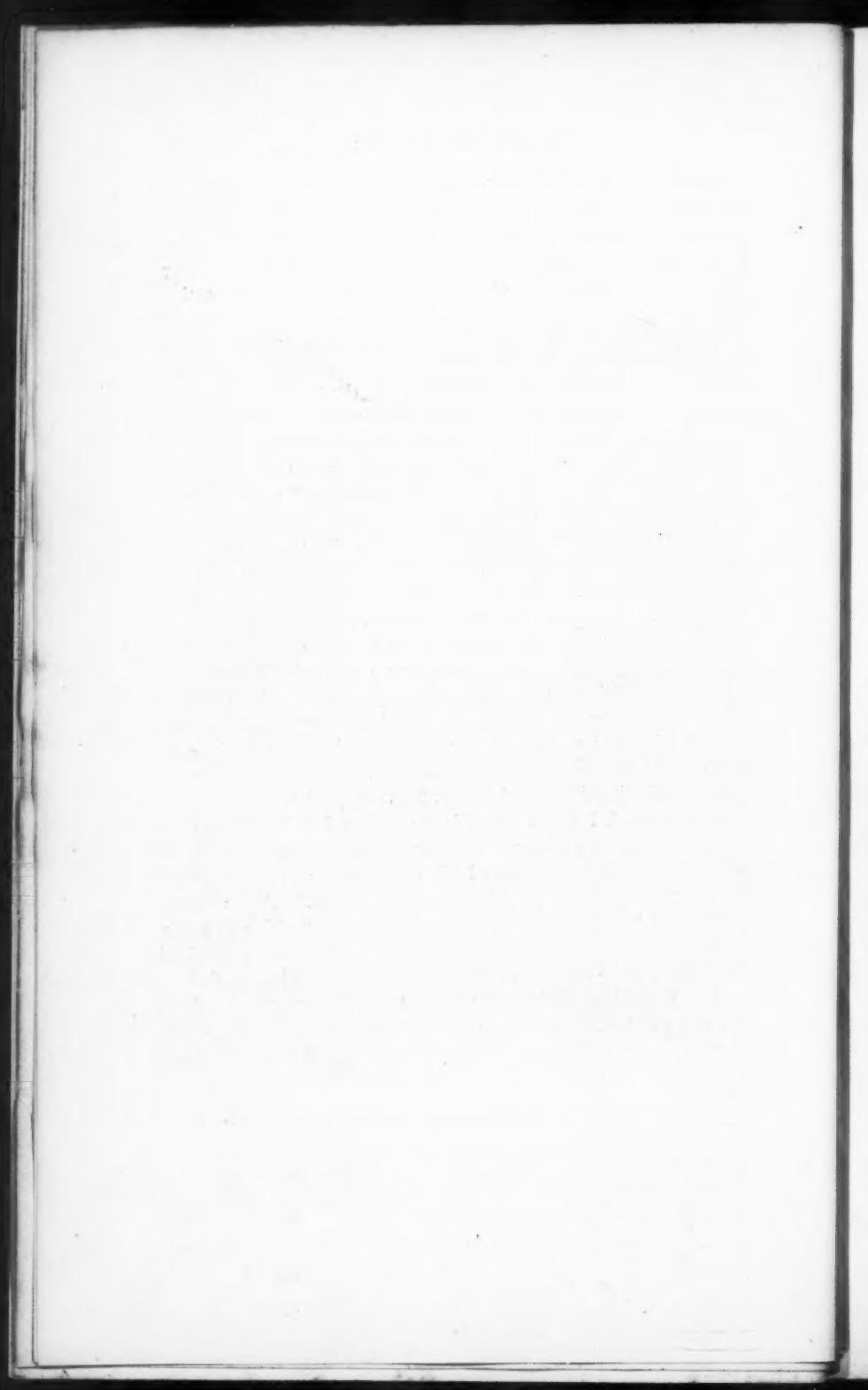
Having given this description of the personal appearance of Ignatius, it will not perhaps be amiss if we add that we possess no portrait which reproduces him to the life. This misfortune is the result neither of forgetfulness nor of indifference on our part ; it is due entirely to the Saint's humility. He would never suffer any likeness to be taken of himself, either on canvas or in stone, and so great was his dislike of everything which savoured in the least of vanity, that not a man of us was ever found bold enough to make the proposition to him. Many attempts were made to catch him unawares ; but in vain. Hence, all the likenesses now in circulation are the reproduction of a portrait taken after death.¹

¹ *Acta Sanctorum, Julii, tom. vii. vol. 34.*

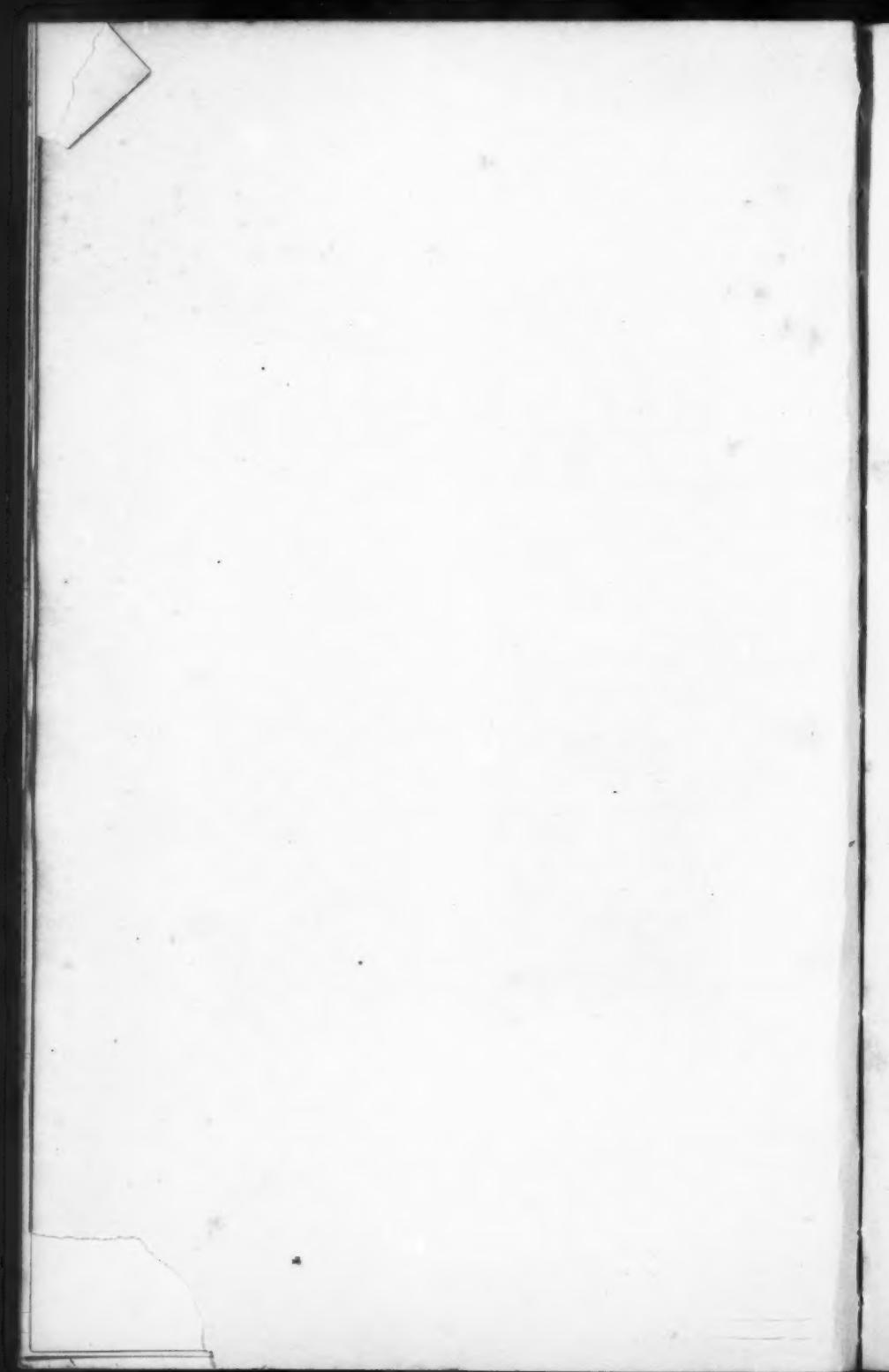
The very best of these, however faithful a reproduction of the mere lineaments of his countenance, all failed, so said the men most familiar with him, to catch the wonderful expression of his singularly striking face. Even the likeness made under the personal supervision of Ribadeneira by a Spanish artist, from the original, of which our portrait is a copy, was considered both by Ribadeneira himself and other companions of St. Ignatius as falling very far short of the beautiful expression which shone through the countenance of the Saint. When the work was completed, he carried it off in triumph to the palace of a Spanish Cardinal, Quiroga by name, who on seeing it exclaimed, "Father Ignatius," and rising and uncovering he came forward and made a profound reverence to the picture. "Your Eminence knew our Father, then," continued Ribadeneira, delighted with the success of his work. "Knew him!" answered the Cardinal, "I have seen him thousands of times. When I was in Rome not a day passed but we met either at his house or at mine. No man's face has ever been so indelibly engraved on my memory, because no man's life made so strong an impression on my mind; and yet often as I saw him, I was never weary of admiring in his every feature an unalterable peace, a calmness at once sweet and strong, a heavenly serenity which neither adversity nor prosperity, nor anything else could ever ruffle or disturb."² Such too was the verdict of Ribadeneira himself; "This is," he used to say, "a very good likeness of my Father; indeed, I think there is no better, but it conveys no idea of the virtue which was the life of the living man's face, of the serenity which overspread his countenance, of that light of heaven which seemed to shine in every feature." And then he would add, "True, to reproduce a physiognomy which was in a manner spiritualized, either the artist must have been inspired by heaven, or he must have had an angel to guide his brush."

The portrait of which we give a photograph was painted on the day of the Saint's death by Del Conte. Our readers will observe how closely it corresponds to the sketch we have given above from the pen of Father Ribadeneira.

² *Hist. du Père Pierre Ribadeneira.* Par le Père J. M. Prat, S.J.







ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

EVERYTHING connected with any one of the saints is of interest to us. Every little additional trait of character, or fresh fact coming to our knowledge about his outward form and bearing, which brings him nearer to us for every-day use, is a real assistance to our devotion. Everything that makes us realize a trifle better that he was a man as we are men, of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, with body and soul, senses, intellect, sympathies, emotions, trials, sorrows, like our own, cheers our efforts to plod bravely along in the paths of virtue. It is not thought childish to set store by an autograph of Nelson, or a laconic saying of the Iron Duke, which brings these great countrymen of ours nearer home to our minds. It is not thought useless to learn to be familiar with the mental and physical qualities of these famous men. How shall it be more puerile or unprofitable to gather together every little fact and detail about men famous in another order, the saints of God, and, in particular, about such a hero as Francis Xavier, the most famous of the six famous men who, with Ignatius of Loyola, formed the first beginnings of the Society of Jesus? There is scarcely a saint in the calendar whose life is more attractive or popular amongst Catholics and Protestants alike. There is no king or general who ever won such victories. Not Alexander the Great, weeping from chagrin, because there were no more worlds to conquer, nor Napoleon, meditating universal dominion, backed as these conquerors were by the power of nations, ever achieved or even dreamed of conquests more vast than those actually effected by St. Francis Xavier, with nothing but his crucifix, breviary, wallet, and staff. "He was a man," says a Protestant essayist not remarkable for his partiality to the Catholic Church, "who, as if mercy had lent him wings, traversed in ten short years oceans, islands, and continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of the known world." Some

writers have computed that, in this space of time, he journeyed from first to last over 100,000 miles, and we know that he baptized with his own marvellous right arm, which is preserved, still incorrupt, at the Church of the Gesù in Rome, countless numbers of idolaters. But the work, stupendously great no doubt, which the Saint actually accomplished was, after all, only a part of the gigantic plan of spiritual conquest he had projected in his boundless ambition for the glory of God. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-six on the lonely island of San Chan, in sight of the great Empire he burned to subjugate to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was the intention of the Saint, if God, not satisfied with the desire, had not taken him to his reward when barely one half of the plan had been executed, to work his way home again by Russia, and labour to reconcile the North of Europe with the Catholic Church.

The saints are the very last men in the world to sit willingly for their likeness; and the life of St. Francis was, besides, a great deal too stirring to have left him much leisure, even if he had had inclination or opportunity to sit for his. But although we cannot point to this or that particular portrait and affirm confidently of it, that it is an undoubtedly faithful and accurate representation of the Saint's features, there is yet no lack of evidence to be got from his life and letters and from the correspondence of friends, who describe his personal appearance, to show that the painting produced in our Photograph conveys a tolerably correct idea of the features and habitual expression of the Saint's face. The general outline, the cast of countenance, and principal lines of the face are in the main identical in most of the portraits we have of the Saint, and differ only in detail. The face is always very comely, winning, gentle, and attractive, and we have it upon record in the various lives which have been written of him, that there was an indescribable something in his very look, which, as in the case of the Divine Master it was the labour of his life to imitate, drew men of all nations, ages, and conditions, irresistibly to him. As to our Lord, so to St. Francis Xavier children were in a most special manner attracted. Speaking of the Saint's first visit to Malacca in 1545, Father Coleridge tells us in his admirable Life of the Apostle of the Indies, how "the children in particular crowded round him, or were presented to him by their mothers," and how "it was noted that as he took them in his arms, or laid his hand on their heads to bless them, he called them all by their right

names." Perhaps this attractiveness was the effect and the reward of the perfect purity of his soul, which shone out in his face and for which he had always been remarkable from his earliest age. Even in an atmosphere like that of the University of Paris, with its scanty discipline and large amount of freedom, his whole character and bearing had always breathed a singular purity, which he preserved unsullied by the least taint to the end of his life.

But perhaps the best idea of the features of the Saint is given us in the passing remarks on his appearance let fall by members of the Society in their correspondence from the East with friends at home. Like his great model, the Apostle of the Gentiles, whom he resembled very closely in greater matters also, he was not a tall man. We remember to have heard from a friend, who had been an eye-witness, when some two or three-and-twenty years ago the holy body of the Saint, still incorrupt, but shrivelled and shrunken, was exposed to public view and veneration at Goa, that it was found to measure not more than four feet and a half, certainly less than five feet in length. Allowing for the shrinking of the limbs and what not, this confirms the statement of his contemporaries that in stature he was not above the middle height. Another circumstance, generally neglected by painters, even of his last moments, but mentioned by the Saint himself in one of his letters written a very few years before his death to the effect that he had grown very grey, was also noticed by the friend and eye-witness above alluded to, who described the colour of the few hairs still distinctly visible on the sacred head as being grey. The descriptions given of the Saint's face by writers familiar with it convey, as we think our readers will agree this Photograph conveys, an idea of exquisite tenderness and gentleness. And he was gentle, he was tender. His own exceedingly beautiful letters are all brimful and running over with the most affectionate charity. "No one, I think, can see him," writes one correspondent, "without great consolation. The very sight of him seems to move to devotion. He is a man of middle height, he always holds his face upwards, and his eyes are full of tears. His look is bright and joyous, his words few and exciting to devotion. You hear nothing from his lips but 'Jesus' and 'O Most Holy Trinity!'" All this tallies with our Photograph, in which we have the upturned face, the brimming eyes, and a smile about the lips, and agrees to the letter with what we

have all read about him time out of mind, how the Saint, his bosom flooded with heavenly delights, was sometimes seen, whilst the hot tears streamed down his glowing countenance, to bare his breast, exclaiming as if in loving remonstrance with God for being so lavish of His Divine favours : "Enough, O my God, enough." "I do not say he speaks," are the words of another writer, "but his very look kindles in men such a desire of seeing God as cannot be expressed." "He is a man," writes a third, "not old, and of good health, he drinks no manner of wine and seems to feel no manner of privation, because he is wrapped up in the wounds of his Lord." The face before us is, indeed, the face of a man lost in the thought of God and the sufferings of his Redeemer, and as we gaze upon it we fancy we almost hear him murmuring softly the words of his own beautiful hymn : *O Deus, ego amo Te* ; or again, when he thinks of the Passion of Christ, crying out aloud to God, no longer as in the case of heavenly consolations to spare him, but to send him more, yet more suffering.

But if, after all, the very best of portraits still fail to give us an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of the Saint's face, we have it in our power to supply the deficiency by the assiduous study of his life, which will reveal to us "the workings of a noble, tender, and most affectionate heart, on fire with the love of God and zeal for souls, and borne, under the guidance of the holy spirit of charity, along a path of heroic enterprise and self-sacrifice, by the side of which the achievements of the great ones of this world look poor and unfruitful indeed."

Eternal Punishment and Infinite Love.

IT is a characteristic of genius to give expression in striking and proverbial form to the opinions, true or false, current in the minds of men. Familiar quotations from Shakspeare are constantly in the mouths of many who are ignorant whence they come: every great English poet has contributed pregnant sayings which express, in a few words, thoughts floating in the air, influencing the minds of thousands who perhaps never formulated them definitely. A recent instance of what I mean is to be found in Mr. Tennyson's "Despair," published in the *Nineteenth Century* for November. It carries with it the sympathy of thousands and tens of thousands of the Englishmen of to-day. It is in the truest sense a popular poem: it catches up the thoughts of the people and puts them in a far better form than they could construct for themselves. It is a skilful expression of the revolt of modern England against certain forms of dogmatism. It is impossible to read it without a strong sympathy with much that it contains. We cannot help pitying the poor hopeless wretch who has been just saved in spite of himself from a self-inflicted death; we cannot help hating the narrow, bitter, heartless creed which can give him no consolation in his misery; we revolt from the unctuous minister of that creed, feebly accusing him of blasphemy, as he pours out his piercing reproaches and his heart-breaking cries of disgust and despair—

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—
Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

But while we agree with Mr. Tennyson in the horrors of the Calvinistic dogmatism, we take exception to the idea very prominent in this poem, and alluded to in the "God of eternal rage," and more clearly expressed in the three following stanzas.

What ! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well ?
Infinite wickedness rather than made everlasting Hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own ;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan !

Hell ? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there was Hell for ever ! but were there a God as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know ;
But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to
nought !

I am proposing to discuss in the following pages the truth of the propositions here laid down or implied. I am going to try and analyse the conviction now so common, that “the God of Love and of Hell together, they cannot be thought.” I am going boldly to face the difficulty—tremendous difficulty though I own it is. I will shirk no objection of which I am aware, and if I pass any by unnoticed, I will promise to do my best to answer it hereafter. I cast no stone against those who refuse to accept the dogma of the eternity of punishment ; but I am confident that if they will but listen to me patiently, I shall be able to show them not only that Hell is not incompatible with Infinite Love, but that—paradox though it may seem—it is because God is a God of Infinite Love that Hell is eternal.

I must begin by guarding myself against one or two misconceptions. First of all, I am not defending the Calvinistic Hell, to which men are so foredoomed by the Providence of their Maker, that, do what they will, they cannot escape eternal perdition. God forbid that I should say one word in favour of this loathsome creed, or should be supposed to sympathize with the hateful shibboleths of the conventicles where it is taught. Unjust and cruel indeed is the God of Calvin—a deity worthy of the man who burned at the stake his friend and companion, Servetus, because he presumed to substitute for Calvin's self-elected opinions others a little more logical and their necessary consequence.

In the second place I must ask for the goodwill of my readers. Theology is not like mathematics, in which you can force a man, willy nilly, to accept certain conclusions. In matters theological there is always room for evasion, for what theologians call a *dubium imprudens*, which the human will has

the power of magnifying until it quite obscures the truth. If this were not the case, there would be no merit in accepting the truths of religion. Theological proof is never apodeictic : it does not produce metaphysical certitude, but only moral certitude. It puts truth forward as *credibile et credendum*, as deserving of belief and carrying with it an obligation to believe ; but not as *evident* and therefore carrying with it the necessity of believing. Not that it requires us to be satisfied with probabilities, or admits probabilities as fit matters of faith. Probability as a basis of belief has been most forcibly condemned by the Church. But the certainty required is one which our free will gives us the opportunity of shuffling out of if we like, just as a corrupt judge manages to shuffle out of the evidence—to throw dust in the eyes of others, and perhaps in his own eyes also, respecting the proofs before him.

Thirdly, I would remind my reader that on matters connected with God there must necessarily be a certain amount of obscurity. We have light enough to see our way, but we must confess that all around us there is a mist which we cannot penetrate, or, to speak more correctly, the light is too dazzling for our feeble sight. The mere notion of the Infinite places before us—not antinomies or contradictions, but mysteries—propositions of which we can assert with absolute certainty that the subject and predicate are compatible and do actually coexist, though we cannot for the life of us fully grasp either one or the other. Take the simplest possible proposition—God is. We predicate of God with absolute certainty the predicate of existence, but as to understanding what God is, or what is the nature of an existence so different from our own, to this we are utterly incompetent : we must confess our ignorance, and be satisfied with such faint glimpses of the Divine light as can pierce through our ignorance and illumine our narrow and limited capacity.

The difficulty, then, that I have to deal with is the following: “To assert that a God of Infinite Love and Power and Wisdom is the Author of a punishment which is to endure to all eternity, is a contradiction in terms. If He were a God of Infinite Love He would show that love by making all the beings He has created happy, not by dooming a large proportion of them to everlasting anguish and pain. If He were a God of Infinite Wisdom He would easily find some plan of carrying out this purpose of mercy with the greatest possible advantage to

man ; if He were a God of Infinite Power means would not be lacking to Him for carrying this plan into effect. Nay, more, the God of Hell is unjust, inasmuch as He condemns the criminal to eternal and unlimited punishment for a finite and limited offence ; and cruel, inasmuch as He thrusts down poor, weak, frail mortals into the flames of Hell, when He might have raised them to an eternity of joy and a happiness that knows no end or limit." This is the objection so forcibly expressed in Mr. Tennyson's poem. I hope I have put it fairly, without burking any of its force.

My object will be to show in opposition to this view what may at first sight seem to the reader a series of paradoxes.

1. It is because God is God, Infinite in all His attributes, Infinite in His love amongst the rest, that the punishment of sinners lasts for ever.

2. Those who would limit the duration of Hell, degrade their God instead of exalting Him—nay, their arguments tend to abolish God altogether.

3. The essential evil of Hell does not proceed from the action of God, but from the will of man, so that it may be truly said that God is not the Creator of Hell.

4. The abolition of Hell would be a misfortune to man, inasmuch as it would involve him in evils greater than any to which he is now liable.

5. In the condemnation of sinners to eternal misery, there is no sort of injustice or cruelty.

6. The objections to eternal punishment are not based on any rational or logical argument, but on a sentimental anthropomorphism.

I have stated these propositions at length for the sake of clearness, though it is obvious enough that the last two are deductions from those that precede them. To attempt to prove all of them in a few pages would be to undertake an impossible task, and as I write, difficulties and objections come crowding in upon my thoughts, the consideration of some of which I shall have to postpone to a future article. But I will attack at once the *caput difficultatis*, the centre of the objection I am discussing. If my reader once thoroughly grasps my primary argument, the basis on which all the rest of my arguments are founded, his thoughtful intelligence will enable him to see at least that there is a solution (even though he does not see the solution itself) of every possible objection connected with this all-important subject.

When we speak of a God of Infinite Love, what do we mean? We may mean one of two things; either that God's Love is Infinite in itself, or that it is Infinite in its external manifestations. That God's Love is in itself Infinite is a necessary truth, which follows from the very notion of a God; that it is Infinite in its external manifestations is a metaphysical impossibility, a contradiction in terms, a ludicrous absurdity. Yet the loose thinkers of the present day argue that a God of Infinite Love must of necessity exhibit to His creatures an Infinite Love outside of Himself. They might as well argue that, supposing that the ocean were fathomless, every little drop of water drawn from it would be fathomless also; that if the light of the sun be dazzling and glorious, sufficient to illumine a thousand worlds, therefore the light of a tiny candle is also dazzling and glorious, and of the same unlimited illuminating power. Nay, these latter arguments would be reasonable and sensible as compared with the one I am discussing. There is at least some proportion between the water of ocean and a single drop; it can be expressed in mathematical terms; there is some proportion between the light of the sun and the light of lamp or candle. But there is absolutely *none* between the Infinite Love of God and its external manifestations. For if God is Infinite, all outside of God is limited, and therefore its perfections, however great, bear no sort of proportion to the Infinite perfections of God; but amongst the objects external to God are the external manifestations of His Infinite Love; therefore these external manifestations have no sort of proportion to that Love as it exists in God. They are finite, whereas the Love itself is Infinite; they necessarily have certain limits fixed to them, whereas the Love of God in itself has not—cannot have—any limit; they are therefore a vanishing quantity, however great they may be in themselves, when compared with the Source of Infinite Love from which they proceed. We shall see as we go on the important bearing of this consideration on our subject; at present we are only concerned with it in order to clear our ideas, and to know definitely what we mean by a God of Infinite Love.

God's Love therefore is Infinite *in itself but not in its external manifestations.* The same is true of all the Divine attributes which produce an effect outside of God. God's power is in itself Infinite, but as manifested outside of Himself is finite and limited, whether exerted to move a grain of sand or to

crush ten thousand worlds, to bring into being a tiny insect or to create a host of spiritual or rational intelligences. Outside of God, whether displayed in things great or things small, it is not only an infinitesimal but a vanishing quantity, when compared with the Infinite Power whence it proceeds. The same is true of God's goodness and of God's mercy. God cannot from the very nature of things so manifest them externally that the manifestation shall be in any way proportionate to the Goodness and Mercy of God in His own Divine nature. He cannot make another Infinite beside Himself. As nothing except the Infinite bears any proportion to the Infinite, it follows that nothing that God can make or do outside of Himself can bear any proportion to the Divine beauty and to the Divine love.¹

When therefore it is argued that God is a God of Infinite Love, and therefore cannot be the Author of Hell, our objector (unless he desires to talk nonsense) must mean that God's Love is Infinite in itself, not as manifested to His creatures. This it is that he must take as the basis of His objection to Hell. He must prove that because God's love is Infinite in itself (though limited in its external expression), that He is bound to exert that Infinite love in abolishing Hell. The reader will see at once how the argument halts. Stated as a syllogism it runs thus: God's Love is Infinite; Infinite Love is incompatible with making or allowing men to be, eternally miserable. Therefore God does not make or allow men to be, eternally miserable in Hell.

In this syllogism a logician at once detects what is called an ambiguous middle term. In the major, *infinite* means *infinite in itself*; in the minor it means *infinite in its external manifestations*.

But here a fresh difficulty arises. If this Infinite Love can only manifest itself in a finite manner, does it not seem that it is a sort of vain and futile power? If it can only be exercised in a

¹ This distinction does not hold good of all the Divine attributes. Justice does not admit of degrees. When we say that a man is more or less just we do not mean, strictly speaking, that he shows more or less justice, but that there is commingled with the positive quality a less or greater degree of the negative quality. But when we say that a man exhibits more or less love or power, we do not mean that there is mingled with the love or the power a certain amount of the negative qualities of hate or of infirmity, but that the positive qualities, pure and unmixed with their opposites, vary in degree. What is true of justice is also true of wisdom, though on rather different grounds. But the difference does not immediately concern our subject, and would lead us too far away from it. I simply notice the distinction to prevent confusion in the mind of the reader.

way that utterly fails of reproducing or representing its Divine magnificence, is it not a mere capacity, which may be in itself perfect and beautiful, but lacks the most essential element of perfection and beauty, an energy and actuality proportioned to itself, exercised on an object on which it can pour itself out in all the fulness of its Divine Infinity? This difficulty it is which furnishes the keynote to my present paper. God's love would be *mancum quid et imperfectum*, something maimed and imperfect,—nay, it could not be a Divine perfection at all, unless it had some proportionate object. Furthermore, the love of God, unlike all other love, must necessarily energize with the full force of its Infinite intensity from all eternity to all eternity on an ever-present object. We have seen that this object cannot be anything outside God, because outside of Him it has no fitting object. Is there no other alternative? Is there no other existence on which the Infinite Love of an Infinite God can fix itself in all its Infinite intensity? One object there is, and one only, which can adequately draw to Itself the whole of this Infinite Love, and this object is—God Himself. The Infinite majesty of the Divine Nature, the Infinite perfection of an Infinite God—this alone can be the primary, essential, and adequate terminus of His own Infinite and Incomprehensible love.

We shall arrive at the same conclusion by another process of argument. All well directed love loves that which is beautiful in proportion as it is beautiful. It clings to that which it admires, in proportion to the claim possessed by the object loved to receive this admiration. We are speaking, of course, not of the natural affection which God has implanted in the heart of man towards parents, children, and relations. There another element comes in—an element of what I may call unselfish selfishness, which loves those connected with oneself because connected with self. I am alluding only to that independent, impersonal love which fixes itself on the object loved only for its own merits, not because of any personal relation, or any personal advantage or gain to be derived from it, over and above the mere joy of loving. Such a love follows on a prudent judgment of the loveable character of the object, and, where reason acts normally, it is in exact proportion to its loveableness. For this reason he whose love is a rational love unmixed with passion, will esteem mental beauty above the beauty of the body, and moral above mental excellence. He will love each of these according to the degree of its development, and the brighter and

clearer the eye of his soul, the more correct will be his judgment, and the better balanced the affection which follows upon that judgment. Such a man will love a Being whose perfections surpass the perfections of all other things around with a love surpassing his love for all else. And his love for such a Being will surpass his love for all else in proportion as the perfections of this Being as presented to him surpass the perfections of all other beings. This is why man is bound to love God above all and before all, and this with a love not only actually superior to his love for all else, but with a supreme love, admitting of no possible rival. Not with an infinite love in the strict sense of the term, because man is incapable of anything infinite, but with a love syncategorematically infinite (if I may be allowed a rather terrible term of scholastic philosophy, which I shall have occasion to use again hereafter), that is, with a love which indefinitely surpasses all other love falling under the same kind or category of rational, dispassionate, unselfish love. It is for the same reason that man is bound to prefer the interests of God to all other interests, supposing that the two seem to him to be at variance, for this follows from the duty of loving God above all.

In God, then, we have a double exercise of love, corresponding to the double object on which it is exercised. There is on the one hand the Infinite exercise of Infinite Love, of which the object is Infinite and is none else than God Himself: there is on the other hand the finite exercise of Infinite Love, of which the object is finite, and which is necessarily limited by that finite object. We must for a moment examine side by side the Love of God for Himself, and the Love of God for all that is outside of Himself. The first thing that we notice is, that the Love of God for His Divine perfections admits of no change, no variation, no degrees. It has one object and one only, God Himself, Who is identical with each of those perfections which our finite powers are compelled to regard as different from each other, but which are really one and the same with each other and one and the same with God. God's Love for His own justice differs in no way from His Love for the Divine goodness, or the Divine power, or the Divine wisdom, or the Divine majesty, or the Divine honour. He ever by one Infinite eternal act loves Infinitely each of the Infinite attributes which are identical with an Infinite God. But the Love of God for all things outside of Himself varies in its exercise in

exact proportion to the perfection and the beauty of the object loved. It is capable of an unlimited variation of its intensity. Not that there is any change or variety in God Himself. The change and variety is simply in the external object which receives more or less love in accordance to its capacity, just as a number of vessels receive more or less of the water of a boundless ocean according to their varying size. External things are capable of attracting to themselves any possible degree of love, except one, though this is not correctly speaking a degree at all. They cannot receive an infinite degree of love. He who talks of God's Infinite Love to man, if he means that God loves man Infinitely, is talking nonsense. He might, as we have already remarked, just as well talk of some little vessel containing an infinite amount of water, because the water was drawn in the first instance from a fount which never could be exhausted. Hence we see that God *cannot* exert Infinite Love on any being except Himself, and that He *must* love Himself with an Infinite Love—else He would not be God at all.

From this a conclusion follows which perhaps my readers will at first be slow to accept. Since God loves Himself with an Infinite Love, and all other beings, real or possible, with a finite love, it follows that the interests of all existing things fade away into nothing in the estimate of any well-balanced intelligence, and therefore *a fortiori* in the estimate of God Himself, when compared with the faintest or smallest additional honour, glory, or dignity accruing to the Infinite God. We desire our friends to be honoured and esteemed, we desire to further their interest and their rational desires, in proportion to our love for them: if our love for them is small, we care but little to promote their pleasure or their honour; if we love them intensely, we are intensely anxious that they should receive from ourselves and others the respect, honour, glory, and happiness which is their due. Hence, if we love God with a supreme love, our desire for His honour and glory will be supreme above every other desire. We shall contemplate side by side the Infinite and the infinitesimal, and the one will so absorb us that if we could sacrifice the other altogether to promote the honour of the one, we should at once do so. Not to do so, would be to institute a comparison between incomparables, to virtually assert the false proposition, that if the finite be multiplied a very large number of times it will in the process of time become infinite.

We shall hereafter see that the honour and glory of God never run counter to the highest interests of the creatures that He has created, that even Hell exists, strange as it may appear, for the benefit of man. But even were it not so, even if the honour of God were to involve an injury to His creatures, still every rational creature, and therefore much more God Himself, would of necessity by reason of their just appreciation of the honour, glory, and dignity due to one and to the other, desire that men, angels, all creation, should be sacrificed altogether rather than that one iota of honour should be lost to the Infinite God. He who denies this writes himself down an—anthropomorphist. His God is no God at all, but only a man, or at all events, a created intelligence, on a big scale.

This leads us on to a further consequence. The relation of the Infinite to the finite being such as we here describe it, and the honour and the glory due to the one being thus altogether and utterly incommensurable with that due to the other: the duty, moreover, of the rational creature necessarily being to promote the glory of the Infinite, it follows that any withdrawal by a finite creature of the honour due to the Infinite will be in the eyes of him who judges aright a far worse evil than any possible evil or misery which can befall the finite. We beg our readers to reflect on this necessary truth and let it sink into their minds, it explains many difficulties, it is a valuable antidote to the sentimental and illogical materialism of what has been well called the "Emotional school" of Modern Theology.

The natural reflection which will perhaps rise to the mind of some of my readers, is that such a God is not a very amiable one: that a Being Who is so absorbed in admiration of His own perfections as to disregard in comparison all beings outside of Himself is not a God to Whom we can cling with fond affection and familiar confidence. Do we not shrink from selfishness and self-love with instinctive repugnance? Do we not invariably regard with intense dislike the man whose narrow and unsympathizing nature is fixed upon himself, and who is ready to sacrifice his fellow-creatures for his own happiness, ease, and honour? Is it not then absurd to ascribe to God as a perfection what is so foul a blot in men? If selfishness so disfigures the imperfect copy, which bears however the image and likeness of God, is it not a paradox to tell us that it necessarily belongs to the ideal, perfect, Being, Whose infinite perfections man is said feebly to imitate? Are you going to

tell us, I shall be asked, that we are to love, honour, and adore a God Who simply magnifies—idealizes if you like—one of the worst vices of man?

A natural and a very reasonable difficulty, but one to which it is not hard to reply. We have here already said that when we predicate of God existence, it is an existence which is something different from human existence. The same is true of all the Divine perfections. The ideal belongs to a different category from its imperfect human imitation. It contains all that is beautiful in the latter, and much more. All that gives value to the human virtue or perfection is found in the corresponding Divine attribute, but in a superior form. Take a familiar illustration. A sovereign contains all that is of value in a shilling, at least all its monetary perfections, but in a different and a superior form. A picture by an old master contains all the perfections of the many copies that are made of it, but adds something to them all, something which puts it into an altogether separate class—it adds that genius which shines out through the material colours. So the mercy, the justice, the power of God are not simply the mercy and justice of men raised to an infinite power, it could not be so, because it is of the essence of human justice to be finite. They belong to a different order altogether. They are, if you please, human attributes idealized, but this process of idealization renders the very name, as applied to both the human and the Divine, an analogous (not an univocal) term. It is used in a different sense, the Divine containing everything perfect in the human mind transformed and transmuted into something infinitely more perfect.²

But there are some human virtues incapable of idealization, inasmuch as they of their very nature connote imperfection. Take for instance, humility, the very root and foundation of human virtue. Humility consists in recognizing our proper position as nothing in ourselves, as dependent for all that we have on the Being Who made us, Who preserves us, Who

² This fact gives the key to Mr. Mill's difficulty that if there is a God Whose justice is different from human justice, He is not in our sense just, and therefore we cannot worship Him. This objection, which is quite true against the Mansellian Deity, is solved by the fact that God's justice lacks, nothing of the perfections, but all the defects and limitations of human justice. On Mr. Mill's principle, a man who had his pockets full of halfpence would declare that he could not and would not recognize his neighbour as wealthy on the ground that he had nothing but sovereigns and shillings in his pocket; and no halfpence like his own.

has given us all we have. Humility is impossible except to the Theist—Aristotle's ideal man, as depicted in the Fourth Book of the *Ethics*, is utterly wanting in humility. Humility, inasmuch as it implies subjection, cannot be idealized, cannot belong to a Supreme Being. Beautiful as humility is, an humble God is a ludicrous self-contradiction. How can He be humble if He is above all and before all, the cause and origin of all, on Whom all depend, their beginning and their end?

Or, to take another example, what virtue is more beautiful than obedience? It wins the heart of God and man alike; it is the foundation of every well-ordered commonwealth; it is everywhere the source of peace and happiness, of order and content. A disobedient child is a bye-word of reproach; a man who obeys his conscience in all things is a saint; an army of disobedient soldiers could not stand for an hour against the foe; a servant who obeys his master, absent or present, is an invaluable treasure. It is the highest praise bestowed on Him Whom all Christians adore, that He was obedient, even to the death of the Cross. But though it is a virtue and a perfection in man, nay, in God made Man, it is an absurdity when applied to the Invisible, Infinite God. An obedient God is another contradiction in terms: for whom should He obey Who is Supreme above all and before all? Obedience implies subjection, and the Creator cannot be subject to the creature, the Infinite cannot subserve the finite.

To apply this to the case we are discussing. Unselfishness is like humility and obedience, essentially a human perfection; it cannot belong to God. It is a relinquishing of our own comfort, interests, and happiness, for the comfort, interests, and happiness of others. It is the acceptance of a certain amount of suffering and pain (positive or negative), in order that the welfare of others may be advanced and promoted. But all this is impossible to God from His very nature. He is incapable of pain, immortal, impassible, and therefore cannot be unselfish.

Or, to put the matter in another light, what is unselfishness? It is a practical recognition of the importance of another's happiness as compared with our own. It reaches its highest, its most heroic, its almost Quixotic form, in the desire of St. Paul to be anathema for his brethren, to suffer all the penalties which God has attached to human guilt, though without incurring the guilt itself. Unselfishness in its highest form

carries with it a well-grounded conviction of two distinct facts, without which it is impossible. We must know that our happiness is such that we are able to surrender it, and we must also make a just estimate of our own happiness as compared with the happiness of others, and must, after comparing the two, deliberately decide that according to this true and just estimate the happiness to be gained by others from the action we contemplate is of more importance than the happiness we are about to sacrifice. Now each of these conditions implies an imperfection and limitation. He Who is absolutely perfect in Himself, and independent of all outside Himself, cannot be affected in His happiness by any possible contingency. He Who is Infinite, cannot from the very nature of things prefer the infinitesimal happiness of the finite to His own Infinite happiness. If we could, *per impossibile*, suppose Him to do so, He would then and there be declaring Himself finite, and therefore not God at all. This is the practical conclusion of all who would require of God that in determining the lot of His creatures, His love for them should induce Him to weigh the happiness of His creatures as a determining element in the Divine action. "The Lord hath made all things for Himself; the wicked also for the evil day." An Infinite Being is by reason of His infinity the sole centre of His every action. As He is the first beginning of everything, so He must refer them all to Himself as their last end. He cannot make their happiness the first motive of His action. In other words, God cannot be unselfish.

Are you then, I shall be asked, going to inflict upon us a selfish God? Is not selfishness a quality odious in man, and therefore impossible in the Perfect Being in Whose image man was created? The answer is a sufficiently obvious one. Selfishness, like unselfishness, implies dependence and limitation, and is inapplicable to God. To argue that because God is not unselfish therefore He must be selfish, is like arguing that because you cannot term a syllogism healthy or merciful, therefore it must be unhealthy or unmerciful. It is an old and familiar logical fallacy to assume that if one of two contraries cannot be predicated of any object, therefore the opposite contrary can be predicated of it. To draw the conclusion God is selfish from the premiss God is not unselfish, is about as good an argument as to say that because God cannot be obedient or humble (as we have seen above), therefore He must be dis-

obedient and proud. *To be self-centred is in the creature the vice of selfishness—it is a necessary attribute in the Creator.*

We have now arrived so far as this: that God is a God of Infinite Love, inasmuch as He loves Infinitely His own Infinite perfections; that these perfections are the primary, essential, and adequate object of His love; that His Infinite Love extends itself to creatures only in a finite manner, and as its secondary, accidental, and inadequate object; that there is no sort of proportion between the love of God for His own perfections and His love for His creatures; and this disproportion is the necessary consequence of the disproportion in the objects loved; that God cannot, without forfeiting His claim to be God, take account of the interests of His creatures when it is a question of His own honour.

Before concluding my Paper, I must answer one obvious objection, because the answer brings out more clearly the last point I have mentioned, and shows its immediate and practical bearing on the endlessness of punishment.

Granting, says my objector, that God must look first of all to His own honour, and secondarily to the interests of His creature, I do not at all see why God should be thus inexorable. I allow that some punishment is due as the just reward of sin, but I fail to see why His honour should require that the punishment inflicted justly should not after a certain period be remitted, and the penitent sinner, purged and freed from sin, be admitted at length to the friendship of his God. Even if God is not *infinitely merciful*, surely He Who forgave Magdalen, and welcomes the returning penitent with the tenderness of a mother, will not for all eternity harden His face, even against the greatest sinner who ever lived. Your unforgiving God is not the God of mercy that the Bible and the Church ask us to love; this unattractive inexorable God may be the God of dogmatic theology and strict logic, but He is not the God Whom we can address as a loving, forgiving, merciful Father and Friend.

All this is perfectly true, granting the hypothesis of my objector. I do not myself believe that God refuses or could refuse to hear the cry of one who lifts up his hands and submissively begs for mercy. He has bound Himself never to cast out one who comes to Him. The returning prodigal, whatever has been the enormity of his ingratitude, is always welcomed at the throne of the Divine mercy. If the result of punishment were invariably and without exception to humble the

sinner, and therefore to bring him to a sense of his own guilt, to make him cry for forgiveness and acknowledge his sin, then I allow there would be no place for Hell. But this is not the case. Punishment in this life hardens as often as, more often than, it softens. The free will of man has a power of resistance which is the necessary accompaniment of freedom. What then if the punishment of Hell, instead of leading the sufferer to repentance, only confirm him in his impenitent hardness of heart? What if he reject all the invitations to repentance, and wilfully turn aside from God? What if he only hate Him more and more, and defy Him with ever increasing violence and audacity? Is God to reward this defiance of His Divine Majesty by opening the door of Heaven and inviting within its portals His bitter, unrelenting, rebellious, blaspheming enemy? It is in view of this insuperable objection of the Restitution theory that the clumsy and gratuitous hypothesis of annihilation has been invented, in order to save the Deity from the inconceivable degradation of having to give in to the sinner, if only he be sufficiently persistent, thus encouraging sin and rewarding revolt. And even granting for a moment that God were to act thus, and give the unrepentant sinner a place among those who are in the presence of God to all eternity and derive from Him all their bliss and happiness, would the culprit accept the offer? Nay, rather he would prefer to be in Hell—Heaven would be a worse Hell to him, for it would bring him nearer to that God Whom he fears and loathes and detests.

For Heaven and Hell are not (at least primarily) *places* but *states*. Heaven is the state of intimate union with the Deity; Hell of eternal separation from Him; and thus the sinner makes his own Hell far more than God makes it for him. Hell is simply the inevitable result of what theologians call being confirmed in malice, that is, being so disposed towards God that the relation is and must ever remain one of irreconcileable hostility. I hope to show hereafter how this relation involves all that Holy Scripture says respecting Hell; how it implies as its necessary,—I may almost say its natural—consequence, the worm that dies not, the fire that shall never be quenched. At present I am merely concerned with the fact that the doctrine of the remission of punishment to the unrepentant sinner degrades God instead of exalting Him—requires of Him that He should cringe to the rebellious creature, and demean His Divine Majesty by reinstating the successful rebel who still

curses and detests Him and refuses to bow his proud neck to the God to Whom his allegiance is due.

Such a view of God is not merely anthropomorphist—it represents Him, not as a magnified man, but as a feeble, helpless, incapable dotard, unfit to rule, unable to enforce obedience or to inflict due punishment on those who disobey. Is this the King of kings and Lord of lords? the God Infinite in power and wisdom? the Lord and the God of Heaven and earth?

I must postpone to my next paper the proof that eternal punishment is not only strictly just, but actually merciful to man.

Rome the Capital of Italy.

THE Roman question, always of the utmost gravity and importance to Europe, derives at the present moment a special prominence in England from the rumoured proposals of new diplomatic relations between this country and the Holy See. A few words respecting it may therefore be of interest to our readers.

And first we would dispel a common error arising from the vague ideas floating in many people's brains, that, after all, there is something natural and right in the notion that Rome, once the mistress of the world, should again become the capital of the Italian Kingdom. We have heard good men and Catholics give utterance to these sentiments: and it is, therefore, worth while to go into the historical facts of the case.

In an admirable pamphlet on this question lately published in Rome, and the translation of which has appeared in recent numbers of the *Tablet*, the matter is treated historically and politically, as well as in all its bearings on the welfare of Italy; and it is proved that from the hour when Constantine bowed his neck under the yoke of the Cross, Rome never was or has been the capital of the Empire. That great Emperor recognized the fact that the seat of the temporal and spiritual power could not both exist in the same city: and so he left Rome to the Holy See, and removed his own capital elsewhere. Succeeding Emperors followed his example. Treves, Milan, Ravenna, Pavia—all were in turn the seat of Imperial power, and subsequently of the Goths and the Lombards, of Charlemagne and the German invaders. Not even Napoleon the First, when he fashioned after his own model a Kingdom of Italy, ever dreamt of making Rome its capital, but fixed upon Milan from its military and strategical superiority to other Italian cities. Therefore, when people talk of Rome as the natural and historical capital of Italy, they are thinking of Rome in Pagan times, when all Europe and part of Africa and Asia were under her dominion, and when she ruled supreme over the Medi-

ranean and Adriatic Seas. Christian Rome, ever since the beginning of the fourth century, has been exclusively the seat of the Roman Pontiffs, and the capital, not of any particular kingdom, but of the whole Catholic world.

What, then, is the argument in its favour? Men imbued with the modern ideas of "Italian unity," will reply: *its nationality*. But first we would ask our readers to define a little in their own minds what is this "Italian unity." A very able English diplomatist, Lord Heytesbury, writing on this subject shortly before his death, said:

I am amused at this new idea which has lately been put forward by the ultra-Liberals, of uniting Italy in one kingdom and merging in one form of Government Piedmontese and Sicilians, Venetians and Neapolitans, Lombards and Romans. The totally different nature of each people would make such a scheme impossible: *and if they meddle with Rome itself, they are doomed.*

And the ultra-Liberal Italian statesman, Brofferio, exclaims:

This wished-for Italian nationality can never be brought about by the destruction of the nationalities of Venetians and Piedmontese, of Lombards and Romans, of Sicilians and Neapolitans—nationalities which have existed and will exist always, though we may strive to efface their memories with fire and sword.

Thus two men, from a purely political point of view, and without any sympathy with the Catholic Church, are equally strong in their condemnation of this kind of fictitious nationality which has crushed out the life of the various independent States now nominally conglomerated into one. To quote from the author of the pamphlet to which we have already alluded:

Papal Rome is the only true defender of Italian nationality. The Pope alone, by the power derived from his spiritual authority, saved Italian nationality from the incursions of Barbarians, from the usurpations of successive foreigners, and from the intestine divisions which at one time threatened its destruction. . . . Rome as a "national capital" can only invoke the Popes as her creators, founders, and defenders in all emergencies.

What, then, was the real object of those who made Rome the capital of united Italy? We all know the aversion, amounting to terror, shown by King Victor Emmanuel at the idea of occupying the Quirinal, in which we believe he hardly ever consented to sleep a single night. Some power then, other than that of the King, must have been at work to carry out this

intention, and by so doing to insult the feelings of the whole Catholic world.

The answer is not far to seek. The same power which, by the mysterious Providence of God, is permitted at this moment to sow strife and discord in every country of Europe, which inspires the Nihilists in Russia and the socialists in Germany, and the atheists in France, under different forms and in various ways, but still ever the same in its diabolical promptings and hatred of Christianity: in a word, the power of the *Secret Societies* is the real and only cause of the Italian occupation of Rome and its creation as capital of Italy. The Secret Societies needed Rome as capital to destroy, if it were possible, Catholic Rome. "Italian unity" was only a means to tear Rome from the Popes, as Giuseppe Mazzini openly declared: "Rome is necessary to us to suffocate the Papacy."

But the sects, to do them justice, make no secret of their intentions. True, they have succeeded in blinding the eyes of a good many people by talking about nationality and unity, and Italian glory and liberty, and the like. But in their newspapers, in their pamphlets, in their so-called "national hymns," they draw aside the veil and reveal their true purpose without the smallest shame or hesitation. "Ancient Rome," writes one under the name of "Julius," "Civil and Pagan Rome, has risen from the mortal lethargy in which sacerdotalism had plunged her." And the *Great Orient Bulletin* openly declares: "As long as Italy suffers the existence of the Papacy, the world will groan under its yoke. . . . The world is breathlessly awaiting the moment when Italy shall have driven away the Roman Pontiff. To Italy is confided the noble mission of delivering the nations from the thraldom of Catholic Rome."

This is, as the same organ elsewhere states, "*the true object and end of Freemasonry*,"¹ and "which it has laboured at for centuries." Another author, Sbarbaro, in his book on Liberty, writes: "All true Liberals are agreed that the nations will never be free as long as Rome exercises her slavery over men's consciences. . . . *Freemasonry must take the place of the Church.*"

¹ The Protestant reader must not judge of the influence and nature of foreign Freemasonry from its comparatively innocent character in England. Here it is chiefly a centre of social gatherings for philanthropic purposes; an encouragement to luxury and extravagance perhaps, but no focus of conspiracy. Its members occupy the highest positions, and it prides itself on its loyalty to the Throne and the Established Religion of the country. Yet for this very reason it does enormous harm indirectly by throwing the cloak of its respectability over the anti-Christian lodges of the Continent, to which, be it remembered, it has been lately publicly affiliated.

It is for this end that Rome has been taken from the Popes to be made the centre of its own operations, under the pretence of making her the capital of Italy! Another of their writers, Alberto Mario, is even more explicit : "To disarm the Church," he writes, "is not to kill her : we must decapitate her in Rome."

And now, having shown our readers the real movers in this iniquitous transaction, let us see how it was brought about. And here English people are very apt to fire up and say: "Well, after all, it was the Romans' own doing. They were sick of the Pope and his Government. And when it was put to the vote, they decided almost universally for the King." Now, there have been many revelations in these last few months about the mal-practices in different English boroughs during the late elections, and many towns have been disfranchised in consequence; but we do not believe it would ever enter the imagination of an Englishman to conceive the way in which this so-called election, or *plebiscite*, was managed in Rome on October 2, 1870. To talk of intimidation would be a small matter : there was literally *no voting at all* by Roman citizens save forty-six! The election was held only twelve days after the entrance into, or rather the capture of, the city by the invaders. Armed men guarded the electoral urns. Soldiers, foreigners, ruffians of every class, without a pretence of Roman citizenship, poured their voting-papers into these urns, and not content with doing so in one quarter of the city, went round to the other polling-booths and repeated the same process. There was no scrutiny whatever of the votes, and no counting allowed but by the conquerors themselves—while the unhappy forty-six, who had the courage to record their real opinions, were menaced with imprisonment and exile. And then it was declared that by the "unanimous vote" of the Roman people Victor Emmanuel was declared King of Rome!

In the same pamphlet which we have before quoted, it is stated that the following year—that is, 1871—Padre Curci had a fresh *plébiscite*, without foreign interference or intimidation, and that that election resulted in 27,700 votes being recorded in favour of the sovereignty of the Pope—"all Romans by birth and by legal domicile, of the proper age, and in the possession of civil rights." This is rather different from the forty-six votes polled at the previous election!

We think we have disposed, therefore, of the belief so industriously circulated as to the deposition of the Pope being

the deed of the Romans themselves. Now we will turn to the present condition of Rome under the new *régime*. We will not speak of the fearful increase of crime which has rendered all existing prisons insufficient, or of the extreme poverty of the people, thanks to the new and intolerable taxation which has reduced between thirty and forty thousand families to positive beggary—families who formerly were living in moderate ease and comfort. Neither will we dwell on the enormous sums squandered on useless buildings and public works, to enrich a certain number of “Liberal” speculators. But we will come to the main point—the condition of Catholic Rome after ten years of what we must call Piedmontese occupation. The Pope is a prisoner in his own palace. This assertion is sneered at by the Protestant Press of England, who pretend that this “captivity” is purely his own act and deed, and that he might leave the Vatican whenever he pleased. Since the 13th of July, however, when the passage of even a dead Pope through the streets of Rome was accompanied with such shameful insults, people begin to realize a little more clearly the real state of things in Rome, and the sham of the so-called “guarantees,” which were framed to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, and which pretend to ensure the freedom and independence of the Pope, while in reality they are a dead letter. The Pope, in fact, has less freedom than any private individual in any country in the world—ridiculed and vilified in the daily press and in the most horrible caricatures in the shop windows; surrounded with spies; checked continually, even in the exercise of his spiritual government; misrepresented by a hostile diplomacy—his life is one of such continual trial and difficulty that it is a marvel how he has been able to remain in Rome until now. And let it be remembered that the insults thus heaped upon him and his office, are equally heaped on the Catholic world, of which he is the Centre and the Head.

But this is not all. The Pope has the grief of seeing heretical temples rising up on all sides in the very heart of Rome—heretical schools, taught by atheistical masters and apostate priests, perverting the minds of his children, forbidding the teaching of the catechism, impugning all Catholic doctrine, insulting the Papacy, and doing their utmost to paganize the whole rising generation. He has the additional sorrow of seeing the religious orders dispersed, their property put up to auction, religious corporations and charitable foundations dissolved and

ruined, and the money shamefully appropriated to meet the needs of a bankrupt exchequer. Again, while civil and Masonic processions are the order of the day, and civil funerals accompanied by bands of music, are met at every corner of the street, Catholic processions with sacred banners and religious emblems are forbidden, and the Blessed Sacrament can no longer be carried through the streets of the capital of the Catholic world. When the pilgrims arrived in such numbers last month from the north of Italy, the Government hastened to boast of their "kindness" and "toleration" in allowing the Pope's own children to come and kiss his feet! Yet these very pilgrims were obliged to conceal the little red crosses they wore as an emblem of their mission, lest, forsooth, they should "wound the susceptibilities" of the sects who govern Rome.

Another thing which deeply grieves the heart of the Holy Father is the condition of the soldiers. We will not now speak of the tyranny of the conscription—a means of recruiting hitherto unknown in the Papal States—nor on the enormous standing army, amounting to upwards of 300,000 men, whereby Italy is striving to imitate the example of Germany and France, and draining the country of all her labouring hands, so that the harvests have to be gathered in by women and children, and universal misery is the result. We are dwelling now on the spiritual side of the question, which is even more grievous than the material one. With one stroke of the pen the Italian Government, under pretence of economy, abolished the army chaplains and closed the barrack chapels. It is true that, by the army regulations, a couple of hours are granted to the men on Sundays and feasts of obligation in order to enable them to go to their duties, or at any rate to hear Mass. But this regulation depends on the will of the officers in command. Now almost all the petty officers are members of the sects, and violently anti-Christian. The consequence of which is, that when Sundays or any great festivals occur, they purposely (if there be no reviews, as is often the case on those days) keep the men in barracks or employed in various duties till after the time of Divine Service. We have known men, up at four o'clock in the morning, and drilling under a burning sun for two or three hours afterwards, remain fasting till half-past twelve o'clock in the day in order not to lose their Easter Communion, and the devoted priests, who generously say a late Mass for this purpose, have described to us the utter exhaustion of these poor fellows.

when Mass was over, so that they had to give them food before they could go back to their barracks. Naturally, those who will exercise such heroic self-denial are few: and the rest are simply entirely demoralized by their godless lives, and from having come into their regiments good and God-fearing peasants, return to their homes, after their three years' service, freethinkers and atheists, and ready to propagate in their own villages the Masonic principles which have been sedulously instilled into them during their military career.

We have spoken hitherto solely of the position of the Pope and his Catholic subjects under the circumstances of the Italian occupation of his capital; but we would now turn to the other side, and ask if the position of the King and of his Government be one which those who have at heart Italian "unity" or prosperity can wish to see maintained?

For a long time the co-existence of these two Governments in Rome has been felt to be impossible on both sides. To begin with, the King and the Government find it impossible to obtain the services of any first-rate or able Ministers. Those who gladly devoted themselves to the business of the State when the seat of Government was at Florence or Turin, now absolutely refuse to violate their consciences by retaining their offices in Rome: and one and all sent in their resignations. Even with the military officers the same thing has occurred, though naturally their position makes them more independent. "I would cut off my right hand," said one of them to us last year, "if I could persuade the King to leave Rome. I, and my father before me, have ever been loyal and faithful servants of the House of Savoy. But I am also a loyal Catholic: and now I am placed in a most painful position; for if I continue in the King's service I am virtually excommunicated." This is the language held by all honest, God-fearing men in Italy at this moment; and the practical result is that almost all official employments are filled by men of little ability and less worth, generally members of the Secret Societies, and all, in reality, as hostile to the King as they are to the Pope—Red Republicans, in fact, who see in the universal confusion and bankruptcy of the State a means of eventually getting rid of both temporal and spiritual monarchies, and riding rough-shod over the ruins of both. Moderate men on all sides see this plainly: and the *Times* quoted not long ago the words of a well-known Italian patriot, which we will give *in extenso*, and which embody the

feelings of all thinking men in the Peninsula, if not blinded by anti-Christian hatred.

"For the last ten years," said this illustrious patriot, "we have been camping in Rome, which we entered, driven forward by absolute necessity; but we have not been able to fix ourselves there as a regular Government. We are not at home there. Rome, which was then an imperious political necessity, is the most detestable capital we could have chosen. We are there as under a tent, armed and watching over a prisoner who will not submit. Rome is not a centre, nor is it a dwelling-place. It is too sombre for the sojourn of a worldly Government. We are there a prey to the twofold fever sent us by the Campagna on the one hand and by the Vatican on the other; nor is it the malaria of the Roman marshes which is the most pernicious. We live in the presence of a power which disputes our right, which we can neither combat nor uphold with parallel embassies. Every struggle between the Vatican and the Quirinal ends to the profit of the Revolution, and between these two combatants the Republic is every day gaining solid ground. I admit that I should not fear the Republic if it threatened only the dynasty, in spite of my love for the latter; but the Republic menaces Italian unity itself, and no sooner will it have been established among us than the disaggregation will commence. With us a Republican army would be Sicilian, Neapolitan, Tuscan, Venetian, or Milanese; it would not be Italian. The House of Savoy will be for a long time to come the only genius of national unity, and it will fatally fall with the flight of the Papacy before the victorious Republic. The present Pope has made peace with all those with whom Pius the Ninth had broken it. He has become, or will become, reconciled with Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Austria. He allows France to have her own way with marvellous patience, and one of these days we shall hear that England, no longer disinterested in the grave questions that concern the Vatican, has accredited a representative to the Holy See. It is only Italy for whom the Papacy has ceased to be a menace, for whom it is a resource, and whose powerful ally it might become: it is only with Italy that the Papacy is not and cannot be reconciled; and all that is due to the fact that we are at Rome, where both of us, in spite of ourselves, are working for the triumph of the Revolution and that of the Republic, which menaces us both. Rome has given us all she could give us. She is now only a burden to us; an impediment, a geographical, diplomatic, and political absurdity. When we have recovered a more natural, a more logical, more central, more approachable, a less sombre, and a less unhealthy capital, all that now impedes and threatens us will disappear at once, in spite of the interested clamour that will be raised by the cosmopolitan Revolutionists who are now laying siege to our royalty and our unity. Then the Papacy will both become the greater for it. Italian unity will be cemented by the tacit and satisfied adhesion even of the Papacy, and the latter, knowing

that any revolution would destroy that work of conciliation which is thoroughly Italian, would be the most powerful ally of the kingdom in which she would have reconquered her independent seat. I hope not to die before having seen my country show itself to the world as a great enlightened, and political nation."

"The House of Savoy will fatally fall with the flight of the Papacy before the victorious Republic." Yes, that is what the King himself foresees. The law of the "guarantees" is as vital to him as the Pope, and even more so, for earthly kingdoms fall and disappear, and that of the Successor of Peter *never*. True, he may be for a time an exile from Rome; he may be driven, as he has already hinted at, to leaving a capital in which his position is well-nigh intolerable. But his departure would only be the signal for the fall of the King. "*Every struggle between the Vatican and the Quirinal ends to the profit of the Revolution.*" Yes, the House of Savoy brought the sects to Rome, thinking it would employ them as useful slaves. But these slaves have become the real masters of the situation, and they do not hesitate to proclaim it. And can practical statesmen look on quietly and not perceive the danger which threatens the whole social fabric—which menaces all public peace, and violates the most sacred rights?²

Quoting again the Italian pamphlet, we would endorse the assertion "that the independence which is necessary for the Head of more than two hundred millions of Catholics, is not an ephemeral and limited independence," (depending on the will of those who framed the "guarantees,") "but a sovereign independence which recognizes no extraneous authority which can pretend to limit the exercise of, or impose conditions on its operations." This independence the *Times* asserts, is a "paradox" in the capital of Italy. Let this paradox cease,

² While this article has been passing through the press, Prince Bismark has spoken some remarkable words on the dangers which threaten the Savoy Dynasty from the Republic. The *Times* correspondent of December 6th, likewise alludes to the departure of King Humbert from Rome and the selection of some other city as his capital, "*as having been the subject of repeated conversations in circles where conversations on such a subject indicate early, if not immediate, practicability.*" Monarchical Europe, we are told, feels that every blow struck at the Vatican is a blow directly against the principles of authority and Christianity. "*In this common anxiety, differences of creed disappear, for it is felt that the assault threatens all creeds alike.*" A fresh communication has likewise been published by the *Times* from the "Italian Patriot," whose first letter we have quoted, in which occurs these remarkable passages: "*It is because I want to see Italy united, great, and strong, and the great Italian Royal House of Savoy on the throne, that I am for leaving Rome to the Pope . . . I want the ancient city with the environs to belong to the Pope alone.*"

then, by the departure of the Italian Government from Rome. The Catholic world demands as a right that their capital shall be restored to the Pope. Two distinct and opposite Governments cannot coexist in the same city, and a conflict between them is inevitable. Which is to yield? "New Italy" with its few hundreds of sectarians? or the two hundred millions of Catholics with the prescriptive rights of fifteen centuries?

And in this hour of danger and peril, what is the duty of all good Catholics? The Pope has himself told us; and we have only to obey the words which he spoke a few weeks ago to the Italian pilgrims. After dwelling on the danger to which Italy was exposed from the power of the sects, he continues:

"Against such enemies you must watch continually to elude their snares and jealously guard, at what cost soever, the precious treasure of the faith with which Divine Goodness has made you rich. You have just now declared yourselves ready to suffer all things for this most noble end. Act, therefore, in accord; unite yourselves in religious associations. Establish an understanding with each other in Catholic clubs and congresses; draw yourselves close in obedience and respect to your pastors, and before all, to the Chief Pastor, the Roman Pontiff. And, as in his liberty and independence, not pretended, but really full and manifest, is principally reposed the weal of the whole Church and the whole Catholic world, thus it is necessary that all the faithful should shew themselves careful and jealous of such liberty. It is necessary that they should constantly claim and demand this by every means permitted them, in conformity with law and justice. We shall not cease to fight for this object. But our devoted children must not be merely saddened at the grievous condition of their Father: they must, besides, use every means to amend it. To you, above all, belongs such a noble and worthy task. Ah! that in times of such peril, not one may remain inert or idle! Let none of you yield to the force of events and time, habituating yourselves to culpable indifference to a state of things which neither we nor any of our successors can ever accept. Remember always that the Supreme Pastor of your souls is in the midst of enemies, in whom the power of rage and hatred can reach such an extreme as Rome beheld with horror on that for ever ill-omened night when she was accompanying with pious duty to the grave the remains of our venerated predecessor. Remember that the person and Divine authority of the Pontiff is day by day thrown into the mud by the work of an unbridled press, which casts at him outrages and insults by the handful. Remember that there are those in Italy and Rome who demand and threaten the occupation of our Apostolic Palace itself, to force us either into still harder imprisonment or into exile. Let these

sad considerations, beloved children, serve as a powerful stimulus for you to share always with us the fatigues and dangers of the struggle, in which the final victory, will, without doubt, rest with the Church."³

We need add no words of our own, as far as Catholics are concerned, to those of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. But we would venture to say, in conclusion, one word of warning to Protestants as to this "Roman Question." Let them beware, lest, in their hatred of the Papacy, and in their honest desire to propagate what they believe to be truth, they lend a helping hand to men whose only aim and object is, through their means, to upset both the Altar and the Throne. An eminent and well-known Anglican Bishop, with an intimate knowledge of Italy and the Italians, wrote not long ago as follows :

I have, for some time, come to the sad conclusion that it is perfectly hopeless to make the Italian people Protestants : *but what we can do, and what we are doing, is to make them infidels.* Protestantism to them means, not a purer and nobler form of faith, but a negation of all authority, an enfranchisement from all obedience, an independence of all control, free licence to go their own way, and act as they like, and think as they like, without check or hindrance. This is especially the case with the young men amongst them, in all their pride of youth and the self-confidence of ignorance and inexperience, added to the hot-blooded passions of the South, which religion alone can control.

Men must be fools or blind not to see how completely the Protestants are playing into the hands of the sects, whose watchword is hatred of God and Christianity. Yet good and earnest men are so blinded by prejudice that they fail to perceive this truth ; and will only awake to it when the flood of atheism and blasphemy shall have burst through the barriers which at present restrain its course, and Italy will echo the words of the French socialists, whose cry, at this very hour, is : *Abolissons le Christ ! Écrasons le spectre de Dieu !*

³ This extract from the Pope's speech is copied verbatim from the *Times* of October 20, 1881.

The Royal Irish University.

THE Royal University of Ireland has begun its career amid proofs of confidence in its future. Last summer the secretaries stated in a letter to Mr. Forster that the Senate calculated on six hundred candidates at the first matriculation. The estimate has been largely exceeded. Seven hundred and thirty-eight presented themselves for matriculation on the 6th of December, 1881. Many of these, pursuing their studies at the Queen's Colleges, will enjoy from the start the advantages of association and learning in well organized institutions. Their prospects, so far as teaching is concerned, are the same as if the Queen's University still existed. The Colleges retain their professors and endowments; and although many of the older graduates have lamented, with a feeling which every one who has had an *alma mater* can respect, the loss of prestige dreaded from the abolition of their University, they must now be assured by the large number of entrances at Belfast, Cork, and Galway that no injury has been done, and that so far the Royal University has not been a stepmother to the orphaned Colleges. But what of the matriculated students, who do not intend to study at the Queen's Colleges, to whom, we are told, the Royal University is to be, instead of a kind mother, that dries of dry nurses, a mere Examining Board?

These students represent the class to which the University question owes its existence. Let us say *owed* its existence, for although the Royal University is not faultless, although it leaves much to be done, and something, perhaps, to be undone, its creation has removed the subject from the list of burning questions, and will enable prudent and disinterested men of all creeds to work out the details of the problem without conflicts the re-awakening of which at this crisis would be fatal to united deliberations.

It has been said that the new University provides no teaching for the student; that it leaves him the choice of two

evil courses. One is to study at home, without the light which comes from skilled teachers, and without the influences of association ; the other to hand himself over to a crammer, to be "ground" time after time for successive examinations. A University presenting these alternatives, as a matured and final scheme, would deserve to be suppressed. Private study suits some minds. It is after all an essential part of every good education, for without it habits of careful and independent thought cannot be gained. It is the field of self-education, and self-education when successful is, we are told, the best training. But few have time or capacity for it. It is an experiment, not to be tried by every nature, certain to fall short of substantial success in most cases. The cramming system is worse. The home student, if he mistakes desert tracks for the main road, if his labour is lost on unprofitable research, or on points which guidance would have made intelligible at a glance, gains a stubborn purpose, which later on will fight successfully against practical obstacles. The crammed student has no such consolation. His knowledge has never been digested. It has been thrown off, not merely from his reason, but even from his memory, sometimes even before the result of the examination was published. It leaves him tired, aged in intellect, incapable of sustained work. The anxiety of preparation, the dread of competitors, the strain on the memory has affected his brain, his nerves, every function of his body. He loses, intellectually and physically, and degeneration of the moral fibre must follow. The will loses strength, and the youth with overtaxed mind and wearied body has neither the sound judgment, the healthy tastes, nor the steady nerve which Providence has made the natural bulwarks of manly virtue. Whoever first applied the word "grinding" to the system made a hit. When an axe is being ground, every revolution of the wheel takes something from its substance, and if the operation is often repeated, nothing remains but a piece of metal too shallow to take a new edge. Such is the process to which the haste and competition of the day subjects the mind.

But it is not true that the Royal University holds out this cheerless prospect to the students certain to form the majority of its undergraduates, who decline to enter the Queen's Colleges. To estimate its true value and future capabilities, it is not enough to read its charter, or the scheme prepared for its organization. It is well in the first instance to recollect that a

University is not necessarily like a mercantile concern, to be opened ready for all branches of its business by a certain day, nor like a locomotive engine, to be turned out of the factory, prepared, the moment the fires are lit and steam up, to run sixty miles an hour. The best Universities have been of slow growth. No doubt in our day, when privilege and money can do so much in a short time, a University which would trust to natural unaided development, would soon be left behind. Parliament has left much to be done both as to privilege and finance. But these deficiencies bring one advantage. They prevent the possibility of organizing on a large scale in a direction which may prove to be mistaken. They save higher education from the risk of being forced into the wrong groove. It is impossible for the Senate of the Royal University to calculate the tendencies, the tastes, the defects, any of the conditions of education that may spring up in a quick-witted and eager community which is now for the first time about to approach higher studies.

There are factors in the problem of Irish Catholic education which have not affected the training of the students hitherto forming the great majority of Irish undergraduates. There is the element of Catholicism. Apart from its religious and moral influence, there is its intellectual influence on the student. The Church of England influences the intellectual life of the great English Universities. Presbyterianism tells on the development of Scotch students. Catholicism, which exercises an ampler control than those religions, will modify the tone, methods, conclusions, and application of higher education in a thousand ways. It will be said that its influences can be calculated from the experience of Catholic nations. But conditions arise in the Irish problem which were absent or existed in a modified form in other cases. For instance, Irish Catholics live in a mixed community, unlike their co-religionists of France and Spain in former times, and this circumstance makes the problem to some extent new. Again, although Catholicism is unchanged, it meets to-day with forces not in all respects identical with those of former ages, and to obtain the results it has always sought it may modify its methods of dealing with the mind on secular subjects. Bearing in mind these considerations, one will not regret that a mixed Parliament has declined to design and construct an University equipped at all points. Nor should we despair because a

Senate, whose members have not had full experience of all the conditions of the problem, has not been empowered to perfect the institution in its most important details at brief notice. It may be that all students will crowd to Dublin, or that large towns will become the seats of adequate University teaching in arts. Indeed the latter development will be to some extent necessary, in order to bring University pursuits home to non-professional students who cannot afford to devote two or three years to study at a central institution. If the Senate were now called on to give a complete organization to the University, a single false step might prevent the development of the system, or combination of systems, which may hereafter be wanted.

It is not wise to set up an arbitrary organization and bid the nation mould itself accordingly. It is better to elicit the wants and tendencies of the community and meet them. This course cannot be pursued unless the governing body proceeds cautiously, learning by experience what the circumstances of the country require. If, after a few consultations, unaided by experience, the Senate had determined on a complete organization and a large expenditure as a solution of questions which have set the country ablaze for a quarter of a century, is it not certain that mistakes would have been made, and that useless posts would have been created with the usual result? When reform became necessary, the old cry of vested interests would be raised; it would be necessary either to waste money in pensions or to refuse changes demanded by the growing necessities of the country. On the whole, the inadequacy of the powers and funds given by Parliament is not for the present an unmixed evil. It was hard to accept as the fruit of a long struggle concessions in many respects less valuable than others formerly offered and rejected. But there is reason to believe that at no distant time it will be matter of congratulation that the original design of the University left room for development, and saved the youth of 1890 from the inexperience of 1881.

A University Bill was brought into Parliament early in 1879, by a combination of Irish Members from every party and creed. It proposed to create a University bearing the name of St. Patrick, with power to affiliate Colleges devoted to higher studies. Twenty students were to be a sufficient number to justify affiliation; the Colleges were to have

professors paid by the University, the privilege of borrowing from the University, and finally, very generous results fees. Some idea of the liberality of the scheme for results fees will be derived from one of the schedules, which offered each affiliated College the prospect of £20 for every student simply passing the first year's University examination, and larger amounts for every one who could perform the same Herculean feat at subsequent examinations. An *alma mater* so lavish in its motherly benevolence was too good for this hardfisted age. £1,500,000 was to be devoted to the programme. At the end of the first day's debate, the fate of the bill was sealed ; it had passed whither the creations of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Butt had gone before. The Ministerial speaker had condemned it on the ground that it savoured of the endowment of denominational Colleges. He admitted that reform was necessary, but sat down without holding out any hope of it. A second day was obtained for the discussion. It is plain to any one reading the speeches that the bill was dead, and that the real question was, Could any other solution be suggested ? No one defended the suggestion of filtering the stream of endowment into petty rills to feed an undergrowth of institutions with twenty students apiece. But something, it was admitted, should be done some day or other. Mr. Lowe was true to the theory that whether knowledge comes from solitary study, or from the association of a select party of twenty in some secluded retreat, it deserves to be stamped with a degree. Dr. Playfair, in a speech whose sympathy with the progress of Ireland half-atoned for his congenital dread of the priest in education, pointed out the paramount necessity of University supervision over affiliated Colleges. The day wore on without a ray of hope, and shortly before the hour of closing, Mr. Cross, then Home Secretary, rose and condemned the Bill as meaning theological endowment with State money. Like others, he admitted a grievance, but argued that it came rather from the unreasonableness of those who felt it than from a real injustice. His speech was drawing to an end, and the question was clearly to be relegated to the indefinite. He went on in his clear, level way, without any change of tone. He referred to the intention of the Crown to answer the memorial lately presented from Manchester for the creation of a Northern University. The allusion seemed a casual digression, and no one gave it any thought. Possibly, he added, with the voice and the action

of one who has said his say and is going to sit down, possibly it might seem strange, while replying to Manchester, to say nothing of the views of Government on the Irish question. "It would be right at all events to put in form the views of the Government as to what might be done on Irish University education. The Lord Chancellor would next day ask leave to introduce a measure on the subject."

The House witnesses many surprises in the incidents of debate, but it rarely receives a surprise in the announcement of Government measures, which are generally known beforehand. It has seldom received a greater surprise than this promise to deal within twenty-four hours with the fatal question of Irish University education.

Now if the Government Bill had been printed early in the session, all parties would have condemned it from different points of view before second reading. It would have been difficult to carry, impossible to amend it, because secularists and Protestants would have joined against amendments. No time could safely be allowed for vacillation or remonstrance. Lord Cairns fulfilled the undertaking at the appointed time, and his Bill was the tiniest infant that ever came into the world. A mere Examining Board was the solution. The new University was to enfold the Queen's Colleges as well as the studious atoms from the four winds of heaven. No prizes, no teaching, nothing but degrees. It did not pass the Upper House without a few growls, which showed what a generous measure would have encountered. When it came to the Commons, Irish Members demanded provision for teaching and prizes. The request was refused, but still the infant lived and was nursed by Ministers with genuine anxiety. After many confused conflicts it was suddenly announced that a clause would be brought up making provision for exhibitions. The House was again surprised. If such a proposal had been in the original scheme it would have evoked so much criticism, so many suggestions, that the most valuable part of the measure in its final shape would have been endangered. Why, said one, was this refused yesterday? Why was it not announced in the Lords? But with the Government in earnest, as the Conservatives now were, questions which would be fatal wounds in March are harmless in July. Mr. Lowther had a happy knack of missing the point of such interrogations, and his questioners generally grew bewildered and gave the thing

up. Would no scheme as to the exhibition funds be laid before the House? Ministers smiled at the unbusinesslike suggestion. Parliament could not undertake such tasks; it would be the duty of the Senate to prepare a scheme. So the Bill passed. Some regret was expressed at its acceptance, but it is difficult to see what other course could have been taken with a good prospect. The Intermediate Education Act was already creating a demand for higher education, more imperious than claims resting on right, a demand founded on actual necessity. If the bill had been rejected, the classes standing in need of degrees or higher studies would have been tempted to enter existing Universities *en masse*. The demand has since come in unexpected proportions. Every possible solution had been suggested, and defeated. Some fresh combination of defeated schemes might have been devised to meet the religious difficulty, to satisfy the aspirations of Irishmen, and to insure the proper application of funds. But it would have been wrangled over, postponed, and finally either defeated or distorted out of all shape. Another field of action was opening. The Land Question was coming up. The cloud was already bigger than a man's hand. If the basis of the University Question had been left unsettled in 1879, does any one think progress would have been made by January, 1881? By December, 1881? By December, 1882? Parties changed places. Would the statesmen who had suffered in 1873, have risked martyrdom in 1881? Would they have been permitted to pass a good bill? Could they have given education precedence over the Questions of Distress and Tenure?

By the charter, the Senate, with the Chancellor at its head, was empowered to prepare a scheme. Of the 36 Senators nominated a slight majority were Catholics. The Queen's Colleges and the Catholic University were represented, and the first names on the list were those of the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin. A Convocation was established with the privilege of discussing, but not of determining by vote, "any matter whatsoever connected with the University," a powerful privilege where opinion may be expected to prove a force. It will be an excellent lever to move public opinion and Parliament as new powers or additional funds become necessary. Convocation will contain all the combatants in the strife which the Education Question has aroused. But when once burning questions of principle are settled, Irishmen readily bury the

hatchet. So, no doubt, it will be in this instance, where all are equally interested in the prestige of the University.

The clause giving power to confer degrees and other distinctions, provides that "no residence in any college or attendance at lectures, or any other course of instruction in the University shall be obligatory upon any student for a degree," other than a degree in Medicine. This rule is supposed to reduce the University to an Examining Board. It does not seem to be known that the same rule prevails in Trinity, where many graduate without residence, and without seeing the inside or, so far as they can tell, the outside, of a lecture-room. Numbers come up for examinations, pass them, and leave town next day. As for residence, those who know Dublin, the probable seat of the University, and the depth of Irish purses, will admit, that if desirable in many cases, it would be cruel to exact it generally. Dublin is not like Oxford or Cambridge, under the control of the University authorities. To make residence obligatory on students not belonging to the Queen's Colleges, would be to prohibit many parents from giving their sons a higher education, and practically to forbid the development of superior teaching in other towns. There is a certain prospect of provision for teaching by University Professors, and if such provision is made it is to be remembered that Dublin has always attracted students. The Undergraduates of Trinity, who reside in Dublin during term, attend lectures without compulsion. The same thing will take place in the Catholic College. Lectures are less costly than cramming, and more useful if the ordinary examinations are fairly and judiciously conducted. But it is only in the case of degrees that the Senate is forbidden to make lectures or definite instruction obligatory. They may be made conditions for Scholarship, Fellowship, or prizes. If therefore, cramming takes the place of mature study in the contest for distinction, it will be within the Charter to insist on study under proper teachers. But, if competent teachers are offered it will not require compulsion to fill their lecture-rooms.

* The scheme offers both sexes degrees in arts, science, engineering, music, medicine, surgery, and law, and diplomas in obstetric and sanitary science. The Arts course will be of three years' duration, with examinations at the end of each year. As Dr. Playfair pointed out, in the speech already referred to, the mass of undergraduates in Ireland, as in Scotland, on the Continent, and everywhere except at Oxford and

Cambridge, enter for professions, not for the degree in Arts. The Royal University will permit all, save law students, to obtain professional degrees without becoming Bachelors of Arts. They must, however, pass the examination in Arts held at the end of the first year. This test is therefore, for the mass of students, the most important in the whole course. The subjects are—(1) Latin ; (2) Greek, or a modern language, or Celtic, Hebrew, Sanskrit, or Arabic ; (3) English Literature ; (4) Elementary Mathematics ; (5) Experimental Physics. Greek is not made obligatory, and in this the example of some older Universities is followed. The programme appoints portions of authors in each language, and announces that passages will be set outside the prescribed parts. The candidate will also be tested in Grammar, in translation from English, and in History.

Now the value of this examination depends on the spirit in which it is conducted. It is quite possible to reduce the standard so low that the preliminary of a cram will not be necessary, but this is not likely to happen. It is a real danger when a University is driven by competition, or other causes, to tout for pupils. But no such conditions can affect the Royal University. All the competing elements except Trinity will be combined, and Trinity will not compete for anything but excellence of work. Besides, the Intermediate System will remove all excuse for an unworthy standard. It has raised, and will raise still higher, the level of education in the schools. The President of the Queen's College of Belfast bears testimony to its influence in his Report for 1880-81. The President of Cork, while attributing to it, in some degree, the disorganization of schools, and condemning the "examination fever" admits that it has stimulated teachers to increased exertion and the adoption of better methods. The evils of the system are not incurable, and while improved school management will give a tone to University examinations, the latter, if judiciously conducted, will react beneficially on schoolwork. The programme for the "pass" is such a test as a youth well taught at school can master in eighteen months from the end of his schooldays, without being tempted to resort to cramming. Whoever passes in it after a judicious examination will not be a man of universal knowledge ; but he will bring to professional studies a mind exercised in an ample range of subjects ; he will know accurately what he professes to know ; he will not have been taxed with too many subjects—a rare

privilege in these days ; and he will have the germs of broader culture. Hereafter, no doubt, many professional students will proceed to the degree in Arts. Subsequent examinations guard against the waste of energy on a multiplicity of subjects by permitting the candidate to present himself in a limited group. For instance, at the second, he may select Languages and Logic, Languages and Mathematics, or Mathematics and Mathematical Physics, adding in each case one or two special subjects. The programmes are ample, but evidently prepared with the object of encouraging thoroughness and accuracy.

The original scheme offered prizes to all attaining certain standards at Honour examinations. But these proposals were made on the assumption that Parliament would have supplied adequate funds. The expectation has not been realized, and the rewards are to be cut down. Instead of prizes to all who attain a certain merit, a limited number will be given, a course leading to a competition which does not stimulate candidates whose rewards depend on reaching a certain standard. Twelve scholarships, tenable for three years, were also offered. This encouragement, too, is to be diminished. Ten studentships of £100 for five years have been substituted for the junior fellowships originally proposed, and the vigilance of the Senate against what Dr. Playfair calls the demon of examination is proved by the regulation that "regard will be had not only to the marks obtained, but also to general academical distinction and promise." But the most important prizes are the fellowships. It was at first intended to create forty-eight senior fellowships at £400, and fourteen junior fellowships at £200 a year. The number of seniors is to be reduced, and the junior fellowships have been given up. A fellowship will be tenable on condition that, if required by the Senate, the holders shall "give their services in teaching students of the University in some educational institution wherein not less than one hundred matriculated students of the University are being taught." This regulation disposes of the cry that the University is to be a mere Examining Board. It will be able to educate as well as to test its students. If more fellowships are required, the defect can be remedied. The principle that the University can supply teaching is admitted. The most progressive educationist cannot complain if the fellows are not appointed and set to work before one hundred University pupils are assembled in one institution. The business requires patience, deliberation, caution. The

Senate has given the only evidence of foresight on the subject possible at this stage, by making the presence of a respectable number of students a condition to obtaining the assistance of professors paid by the University.

The funds given by Parliament, £20,000 a year, are quite inadequate. What may be called Establishment Charges will swallow £6,000 a year. Then come the salaries of the Fellows. A member of this body who is fellow or professor of any other institution is to receive from the Royal University only such sum as with the salary of his other post shall amount to £400 a year. Professors of the Queen's Colleges, if appointed to Fellowships, will come under this rule. Many fellowships will no doubt be given to professors in other institutions. These offices will consume probably not less than £7,000 or £8,000 a year. The cost of holding examinations, including travelling expenses and allowances to examiners, will constitute no small burden, if the Intermediate System is a criterion. At all events, while the organization is provisional, it will be considerable. The balance for prizes will be narrow. The Queen's Colleges receive from the public purse about £36,000 a year. A part of the sum is repaid the Treasury from fees, but this does not modify the contrast. Out of £20,000 voted for the Royal University, at least £7,000 a year will be spent on University purposes, and £13,000 a year, perhaps less, will remain for Fellows' salaries and prizes. The estimate made by the Senate of the number of students matriculating in 1881, likely to study outside the Queen's Colleges, has proved too low, and the number of these students, already large, is certain to increase rapidly. The University will require an increase of revenue. The demand will be made under favourable conditions. The principles on which the University is organized being admitted, it will be impossible to maintain glaring irregularities. There will be no necessity for interfering with any institution really useful to the country. But it will be impossible to resist adjustment of incomes, if Parliament is not willing to give the new University adequate funds, by adding to the present annual expenditure on higher education.

It will be unnecessary, perhaps only productive of hostility, to reawaken conflicts on topics which are at rest. The question is not now between the principles of mixed and denominational education. It is a matter of fair play in working out admitted principles. Much will depend on Parliamentary action; much

also on the opening career of the University. If the Catholic youth win their spurs in the field, as they have done without endowment against endowed competitors in intermediate studies, they will have an irresistible case, requiring little advocacy in Parliament.

It is hardly fair to contrast an institution placed before the world in an early stage of development with designs like those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Butt, which were complete in conception. However, the Royal University will already bear comparison in some important respects. It seems ungenerous to revert to what appear faults in the proposals of men to whom, despite their defeats, University education in Ireland owes so much. The subject is touched only to show that if the Royal University is incomplete, it has perhaps, by reason of its incompleteness, escaped some dangers. Mr. Gladstone's scheme consolidated all Irish Universities. One institution, formed when the question was at white heat, would have joined Trinity College with its Protestant traditions then intensified, the Queen's Colleges, bitterly hostile to a measure which abolished their centre, and the Catholic University, recruited from schools which were then far from being efficient. Whether united counsels could have proceeded from such an alliance is doubtful. If the elements had been reconciled, the creation of a single University for all Ireland would have destroyed healthy and independent rivalry. It would have compelled the various types of Irishmen, so unlike each other, to move in similar grooves, a prospect fatal to the development of the majority, which, up to that time, had been debarred from higher studies. Mr. Butt's proposal of uniting Trinity and a Catholic College under the University of Dublin was made in a generous spirit. He valued the prestige and traditions of Trinity, and he desired that Catholics should share them. He saw a hope of reconciliation between the youth of the two creeds, which had long regarded each other with distrust. There was, however, an aspect of the question which cannot escape any one who knows the breadth of higher Catholic education. There would have been association, at first slight, afterwards more intimate, between the two Colleges. Trinity, in consequence of its prestige, would have acquired an indirect, perhaps a direct, influence over the modes of teaching, the habits of thought of the younger College. There is one topic which has an undying attraction for the youth of a University. The great truths of natural religion, the attributes of

the Deity, the presence of evil in the world, such subjects interest the mind, and the prospect of discussion with persons of other creeds gives zest to the conversation. It is not suggested that Protestants would make these boyish dialectics an occasion of proselytism, nor would these discussions endanger the faith of well-instructed Catholics. It is from the educational point of view that the matter is presented. The influence of the older College would assert itself in society, in debating clubs, above all in metaphysical and ethical studies.

Now it would be an unmixed evil from an intellectual point of view if Catholics seeking education in these subjects approached them from any but a Catholic standpoint. If a boy's education is purely intermediate, confined to literature, history, and the elements of science, questions like the existence and attributes of God will probably never enter his head. It is only higher studies that lead to these topics, and then Catholic education takes a bold and candid course. It places the problems before his reason ; it explains the reasoning by which philosophy has solved them ; it recalls every objection urged against the orthodox belief. He is led to the Christian conclusion, and if the opinions of men who after such an education have left Christianity be inquired into, it will be found that their belief generally remained unshaken on these fundamental truths. Now, the mode of teaching outside the Church is very different. The opinions of many thinkers, each regarding the subject from his own standpoint, are presented. No definite and binding conclusions are drawn, to form the basis of religion and life. The Catholic system of teaching these subjects is an intellectual consequence of Catholic belief, and therefore a necessary process in Catholic education. If a Catholic youth whose mind has been saturated with definite dogmatic beliefs, is tinctured with the indistinct, varying views of different schools on the great truths attainable by reason, he runs a risk of becoming intellectually weak and inconsistent. He believes revealed truths implicitly ; he falls into a habit of discussing truths which underlie revelation in a vague and purposeless manner. It is ruinous, intellectually, to disconnect these studies from religion among Catholics. If a young Catholic, who has not first pursued them according to the Catholic method, is taught to discuss them from a non-Catholic standpoint, he is like a tree transplanted to an uncongenial soil at the wrong time. He will never strike root or reach his natural height. The Catholic

system is not illiberal. It does not leave much to the wanderings of fancy, but the clearness of its issues gives a man the courage of his convictions. It does not prevent research or inquiry in mature years. It only insists that his education shall be intellectually consistent with his religious beliefs, and, that while his studies last,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.

Even in college the range of reading is not ungenerously restricted. Youths of nineteen who have been invited to read Descartes' *Discours de la Méthode* can hardly complain in after-life that they have been unduly fettered.

The great danger of the moment, the examination fever, is not appreciated by parents. Only a generation which has undergone it in youth will realize it. Will readers whose hearts are set on goading their children to victory consider the words of Dr. Playfair, no sentimental educationist, but a shrewd, practical, Scotch professor, in the speech already quoted?

The demon of examination is beginning to prey upon the vitals of intellectual life in England as it has already done on those of France. Examination is not the end of education or professional training, but only a necessary evil connected with it. Education aims at giving intellectual food not more rapidly than it can be healthily assimilated. But examination defeats this healthy intellectual nutrition by forcing the student to cram in ill-assorted and mechanical accumulations of learning. This is not a chimerical but a very grave evil. In France the necessary examinations stimulate the intellect into exceptional activity in youth, and the discoveries and writing of youthful philosophers are brilliant but evanescent. After forty years of age we look for these far more in modern France, because the brain has become prematurely sterile.

These evils threaten Ireland in an especial degree. But examination is a necessary evil, not confined to the Intermediate System or the Royal University. It affects Oxford and Cambridge. It touches many professions and all services under the Crown from the lowest to the highest. It cannot be uprooted, but it may be mitigated.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

Teaching is still in its infancy. No one teaches the teachers. Education, in its present condition, is almost as far from being an art as astrology is from being a science; examination is still

ruder. However both have shown germs of improvement. The only hope of turning a curse into a blessing, lies in this improvement. Let the range of studies be kept within the powers of the young mind. Let the scholar have accurate and practical teaching from the beginning. Do not force him now into one system, now into another, now into helter skelter work free from all system. Promote division of labour in the schools, for one school cannot prepare boys intended to be farmers, merchants, soldiers, Indian servants, professional men. Above all bring the examiners into co-operation with the teachers. If the Intermediate and the Royal University bring danger, they present opportunities such as no other organisations offer, for applying remedies and solving an inevitable problem.

If on the morning in 1873, that brought news of the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's bill, any one had foretold that in a few years, at the bidding of Parliament, the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin, the representatives of non-conformity, the delegates of the Queen's Colleges and of the Catholic University would assemble to plan a new University for Irishmen of all creeds, he would have been thought a dreamer. We have seen this assembly produce a scheme, not pretending to perfection, but as good as the conditions set by Parliament would permit. The proceedings of the Senate have been private, but incidents of its career have become public, that tell of harmony between men who had been kept apart by hostile traditions, and to whom it was reserved to experience in the work of the hour, what great interests were common to them all, what a field lay open to all for the charity which "is patient, is kind, envieth not, dealeth not perversely, hopeth all things." It is no wonder that the sublime mission of building from its base a home for the youth of Ireland, should extinguish ancient jealousies and evoke gentle feelings. When the nation enters, as it will, into the spirit of the work, the deepest and surest foundation will be laid for a united Ireland.

RICHARD O'SHAUGHNESSY.

The Precursors of the Reformation.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN WYCLIF.

THE majority of our countrymen, however varied may be their religious convictions upon other disputed questions, will probably agree in this, that the most important event which has occurred during modern times is that great revolution which, for want of a better name, we are contented to call the Protestant Reformation. It is a fact, of which the importance can no more be denied than the reality. Nor can it be denied that this fact has to a great extent changed the political and religious conditions of nearly every State in Europe, and that still further changes may yet be anticipated, necessarily arising from the same principles. Thus far probably there would be no great diversity of opinion amongst thoughtful men.

But when we push our inquiries beyond this point, when we venture to speculate upon the causes which produced this mighty change, then it becomes by no means easy to agree upon the answer. Different theories present themselves for our acceptance. That which is most commonly adopted among Protestants attributes this religious outbreak to the existence of the numerous abuses and corruptions of faith and morals which are said to have weakened and dishonoured the Church of the Middle Ages.¹ Other inquirers ascribe it to that natural desire which every generous soul feels to escape from a degrading thraldom, such as that in which it is assumed the laity had

¹ Nowhere perhaps has this theory shown itself in deeper colours than in the *Third Part of the Homily against peril of Idolatry* (p. 253 of the edition issued by "the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge"), where it is declared "that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God and most damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more." Consequently, as idolatry is a mortal sin, according to the Homily, every man, woman, and child for eight hundred years was consigned to eternal damnation.

long been held by the Catholic clergy. Other theories, more or less tenable, have had their advocates, such as a quarrel between the two rival Orders, the Dominicans and the Augustinians; or the invention of the art of printing; or the revival of literature and the arts; or the discovery of America. Each of these influences may have contributed in some degree to the general result; but not one of them singly was sufficient to produce the grand catastrophe, which for a time seemed to threaten the very existence of the Catholic religion.

But least of all we ascribe the rapid progress and the unexpected success of this great movement to the moral or intellectual influence of the individuals who placed themselves at its head and directed its operations. Neither on the Continent nor here in England were they remarkable either for their intellectual power or their moral excellence. Among them there was no great theologian, no philosopher, no historian; nor even yet, with all their admitted educational advantages, have our divided brethren produced from their motley ranks a Bellarmine, or a Suarez, or a Baronius. Whatever may have been the power of Luther for a time, it was personal and therefore transient. As a system of religion it soon proved itself to be a failure. Luther was the man of strong voice and strong will; he could sway the passions of an excited mob, but he could not argue with a scholar. With others, the influence was even more evanescent. They came like shadows, and like shadows they departed. Zuinglius gave way to Calvin, just as Calvin prepared the road for Socinus and Socinus for Spinoza.

Weighed in the balance of morality the leaders of the Reformation do not appear to advantage. In their personal religion they were not edifying. We fail to recognize in them the high purpose which we should expect to find among men who claimed to be sent by Heaven to regenerate a fallen Church. Looking at them as a body we see in them little to admire, and much to lament and to censure. Looking at them as men, we find among them individuals who were too often false and treacherous; some who were even brutal and sensual; men who were arrogant and servile by turns; who flattered the rich and lorded it over the poor. They had no consistency of action, either among themselves or in regard to the Church which they had abandoned, and of which they had vowed the destruction. They tempted the weaker brethren to leave the

beaten path, and then deserted them in the midst of the hungry wilderness into which they had betrayed them. They hung upon the skirts of courtiers, and were contented to accept an undignified position, provided it gratified their avarice and guaranteed their safety. In England the Reformation owed its birth and received its direction from the Court; it was simply the active expression of the will of the Monarch for the time being. It accepted any livery, however incongruous, which he was pleased to provide for it. It suffered itself to be tossed about with every wind of doctrine in humble subservience to his dictates. Viewed as they appear before us in the pages of history, even when that history is nothing better than an apology, Frith and Barnes, Cranmer and Latimer, Parker and Jewel, seem to have been nothing more than convenient ciphers;—meaningless nonentities when they stand alone, things which derive their significance from the figure which they follow. One and all they were but the exponents of various theories which were forced upon them by the laity, and which it was their duty to accept and to advocate according to the necessity or the caprice of the moment.

Upon these grounds, then, I have ventured to express my belief that the Reformation does not owe its origin to any one of the causes to which it is generally ascribed; least of all can we trace it to the personal influence of any one individual. Not to Luther, not to Calvin, still less to Henry the Eighth or Edward the Sixth. We may pass by Cranmer as scarce worth our notice. From its very nature the Reformation must have sprung from causes wider and more permanent, deeper and more comprehensive. Every great movement, like the sad schism of the sixteenth century, invites us to examine its pedigree and to make ourselves acquainted with its forefathers. It cannot be regarded apart from the remoter events with which it necessarily is connected. To the superficial observer it seems to stand alone in its solitary independence; but a closer examination will show us that it was but the logical outcome of remoter causes, the gathering in of the harvest of which the seed had been sown by an earlier generation.

What does our national history tell us upon the subject? It has its answer, if we will be contented to listen to what it teaches. It points to an individual who may be styled the originator of the Reformation long before Luther saw the light, and to a body of men who, in their turn, accepted and per-

petuated this inheritance of evil. Before venturing to speak of Cranmer and the Protestants it is necessary that something should be said of Wyclif and the Lollards.

It is generally believed that even so late as the accession of Henry the Eighth the whole English people was Catholic, and that no marked variations from the faith or ritual of the Church were to be found in active existence among us. This theory cannot be supported. From the time of the early Normans there had always been in England a party which looked with undisguised suspicion upon the dealings of the Papal Curia, as far as they were supposed to touch the privileges and liberties of the sovereign. Many of the nobility and some of the bishops would gladly have made the King independent of the Pontiff in all matters save those which were of a purely ecclesiastical nature. Here it is enough to refer to the aggressions of William Rufus and the two Henrys, which were resisted by St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Canterbury. From the King this anti-Papal feeling descended to the nobility, and from the nobility to their tenants. This unfortunate irritation was kept alive by the system of Papal provisions, whereby patrons of benefices complained that they were deprived of their civil privileges, and loudly clamoured for their restitution. Various other payments demanded from time to time in the name of the Holy See, and legally due, made the authority of Rome still further unpalatable in England, until it became easy to persuade the people that such demands as these were illegal and ought to be resisted.²

Nor was the island free from the aggressions of heresy. The miracle which was vouchsafed in answer to the prayers of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, lets us see that even in his time there were men in England who held heretical opinions respecting the Adorable Eucharist.³ In the year 1160 a Council was held at Oxford for the purpose of inquiring into the errors of a novel sect of heretics named Paulicians (otherwise called Publicans or Waldenses), who of late had found an entrance into our island. They held that Baptism and the Holy Eucharist

² An exaggerated and highly coloured list of these claims may be seen in a paper printed in the Collection of Records appended to Collier's History, n. xlviij. (ii. 36, ed. fol.). It is entitled "The abuses, usurpations, and superstitions reformed, abolished, and banished out of England, whereby hypocrites and pharisees do wrongfully slander the most noble King of England and his subjects, against all God's Word, right and conscience."

³ See the Life of St. Odo in the *Acta SS. IV. Julii*, p. 70.

were useless ceremonies, and they looked with contempt and dislike upon the sacrament of Matrimony.⁴ Probably this was only one party of wandering heretics out of many. The frequent intercourse which existed at this time between England and her wide possessions in Gascony and the south of France made the introduction of the Albigensian heresy among us almost a matter of necessity; while the rapidly increasing commerce of London and the seaports of the southern and eastern seacoasts exposed these districts to the same calamity from the opposite shores of France, Holland, and Flanders. All these incoherent principles of evil existed among us in embryo; and nothing more was wanted to call such unfledged heretics into formidable activity than the voice and the guidance of a leader. That leader presented himself in the person of John Wyclif, the first heresiarch of mediæval England, and assuredly one of the most active and mischievous.

A few words will suffice to say all that need be said respecting Wyclif, as far, at least, as his biography is connected with the subject in which we are more immediately interested.⁵

John Wyclif belonged to a respectable family which had settled in a village of the same name near Richmond in Yorkshire. He is supposed to have been born in that neighbourhood somewhere about the year 1324. He completed his theological studies at Oxford, in the schools of which University he gained no small reputation as a disputant. Yet even at this early period of his career his arrogance and obstinacy provoked and received merited censure. In 1361 he was appointed Master, or Warden, of Balliol College, and shortly afterwards was presented to the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire. He now made himself notorious by the licence with which he discussed and censured the doctrines of the Church and the conduct of his ecclesiastical superiors. Roger Walden tells us that this evil spirit arose from disappointed ambition, Wyclif having failed

⁴ See G. Neubr. 11, 13, Hard. Conc. VI. 1585, Fleury H. E. lxx. 49. Evervin, Provost of Steinfield, wrote a long letter about a similar set of heretics whom he had detected near Cologne, and respecting whose tenets he consulted St. Bernard. Their heresies seem identical with those which were punished at Oxford. See Evervin's letter in St. Bernard's works, i. 3054, and the Saint's answer at p. 3059, ed. Gaume.

⁵ See Shirley's Preface to Netter's *Fasciculus Zizaniorum*, among the publications of the Master of the Rolls (Lond. 1858). The *Historia Wicliifiana* of Nicolas Harpsfield (fol. Duaci, 1622) may still be consulted with advantage. The best known of the English biographies is that of Lewis, Vicar of Margate, of which an edition was issued at Oxford in 1820.

to obtain the vacant see of Worcester.⁶ To the same incident has been attributed the beginning of that lifelong hatred which he exhibited against the Pope, the College of Cardinals, the bishops, the religious orders of men and women, and the whole body of the secular clergy.

Wyclif now appeared before the world as a reformer, and a reformer of the most advanced school. Not only did he not conceal his opinions, but he paraded them with unbridled violence. As a consequence he was cited more than once to appear before his ecclesiastical superiors. He obeyed, because he could obey in safety, and in doing so he took care to exhibit the power which his opinions had gained for him among the laity. When he presented himself at Lambeth, in compliance with the citation which had been served upon him, he came under the armed protection of the highest nobility of the land. A message from the Princess of Wales forbade the bishops to proceed with his intended trial for heresy; and while the clergy still hesitated as to the course which they should pursue, "shaken," says Walsingham, "as reeds by the wind, the rabble of London burst in upon their proceedings, and ignominiously solved the dilemma."⁷

Time passed, charged with events of political and religious importance to England and the continent of Europe, but Wyclif remained unmoved. Although his novel opinions had been censured by his superiors, no change took place either in his conduct or his sentiments. In 1382 a Provincial Council assembled at the Black Friars in London, which condemned twenty-four conclusions extracted from his writings. He persisted in his defiance of the Church, until the measure of his iniquity was full, and the punishment which he so long had braved overtook him. He was banished from the University of Oxford, the party of admiring proselytes which he had there gathered together was broken up, and he, their leader, was summoned to appear before the Court of Rome. Wyclif disregarded these monitions. He wrote and preached with increased vehemence, and large bodies of the middle and lower classes of the people were excited and corrupted by his teaching, the influence of which extended even to some of the clergy.

While these events were in progress, it happened, unfortunately, that a schism occurred in the Papacy. Clement the Seventh wrongfully disputed with Pope Urban the Sixth the

⁶ See Shirley, *Fasc. Zizan.* Preface, p. xvii.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. xxxiii.

possession of the Chair of St. Peter, and the Catholic world was distracted and divided by this wild confusion.⁸ It was a favourable opportunity for scattering at once the seeds of schism and heresy ; and our reformer availed himself of it. While he was thus employed a citation was served upon him more urgent than that of Pontiff or Sovereign. On December 29, 1384, as he was hearing Mass in his parish church, a fatal stroke of paralysis deprived John Wyclif of the power of speech, and he died upon the last day of the year, at Lutterworth, of which benefice he continued to be rector until the time of his decease.⁹

Wyclif was no hero ; he showed no inclination to suffer for the heretical opinions which he advocated. Extravagant and dangerous as they were, they did not interfere with his promotion as a beneficed clergyman, much less did they expose him to bodily loss, or suffering, or personal danger. We are told that he did not scruple to conceal or disguise his belief. He made a show of great mortification, went barefoot, and affected a singularity of habit, by which appearance of sanctity he increased his influence and grew popular. And John Foxe, the martyrologist, further tells us that when he was forced to make confession of his doctrine, he made his declaration and qualified his assertions after such a sort that he did mitigate and assuage the rigour of his enemies.¹⁰ By resorting to such artifices as these he managed to die quietly in his comfortable rectory at Lutterworth,¹¹ while his less culpable but more conscientious followers had the courage to avow their heresy and to die for it.

By all except by the more devoted adherents of his own extreme party, the memory of the first reformer was regarded with fear and aversion. The more moderate members of the Church of England have ever been careful to guard themselves from expres-

⁸ Italy, England, Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, and Frisia obeyed their rightful Pontiff, Urban the Sixth. The Antipope, Clement the Seventh, was supported by France, Scotland, Spain, Cyprus, Sicily, Naples, and some other of the minor States. See Artaud de Montor, iii. 204.

⁹ It is said that he was about to preach against St. Thomas of Canterbury, the anniversary of whose glorious martyrdom occurs on that day, and against whom he entertained a bitter hostility.

¹⁰ Foxe, iii. 19.

¹¹ In November, 1368, Wyclif exchanged Fylingham for the living of Ludgershall in Buckinghamshire, and this again in 1374, on the presentation of the Crown, for that of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, which he retained till his death. It is worthy of remark, says the Rev. W. Shirley, that he did not continue to hold the two livings together. But, had he the power to do so ?

sing too warm a sympathy with him. According to Heylyn he was a man, many of whose opinions were so far from the truth, so contrary to peace and civil order, so inconsistent with the government of the Church of Christ, as to make him utterly unworthy of so great a character as that which the puritanical Fuller had assigned to him.¹² The continental reformers shared in the same opinion. "I have looked into Wyclif," says Melanchthon, "and have found many errors whereby judgment may be formed of his spirit. He neither understood nor held the justice of faith. Concerning civil dominion he wrangles like a sophist and a rebel."¹³ Judged by his contemporaries he was not popular. In temper he was harsh and overbearing, and he made no attempt to bring that evil temper into subjection. Rash in making an assertion, he was obstinate in maintaining it when made, preferring to cling to an absurdity rather than to admit his error and abandon it. When he first gave vent to his dangerous speculations, and before the true character of their latent danger had been perceived, the accuracy of these "ideas" of his, as they were termed, was questioned by a Carmelite Friar, named Kenyngham, and a discussion took place between the disputants. The friar bore himself towards his opponent with a modest deference and courtesy worthy of all praise.¹⁴ Wyclif in his reply did not follow this example. He charged Kenyngham with uttering statements which he had never advanced; he condescended to apply to him disparaging epithets, he indulged in jests which were unworthy of the occasion, the place, and the subject, and made insinuations and charges of such a gross character, that the Carmelite passed them by as beneath his notice. Looking, then, at the personal character of the individual, as well as the injuries which he inflicted upon the Church and the State, we can understand the feelings with which he was regarded by his contemporary, Thomas Walsingham, monk of St. Alban's, who styles him "an organ of the devil, an enemy of the Church, the confusion of the common people, the idol of the heretics, a mirror for hypocrites, an exciter of schism, sower of hatred and forger of lies."¹⁵ In these words he probably expressed the feelings of nineteen-twentieths of his countrymen.

The influence of the rector of Lutterworth was extremely

¹² Heylyn's *Animadversions* on Fuller's History, quoted by Collier, Hist. i. 564.

¹³ Hospinian, *Hist. Sacram.* ii. 115.

¹⁴ See Shirley's *Fasciculus Zizaniorum*, pp. 14, 43, &c.

¹⁵ *Hist. Angl.* II, 119, ed. 1864.

prejudicial to the true interests of England. Under a spurious pretext of reform, Wyclif would have destroyed all legitimate power, as well political as ecclesiastical. He was ready to have sacrificed the doctrine of free will, with which would have perished all the principles of morality. He attacked the most holy mysteries of our faith, and instead of revelation would have substituted reason. He did his best to strip the faith of its supernatural character. His system profaned every sentiment of devotion which, until his time, England had regarded with love and veneration. He animated the people against the monks, whom he accused, in the most sweeping terms, of ignorance, avarice, and sensuality. Then he assailed the entire body of the secular clergy, to which he himself belonged. Next he denounced his lawful superiors, the bishops and all ecclesiastical dignitaries, not sparing even the Holy Father himself; and then descending from the highest to the lowest, he poured out the last vials of his wrath upon the saintly mendicant orders, the followers of St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Let us now see in detail a few specimens of Wyclif's dogmatic teaching. We can do this without much difficulty, since not only have the points in which he dissented from the faith of the Church been gathered from his writings by the scandalized Catholics of his own day, but also by the admiring Protestants of the modern Church of England. The patient zeal of a learned theologian of the time of Queen Elizabeth, one Dr. Thomas James, has supplied us with *An Apology for John Wyclif, showing his conformity with the now Church of England.*¹⁶ After a careful study of his subject, pursued under exceptionally favourable circumstances (for Dr. James, as keeper of the Cottonian and Bodleian libraries, had access to all the manuscript treasures of these splendid collections), the conclusion at which he arrives is this: "Wyclif remains in all points a resolved true Catholic English Protestant."¹⁷

The most celebrated work of our reformer is the *Trialogus*,¹⁸ of which an edition has recently been published by the University Press of Oxford. In it he asserts that the Pope is

¹⁶ This Thomas James compiled a bulky folio volume respecting Wyclif and his writings, which still remains among his collection of MSS. which he left to the Bodleian Library. The *Apology* referred to in the text was printed at Oxford, 1608, quarto.

¹⁷ P. 25.

¹⁸ First printed in 1529. The edition here quoted is that of 1869.

Antichrist and the Vicar of the devil.¹⁹ Confirmation was instituted by the devil.²⁰ The Pope is the demon that walks in the noonday, and the begging friars are his disciples.²¹ Fearing that these writings would not reach the uneducated classes, for they were in Latin, he repeated the same sentiments in the English language. In the Oxford edition of his English works²² occur the following assertions: "The Pope is Antichrist. Oral confession of sin is unnecessary. Worship of images is unlawful. To pray to saints is superfluous; many of those persons so called are in hell. Tithes are not to be paid to bad priests. The whole hierarchy is accursed. The clergy should not have temporal possessions, of which they ought to be stripped by the people. The substance of the bread and wine is not changed in consecration, and the consecrated bread is not Christ's Body. A priest in mortal sin cannot consecrate. Laymen may confirm as well as baptize. A conscientious priest, in giving absolution, should not say 'I absolve thee,' but 'May God of Heaven absolve thee.'"

Some of Wyclif's opinions were so eccentric that the followers of his other extravagances have not ventured to accept them. We might almost wonder for what purpose he introduced them into his system, did not we know that he had a craving after the extravagant. Possibly he did so for no better reason than that they formed part of that "Fasciculus Zizaniorum," as Thomas of Walden styles it, which he considered it his duty to accept from the Fallen Angel and to pass on to future ages of unbelief. There is assuredly something very startling in such propositions as the following. God, says Wyclif, can create nothing besides what He has already created. He cannot make the world to be larger or smaller than it is; nor can He create souls save to a definite and fixed number. He cannot annihilate anything that He has created. God ought to obey the devil.²³

This last proposition was condemned by the General Council of Constance, the most important ecclesiastical conference of the middle ages, the members of which distinctly affirm that it had been taught by Wyclif. From this charge his apologist,

¹⁹ Pp. 358, 423, 447.

²⁰ P. 294.

²¹ Pp. 366, 454.

²² Printed at Oxford 1869. These articles occur in vol. iii. p. 454.

²³ See Trialogus, lib. i. cap. 11; T. Wald. i. i. 10, 13, 17; Fascic. Zizan. p. 2; Hartz. Conc. Germ. v. 84; Hard. Conc. viii. 299.

Dr. Thomas James, attempts to free him by feebly stating that he "knows not whence they have taken this objection."²⁴ But the grounds upon which they proceeded were well known to the three patriarchs, the twenty-two cardinals, the twenty archbishops, and the ninety-two bishops by whom this sentence of condemnation was pronounced, and their united authority far outweighs the attempted disclaimer of Wyclif's apologist.

It could not be expected that the lips which ventured thus blasphemously to speak of the Eternal Godhead should show more respect for our Blessed Lady or the Saints, and Wyclif and his followers after him have that unerring token of the true character of their heresy. Here is one of their sayings. "It was never merry in England since the Litany was ordained, and St. Maria, St. Catharina, sung or said."²⁵ Walsingham furnishes a curious illustration of this marked antipathy to the Litany of the Saints. Sir John Oldcastle, the notorious Lollard, having been thought to be in hiding somewhere near the monastery of St. Alban's (of which the historian whom we quote was a monk), an attempt was made to capture him, from which however he contrived to escape. In his flight he left behind him some of his books, one of which had once upon a time been the property of a devout Catholic, by whose loving care it had been beautifully illuminated with figures of the saints. But the heads of all of these saints had been defaced and obliterated, as had also all the names commemorated in the in the Litany of the Saints as far as the first *Parce nobis, Domine*. The name of our Blessed Lady had shared a like indignity. In the same hiding-place were found some writings tending to her dishonour, and of a character so blasphemous and disgraceful as to render any further description of them impossible. The Abbot of St. Alban's, into whose hands it came, sent this book to the King, who forwarded it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that it might be produced before the people, so as to let them see how the Lollards venerated the saints and the Holy Mother of God.²⁶

²⁴ P. 71 of James's work already quoted. Repingdon and Hertford, two of Wyclif's scholars, being examined respecting this article by the Archbishop of Canterbury, continued to affirm it, and Hertford declared that he was ready to burn for it (Fascic. Zizan. p. 378).

²⁵ See Wilkins, Conc. iii. 805.

²⁶ Wals. Hist. Angl. ii. 326. See the original passages collected from Wyclif's writings, together with very many others of the same character, in Nat. Alexandri Hist. Eccl. viii. 92. Ed. 1778.

It is unnecessary to multiply extracts from his writings to show the estimate in which Wyclif regarded the Holy See, the Sovereign Pontiff, and the Catholic Church, for these are quoted in lavish profusion by every one of his biographers. With him the Pope is Antichrist, and the abomination of desolation. He is not the Vicar of Christ, he is the vicar of Antichrist. He is not the Head of the Church militant. The Church of Rome is the synagogue of Satan. The election of the Pope by the Cardinals was introduced by the devil. There is no need to accept the decision of a General Council. The chapter of Antichrist consists of the Pope, the cardinals, the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, officials, deans, monks, canons, and begging friars. If the Pope and all the bishops were removed, it would be a great gain to the Church.

When he touched upon the doctrine of the Christian Sacraments, they fared badly at the hands of the Reformer. They were of the letter, and he was of the spirit; they were but the milk fitted for babes, while his stomach craved for the food of the strong man. He attacked them collectively and singly. It is by no means certain, said he, that Christ assists the minister when he celebrates and consecrates at the Altar. If a bishop or a priest be in mortal sin, he does not ordain, he does not consecrate, nor does he baptise. Baptism with water is not absolutely necessary; infants can be saved without it. The Holy Ghost is not conferred by Confirmation, and Confirmation may be administered by a simple priest. The Body and Blood of Christ are not really and identically present in the Eucharist, to adore which is idolatry. It may be administered by laymen. The Sacrament of Penance and Absolution has no foundation in Holy Scripture. Confession was invented by Antichrist. Extreme Unction is no sacrament. All that is needed for valid Matrimony consists in the consent of the man and the woman.²⁷

To these articles it would be easy to add many more of a kindred nature; the above, however, may suffice to show the general character of the doctrine taught by our Reformer at Oxford and Lutterworth.

But besides these there are others which more especially affected the welfare of the individual in his social capacity, and as a member of the state politically. It could not be otherwise. If the personal will of the Wyclifite or the private judgment of the Lollard is to settle for him what he will believe in matters

²⁷ Nat. Alex. Hist. Eccl. p. 93.

of faith, why not in matters of civil government also? If he can be judge in the superior court, surely he can be judge in the inferior. Why should the King's crown be more sacred than the Pope's tiara? In politics, then, as in matters of religion, Wyclif claimed the right to reject all authority save his own; in other words, he claimed the right of rebellion and revolution, and he exercised it.

Among the persons who, according to John Foxe,²⁸ (whose narrative I here accept for many reasons as the basis of my own,) "held and taught opinions of the sacraments, of images, of pilgrimages, of the key's and Church of Rome, contrary and repugnant to the received determination of the Romish Church," was Sir John Oldcastle.²⁹ When first we read of him in history, he had proceeded to dangerous lengths in promoting the growth of Lollardism. Not only had he maintained suspected preachers in the dioceses of London, Rochester, and Hereford, but he had gone so far as to assist them openly by force of arms. The clergy, however, were anxious to restore him to his duties as a Christian man by gentleness rather than by severity. They laid a statement of the facts of the case before King Henry the Fifth, with whom he is said to have been a favourite, and who promised that he himself would discuss the matter with Oldcastle.

He did so, but he found the knight intractable, who, when cited by the Archbishop, declared that "in no case would he consent to these most devilish practices of the priests." Having failed to appear in court after repeated citations, he was excommunicated. When arrested and brought before the primate he conducted himself with insolence and violence. He scorned to accept the absolution which he might have had for the asking, and of necessity sentence was pronounced against him. But while its execution was suspended, in order that he might find the grace to come to a better mind, he contrived to escape out of prison and put himself at the head of his party, which rose in arms against the Government. The insurrection, which had so long been in preparation, now broke out in earnest. Headed by him, the Lollards assembled in great numbers in St. Giles's Fields, where they were attacked and dispersed by

²⁸ *Ibid.* iii. 321.

²⁹ Oldcastle is the original of Shakspear's Falstaff, in whose character, as first drawn, the anti-Puritan feelings of the poet were more clearly manifested.

the King in person. Oldcastle and several of the ringleaders were taken prisoners, tried, and executed.

If we may believe the charges brought against these men, as they are embodied in the legal documents then produced in court against them, they contemplated a revolution of the most sweeping character. The King and his brothers were to be put to death, and a general overthrow of the existing constitution, both in Church and State, was to follow. All religious men and women were either to be killed, or compelled to abandon their Order and return to the world. All cathedrals, all parish churches, and all religious houses were to be plundered and levelled with the ground; and Oldcastle was to be appointed Regent of the regenerated kingdom.³⁰

Startling as this project seems to sober readers, there is in it nothing which is inconsistent with the acknowledged tenets of the Lollards. Henry the Fifth and his brothers being men who were living in mortal sin, had thereby forfeited all claim upon the allegiance of the people, and according to the principles of Wyclif, ought to be deposed. The State Church, being in communion with Rome, might be destroyed, for it had thus become a part of the synagogue of Satan. Every religious Order had been introduced by the devil; to annihilate the works of the devil was to render to God an acceptable service. If a bishop or priest were in mortal sin, he could not ordain priests, nor consecrate the Eucharistic elements, nor baptise. No one could be master over another, no one was lawfully either prelate or bishop while in mortal sin. The people, according to their own discretion, could correct their superiors if they offend. Parishioners at their own pleasure could take away their tithes from their priests. Universities, schools, colleges, degrees and professorships had been introduced by paganism, and benefited the Church no more than the devil does.³¹ The disciple of Wyclif had but to pronounce one comprehensive sentence against all the powers in Church and State, and then the saints might enter into the possession of the promised inheritance.

If I have lingered over the examination of these wild theories advanced by the Rector of Lutterworth, I have not

³⁰ Foxe, iii. 336, 338.

³¹ For the original Latin of these propositions see Harduini Conc. viii. 299; Schannat Conc. Germ. v. 84. Several others, perhaps equally dangerous, might be quoted.

done so without an adequate motive. It is important that the doctrines which he really held, and for which he was condemned by a General Council, should be placed upon record. The more repulsive features of Wyclif's intended reformation are generally kept out of sight by his admirers of the present day, who find it safer to enlarge upon his assumed merits as the first translator of the entire Bible into English. Admitting his claims to this distinction, which however is not clearly established,³² the boon which he hereby conferred upon England was by no means an unmixed blessing. It generated a spirit of arrogant self-sufficiency which is alien to that in which the Holy Scriptures should be consulted. But putting this consideration out of view for the present, let us see whether the gift of the English Bible was such an unprecedented novelty, such a priceless boon, as we are invited to believe it to have been.

Among the charges brought against the Holy Church by her enemies, one of the most frequent, and probably one of the most effective from a Protestant point of view, is this, that (whenever possible) the use of the written Word of God was systematically discouraged, even to prohibition. Along with this assertion, which is wrong in fact, is joined an inference, which is wrong in logic. It is assumed that the circulation of the Scriptures among the laity was forbidden because were it to prevail it would necessarily lead to the discovery of the false doctrines which had been forced upon the people by their teachers. In reply it will suffice to show that the faithful were never deprived of the legitimate use of the Bible; but that, on the contrary, its study was not only sanctioned by the clergy, but earnestly recommended.

In the Western Church, where for long Latin was a spoken language, the Vulgate and the Missal were generally understood; the use of them therefore was no hardship. In the Eastern Empire the case was similar, the Septuagint version and the Greek liturgy of the Mass formed no difficulty; for Greek was the language of the people. In the public service of the Church the lector was required to read aloud lessons from the Old Testament and the Epistles of St. Paul, and then

³² Lewis (the admiring biographer of Wyclif), in his History of the English translations of the Bible (p. 12, ed. 1739), gives an account of "several attempts which were made to translate into the English then spoken, the Psalter, the Hymns of the Church, and the rest of the Holy Scriptures."

the deacon or priest recited the Gospel, the congregation standing and silent.³³ When Greek and Latin ceased to be generally understood, each nationality provided itself with its own vernacular translation. St. John Chrysostom tells us that the inhabitants of Syria, Egypt, India, Persia, Ethiopia,³⁴ and countless other nations, had the Holy Scriptures each in its own tongue. If it be objected that these quotations apply only to the public reading of the Old and New Testaments in the church, and leave untouched the deeper question of the impossibility of the laity being able to study God's written Word at home, it may be answered that in one of his sermons St. John Chrysostom speaks thus. "I am always advising you, and I will never cease to advise you, not only to attend to what you hear in church, but also carefully to study the Sacred Writings when you are at home. And I have urged the same duty upon such persons as I have conferred with in private. No one can hope to attain eternal salvation who neglects the frequent reading of the Scriptures."³⁵

But this happy condition of things gradually passed away as love and faith grew colder, and a new system of philosophy was introduced in its place. The Written Word, which was meant to have been to all the savor of life unto life, became to many the savor of death unto death. Among the other false prophets who elevated reason above religion, the Waldenses and Albigenses made themselves eminently conspicuous. They claimed the right to examine the Scriptures for themselves, and to affix to each passage in them such a meaning as they pleased, each one for himself. The guidance of the Catholic clergy was disregarded. We meet with the system in an early stage of its existence as it is described by Pope Innocent the Third in a letter which he addressed to the Bishop of Metz.³⁶ That unhappy city and dioceses, he says, were overrun by a multitude of lay-men and lay-women, who had caused the Gospels, the Epistles of St. Paul, the Psalter, the Morals of Job, and many other books, to be translated into French, which they used in their clandestine meetings. When they are rebuked for so doing by any of their parish priests, they resist

³³ Const. Apost. II, 57 (Cotel. I, 264, ed. 1724). See also Conc. Tolet I. capp. 2, 4 (Hard. I. 990).

³⁴ Hom. II. in Joh. (Opp. viii. 12, ed. Gaume.)

³⁵ De Lazaro, Conc. iii. (Opp. vi. 903.) See also the passages to the same effect in viii. 216, 361.

³⁶ Epp. Pontif. ii. n. 141. Migne 214, col. 695.

them to their face, quoting texts of Scripture to show that they themselves ought not to blamed. They go so far as to assert that they know more about the Scriptures than their priests do. "Now," continues His Holiness, "although the wish to understand the Divine Scriptures so far from being blameworthy is laudable, yet these men deserve censure because they hold secret meetings and usurp the right of preaching, thereby bringing into contempt the office of the priesthood."

From these words of the Sovereign Pontiff we learn the mind of the Church upon the question now before us. Taught by him we can distinguish between Catholic truth and the falsehood which has been engrafted upon it. Heretical versions of the Scriptures were condemned then, as now, not because they were the Word of God, but because they were not the Word of God. Not only were they not what they pretended to be, but they were unauthorized and falsified renderings of that Word, prepared by an enemy for a hostile purpose. Many indirect evils followed their introduction, wherever they gained a footing. These forbidden versions led to secret clandestine meetings, they engendered and fostered spiritual pride, they tended to bring the clergy into contempt, and the sacraments into neglect. Armed with one of these volumes the heretical pupil of to-day became the heretical teacher of to-morrow, the centre from which the ill savour of heresy diffused itself over the neighbourhood, which until then had been peaceful, united, and happy. Ere long every man and woman within its influence became the infallible exponent of every passage of Holy Writ, from the prophecies of Esaias to the visions of St. John the Divine. What more effectual system could be devised to prepare men's minds for a general rebellion against authority? In denouncing such a heresy as this, and the heretic in whom it originated and by whom it was propagated, the Church was fulfilling her Divine mission by seeking to preserve pure and unadulterated that Sacred Volume which its Divine Author has entrusted to her keeping.

Let us now briefly review the whole subject, and endeavour to assign to Wyclif the position to which he is justly entitled as one of the precursors of the Reformation. Here we claim for him a prominent rank; and we do so from the following considerations.

In the first place, Wyclif gathered up and knit together into one system the various disjointed heresies and errors which

until his day had passed from hand to hand without unity and consistency. Singly they might have died out from among the people; collectively they were sure to live, flourish, and bear fruit. In becoming identified with his name, each of these errors was henceforth stamped with an authority which gave it a permanent currency and importance. Men, who until his day had held only a single heresy, and that perhaps rather by accident than by malice, after his day thought it necessary, not only to do so deliberately, but also to accept every other wicked absurdity which the heresiarch was said to have taught. If his teaching on many points must have been unintelligible to the mob who accepted it, on many more it was formulated with a curt precision which brought it within the range of the meanest capacity. No one was so ignorant among the Lollards but he could understand what he meant when he declared his conviction that Baptism was useless, that Confirmation was of human origin, that the Eucharist after the words of consecration was only natural bread, that the Pope was Antichrist, and that the clergy were the vicars of the devil. Such sayings as these were never forgotten. They flew from one end of England to another; and Wyclif is responsible for the evil harvest which continued to spring up from them long after he had gone to his own place and reaped the fruit of his own labours.

Not only did he provide the tares for seed, but he organised and matured a system by which they might be sown in secret among the good grain within the field of the Church. I have endeavoured to show how Wyclif's English verson of the Bible would naturally act upon the minds of those by whom it was accepted; how the legitimate influence of the parochial clergy would gradually decline until it was finally supplanted by the usurped authority of the Lollard preacher. That such was actually the case is obvious from what we know of the inner history of the movement. From the death of Wyclif to the time of Henry the Eighth, wherever we can trace the history of any one man or woman, who fell from Catholic truth, we find that the process through which the individual passed is connected in some form or other with this vernacular translation. The old faith vanished, and heretical theories and practices entered as through a flood-gate by means of the reading of Wyclif's writings in the English language. How could it be otherwise? If a man thought that he was wiser and better than his teachers, why should he obey them?

In another respect the Reformation is indebted for one of its most lucrative successes to the teaching of the Rector of Lutterworth. He familiarised the minds of Englishmen with the idea of the suppression of the monasteries and the appropriation by the State of the property of the Church. The idea, gladly accepted when first suggested, was never afterwards abandoned, and became so palatable that its adoption was simply a question of time. The suppression of one hundred and ten alien priories by Henry the Fifth in A.D. 1415, and of forty religious houses by Cardinal Wolsey in A.D. 1525, kept before the eyes of the public the possibility of a more sweeping confiscation, which speedily followed. That great event was accomplished by Henry the Eighth, who, in this and in other respects showed himself the apt pupil of John Wyclif and the Lollards.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century owes one more obligation to the Oxford Reformer. If the Church of England was content to recognize in Henry the Eighth her supreme head under Christ, not only in matters temporal but also in things spiritual, and at the same time to renounce her allegiance to the See of St. Peter, which henceforth became to her the abode of Antichrist, we now understand whence she derived her inspiration, and we can value it accordingly. Wyclif betrayed the independence of the Church by bartering it away for the protection of the State, and his successors have gladly followed his example. We now can recognize his system in its maturity. The supremacy of the State over the Church, the suppression of the religious orders, the denial of Transubstantiation, the recognized use of an heretical translation of the Bible, the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and disregard of our Blessed Lady and the Saints of God,—all these are due to the influence of Wyclif. It may be interesting to trace the process by which they were transmitted from the reign of Richard the Second to that of Henry the Eighth ; and this I shall attempt to do in a subsequent Essay.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

1794: *A Tale of the Terror.*

CHAPTER I.

THE CLOCK PAVILION.

IN 1792 there stood opposite to the Clock Pavilion (recently destroyed), in the centre of the wall that separates the palace of the Tuilleries from the Place du Carrousel, and consequently almost in the place afterwards occupied by the Arc de Triomphe, a house which was known as the Logis du Suisse. On the fatal 10th of August this house had been partially burned. Subsequently it underwent some rough repair, and in 1792 it was used as a guard-house by the Grenadier-gendarmes of the Convention.

Twelve men, commanded by a quartermaster, occupied the house at night, as a rule; but on the 30th Prairial, Year II. (June 18, 1794), an unexpected order, that the post was to be doubled and the command given to a lieutenant, had been sent.

Lieutenant Crassus proved very hard to find. At last he was unearthed at the Lycée-des-Arts, Jardin Egalité (the Palais Royal), where he was slumbering sweetly while pretending to listen to the new opera, *La Triomphe des Arts Utiles*.

It was impossible, even for a spoiled child of the Republic like Paul Crassus, to evade compliance with an order issued by the Comité du Salut Public; but he might obey it slowly, and murmuring—inwardly. The lieutenant had, then, come at last, a little before midnight, and on learning that there was no apparent cause for all this stir, he had left the guard-room in a hurry to swear at his ease.

He was striding up and down in front of the Logis du Suisse, and as he drew near to the Clock Pavilion, he poured out invectives upon a very tall grenadier who had followed him. The grenadier got farther, and hid himself more deeply in the shadow of the wall, in proportion as the shower of abuse increased.

Before long the sweet freshness of the starlit night, the calm that overspread the face of nature, appeased the ire of Lieutenant Paul Crassus. He forgot the tall grenadier, and began to hum the ribald popular song, *La Papesse Jeanne* (Pope Joan). Presently he betook himself to muttering scraps of verse. The grenadier coughed, and Paul turned round quickly.

"Come here, Domingo, you *ci-devant* nigger. What did I say to you when you had the audacity to come and wake me at the Lycée-des-Arts?"

The grenadier exhibited the wide, flat face of a negro, which broadened itself out still farther in a good-humoured laugh.

"First you say nothing at all, Massa Citizen Paul, you give me two kicks in the back, pif, paf! then after you speak, and say Domingo a bad watch-dog, because he let out Lieutenant Crassus not sick at all, but gone to the theatre. After, you begin again, pif, paf! in the back, and promise to make great sorcerer, La Bussière, eat poor Domingo's nose, and then come more pif, paf, hi, hi!"

"And afterwards?"

"You tell Domingo to slip a note very cleverly under the door of the pretty citizeness, Dubois Joli, to-morrow morning."

"That's all right. Don't forget to ask for the note to-morrow morning. You understand; but mind, I tell you that La Bussière will change your ears into those of an ass, if ever the citizeness, Lise Dubois Joli finds out that the letter comes from me."

The negro again withdrew into the shade, and planted himself upright against the wall, while the lieutenant resumed his walk, repeating half aloud :

Quand les Ris et les Jeux, fatigués de Cythère
Et de Venus, leur mère—

"Bah! am I never to find a rhyme except in 'ère! Sorcière?'" cried he, turning towards the negro, who started violently. Paul burst out laughing, and called him to his side. "You don't know what a rhyme is, do you, Domingo? No! Well, then, you are just the companion that suits me. See here, Domingo, the subject of the 'posy' which I am going to send to the lovely Lise is simple, but I consider it very tasteful. Laughter and Play, having 'mitched' from Heaven, come down to earth to discover whether the modern Republican era has destroyed the Empire of their brother, Love."

He began to dance about, much to the amazement of

Domingo, who had not the remotest notion of what he was talking of.

Laughter and Play alight in Paris, Rue de Sèvres, at the house of the worthy magistrate, Dubois Joli. Enraptured at the sight of his daughter Lise, "the Wood Nightingale," as she is called, they declare that from henceforth they will desert the Empyrean, and that for the Loves and the Graces the true Olympus is the Republic. This is ingenious and original."

"Officers' round!" cried the sentinel.

"What is this?" muttered the officer, approaching Lieutenant Paul Crassus; "you walking about in the open, Citizen Lieutenant? Eh, what? It's you, is it, my young 'muscadin.' The order is as strict as it can be. No one is to be permitted to go outside of the National Palace to-night. The gate of the Convention is absolutely shut. The gate of the Pavilion of Equality is open to members of the Comité de Sécurité Générale only; that of the Pavilion of Liberty is open to members of the Comité de Salut Public. Go at once, shut the doors of the Great Vestibule under the Clock Pavilion—I mean to say the Pavilion of Unity. You will leave the wicket-gate in the railing on this side, which faces the Place du Carrousel, ajar. A sentinel will be placed there, with orders to allow no one whomsoever to pass through, without an express order from one of the two committees of the Government. This, under pain of death. All right; you may go."

"All right, Commandant Dumesnil. You have heard, Domingo; and it is you who shall mount guard at midnight; that is to say, in five minutes. You have heard: under pain of death! But, may the *ci-devant* devil fly away with the gunners, Commandant, if I understand the meaning of this order."

"Why should you want to understand it, when your commandant is supposed to know nothing at all about it. However, you are my young friend, 'muscadin' as you are, and if you will listen, you shall learn the mystery. Know, then, that the four hundred and ninety-seventh conspiracy of the aristocrats has just been discovered. Yes, and this is the ingenious conspiracy of those rascals: some one comes each night and carries away the denunciations recorded in the books that are kept in the bureaux of the Comité de Salut Public, in the Pavilion of Flora, I mean to say, of Liberty. So that things are going to the devil, and Fouquier Tinville's accounts do not add up correctly."

"Stop, Commandant! mind what you are about. You might

be taken for a 'compassionator.'¹ But, do you know the daughter of the citizen-magistrate of the section of the Bonnet-rouge?"

"The beauty of the Rue de Sèvres? I should think so, indeed!"

"And Laughter, and Play, and the Loves and Graces, Commandant?"

"You puppy! May the genius of Liberty at least snip off your tail! Yet, you are my young friend, eh? And besides, what is to be expected from a man who frequents the den of La Bussière the Mystifier?"

With this, Commandant Dumesnil walked off, swearing that it was all right.

Midnight struck: the brigadier, after having received orders from the lieutenant, posted Domingo before the railed gate of the Vestibule.

He shut this gate, set ajar a small door in the bars, and gave orders that this was to be kept open, but that no one whatever should be allowed to go out or come in.

"Under pain of death!" he repeated, as he left the spot.

The brigadier re-entered the guard-house, whither the lieutenant had preceded him. All was now profoundly quiet.

From this moment the brain of the good negro, who was an ardent patriot, as strong as an ox, but as stupid as a puppy, began to be disturbed. Why was a door to be left open, if nobody was to be allowed to pass in or out? He shook his head violently, in a desperate effort to master this bewildering mystery, and then, being, no doubt, under the impression that his heavy grenadier cap militated against the customary lucidity of his ideas, he pulled it off and flung it angrily upon the ground.

Domingo had been for some time one of the hundred and forty-four grenadier-gendarmes of the Convention. He was indebted for this favour to Citizen Nicholas, also a negro, who was a friend of Robespierre and his partner in a printing business, and to Citizen Crassus, deputy for Ile-de-Vert, and uncle of Lieutenant Paul. Domingo had been brought from Martinique by Citizen Crassus, and after he had been made to represent various oppressed peoples at the republican fêtes, he had been placed among the picked corps of grenadier-gendarmes.

The genius of Liberty has not yet had time to illumine the negro's brain with its divine light. The good Domingo began

¹ Apitoyeur.

to suspect that it was not the hairy cap only which obscured his intelligence, for he flung his vest wide open, and undid the top buttons of his long gaiters. Then, taking his gun by the barrel, and placing it on his shoulder, with the stock straight up, he walked rapidly between the two lamps which lighted the entrance of the Vestibule.

Suddenly he made a bound. A man, so imperfectly visible in the semi-darkness, that the only certain fact to be ascertained was that he was of tall stature, presented himself at the wicket, with the intention of leaving the palace. The insolence of such an intention, when he, Domingo, had orders to the contrary, was the only idea that struck the negro.

"Under pain of death!" he growled, and brought the stock of his gun down upon the stranger. Happily for himself, the latter was quick and active; he sprang back, and said, in a tone of raillery, and in a jolly, sonorous voice:

"Upon my word, citizen negro, no one would take you to belong to the tribe of the one-armed Tartars. Fortunately I am a sorcerer, and saw by the shape of your shoulders that you were going to deal me a blow like a man."

Domingo thought he recognized this cool personage; nevertheless, he resumed his weapon, and presenting the bayonet this time, he cried:

"You no pass. All doors shut: this one open, but not for pass."

"I know very well that they are shut. Do you want to insult me, blacky? I tell you I *will* pass."

"No pass," answered the negro, in an agitated voice, "under pain of death."

"I will pass, and here is the proof. Do you see this card, that of an employé in the service of the Comité de Salut Public, a card which I have just created by the sole power of my art, and which gives me the right to go in and to come out. You do not know how to read, eh?"

Domingo did not, in fact, know how to read, but he perfectly recognized in the card shown to him the "pass" of a clerk in the bureaux of the Government, which was a permanent permit for entry and exit at the Tuilleries. How, then, was Domingo to reconcile the right of exit which the bearer of this card possessed with his own absolute right to prevent his passing out? The problem was one which it was impossible for the negro brain, which lacks the sense of measure, transition,

and relation, to solve. Nevertheless—because the idea of the command he had received was the last that had been produced in his mind, and he said to himself that the card was older than the orders of the brigadier, he answered :

"No pass. Order to shut everywhere, stop every one, kill every one. Somebody has stolen papers from the committees to save aristocrats. Committees want to catch thief. Shut doors to take the helper of the tyrants like a rat—traitor to the country."

The stranger allowed a gesture to escape him, and although his voice still preserved its clear tone of laughing railly, it trembled slightly.

"Ah," said he, "it has been discovered that papers, compromising to the aristocrats have disappeared, and you have the audacity to accuse me of the theft! I know you, Domingo, for I know everything, and I will get the citizeness, Emilie Crassus, your master's daughter, to box your ears."

And then, counting upon what he knew of the negro, and taking it for granted that he would offer no further opposition, the bold speaker advanced, and was about to pass through the gate. But Domingo, although the whites of his eyes were extended to their utmost dimensions, and his complexion had changed from a fine shiny black to a dull grey, continued to point his bayonet straight at him.

"Poor nig die for the country, like white Scævola," said Domingo, resignedly. "You know everything, know Domingo hate the helpers of tyrants."

"But, you fool," replied the stranger, whose voice began to sound decidedly anxious, "why do you suppose I would come in the night to steal papers which I have at my disposal all day long, as a clerk in the bureaux?"

"You are right, citizen sorcerer."

The man advanced again, thinking this time that he had effectually disposed of Domingo's objections; but the more unanswerable the argument appeared to the negro, the more it troubled him; for it rendered still less explicable the order that he had received to refuse passage to all without exception, and under pain of death. Thus, unable to make anything of the contradictory arguments which beset his brain, he shook his big woolly head frantically, like a dog with a swarm of wasps about his ears, and in the midst of the calm stillness of the starry night, he began to shout in a stentorian voice :

"Alarm! alarm! Ho! Here are the helpers of the tyrants, of Pitt and Coburg, of the Aristocrats, and the Royalists, the Federalists, the Moderates, the Brissotists, the Fayettists, the Indulgents, the Compassionates, the Hébertists, the Dantonists."

And so he continued to run through a long list of enemies, whom the revolutionists had denounced to the hatred of the populace since 1789.

The discharge of this volley of abusive epithets was unspeakably delightful to our negro. All the time, however, that he was uttering them one after the other with the utmost volubility, and swinging himself about on his herculean legs as if he were listening to dance music, he kept the point of his bayonet turned upon the stranger.

The latter retreated, and darted into the semi-darkness, which was easily done, for only two lamps lighted the centre of the Great Vestibule. Then he hurriedly drew from one of the wide and swollen pockets of his old square-tailed coat a large clasp-knife, which he passed behind his back. He opened the knife and returned to the wicket, in the middle of which the negro's bayonet was describing complicated figures. Domingo, taken up with his outpouring of civic eloquence, was not likely, notwithstanding his strength, to offer any very formidable resistance.

But the man paused abruptly, closed his knife again, and replaced it in his pocket. "No," he thought, "I will not commit this crime, I who risk my life daily to diminish the mass of crimes that are committed here. They have nick-named me the jester, the fool, the buffoon, the mystifier, but they shall not say La Bussière the assassin. Who knows whether, after my death, and when all this is finished and done with, they may not chant the praises of La Bussière the hero!"

So versatile was the humour of La Bussière that he actually laughed aloud. The astonished Domingo stopped suddenly in the midst of his howling, and regarded the sorcerer with alarm. Then, seeing that the latter had crossed his arms and was leaning against the wall in an easy attitude, and with an air of indifference, he took the laugh for applause, and began to shout more loudly than ever.

The first person to appear, in response to Domingo's bellowings, came, sword in hand, from the interior of the palace. He approached from the right, on which side the halls and bureaux of the Comité de Sécurité Générale were situated, in

the Pavilion Marsan. Nearer to the Vestibule were the former Theatre, the Amphitheatre, and the Chapel, which had become the hall and dependencies of the Convention and the Committees. The new-comer, whose costume, although its details escaped observation, was evidently military, asked, in a vibrating and manly voice, with some haughtiness in its tone of command :

"Now, then, what is the matter ? Have the aristocrats and the suspects in prison put the plans that are talked of into execution ? Have they forced the doors of their prisons ? Are they coming to besiege the Convention and the Committees ?"

"To assassinate the members, and broil and eat their livers," said La Bussière, with gravity, which struck the new-comer as ironical and made him start.

"No, no, not at all, Massa Citizen. I had my orders, no one to pass under pain of death. He had paper of the Committee, obedience under pain of death, and he wanted to pass. I wanted to kill him to get out of the trouble ; but I know him well, he is a real devil. You, Massa Citizen, look at this paper, and tell poor nig whether he ought to let him pass."

He held out the card that the officer might take it, but at the same time he kept his bayonet fixed in the direction of La Bussière, as he said :

"You hold paper tight, for the sorcerer he change paper as easily as I change my breeches."

"This concerns the officer commanding the post," said the new-comer, with haughty coldness, "but I don't mind giving you my opinion, grenadier, especially," here his voice softened, and assumed a tone of sadness, "as it is not your fault, but that of all the tyrannies which have persecuted your wretched race, that your intelligence—"

A sentiment of delicacy, no doubt, restrained him from finishing his sentence aloud. He took a few steps towards the interior of the Vestibule, and drew near one of the lamp-posts, to read what was written upon the card.

La Bussière, after a moment's hesitation, and having again glanced at the sentinel with a frown of despair, shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and as he approached the stranger burst into a laugh that made Domingo shudder.

The stranger was trying, by stretching his arm up as high as possible towards the smoky lamp, to read the card.

"Comité de Salut Public. Fifth division. Prisoner's bureaux. Section of Correspondence. Citizen Charles Delabussière, clerk."

On reading this name the officer turned sharply round.

"Citizen La Bussière," said he, "the jester, the practical joker, the buffoon?"

"You mean the madman, the giddy-pate, the impetuous virulent, feather-headed fellow, who can never refrain from a joke, catch a glimpse of a folly without plunging into it, or imagine a mystification, or a piece of mischief without carrying it out. I know this negro, I have heard a great deal about him, and I wanted to practise upon his incredulity, which is extreme."

"Once more, excuse me, citizen. I did not mean to say anything of this kind. I am aware that the citizen La Bussière is as amiable as he is good, as persevering as he is brave."

It was strange that La Bussière could not refrain from trembling, while these compliments were glibly uttered.

"We are lost," he thought, "the mask of Brutus has been torn off."

Nevertheless, he carelessly tossed his hair off his forehead, repeated the characteristic shrug of his shoulders, and said, with his roguish smile :

"I see that I am perfectly well known. A hero and an enchanter; that is myself to the life! Let us ascend to the Capitol and thank the gods. I am off there, immediately. Be so good, citizen, as to induce this darky not to offer any impediment to my civic piety."

The stranger tried hard to get a good look at La Bussière's face; but the lamp gave only a feeble and flickering light, and the incessant restlessness of the object of his observation defeated his purpose.

"I wanted to ask you whether I was mistaken, or whether you really are the nephew, in Breton fashion, of the citizen, Dubois Joli, judge of the Section of the Bonnet-rouge, who lives at the far end of the Rue de Sèvres?"

"The 'virtuous' Dubois! It is he, it is I."

"The cousin of the citizeness, Lise?"

"The Little Nightingale of the fair wood? ³ It is she, it is I!"

"And not only the cousin, but the betrothed of that lovely lady?" continued the stranger, still trying to get a good look at the other's face.

³ A play upon the young lady's name, "Bois-Joli."

"Ha! By the goddess, it is my turn now. To whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"To Commandant La Raison."

La Bussière gave a start, almost a bound.

"To the devil with etiquette and diplomacy! My prestige in the eyes of this negro will be hopelessly lost, but I cannot refrain from embracing you."

So saying, he flung his arms round the young officer, who was about his own age, *i.e.*, twenty-four, and pressed him to his breast:

"Commandant La Raison, who was so good to my little Nightingale, and to my dear aunt, whom I love almost as well, at the Siege of Landrecies. Ah, ha, did not I say the right thing, just this minute, a hero and an enchanter! That is the true description of you, if we are to believe our aunt, of whom you have made a complete conquest. As for cousin Lisette, she is an ungrateful little puss, and never talks of you now."

All this had been said in a very short space of time; but the shouts of the negro had brought several persons to the spot. Several grenadiers of the Convention, gunners, and guards of the sections arrived on the scene; but as Domingo was quite as determined that no one should go in as that no one should come out, he kept off the soldiers who came too close to the railing with hearty blows of the stock of his gun, while he watched the two persons inside the barrier with distended eyes.

This spectacle seemed to rouse the Commandant to a sense of reality, and disperse the shadow of reserve that had fallen upon him since he had uttered the name of Lise."

"But," he said, suddenly, and speaking in a still lower tone, "You wanted to get out of the National Palace at this undue hour. That must be because you have no right to be here. No doubt you are incurring some danger?"

"Yes," replied La Bussière, after a momentary pause.

"A great danger, the danger of death?"

"Yes; the danger of death."

"Will you swear to me that what you have come here to do has no reference to the safety of the Republic?"

"Not the slightest, unless the Republic cannot live without taking off the heads of the virtuous Dubois and the pretty little Nightingale."

"What! Is *she* in danger? But no, that is impossible! Who are the monsters that could think of harming so charming

a creature? Besides, I observe by your tone, citizen, that you have not that veneration for the Republic which ought to inflame the heart of every citizen.

"Parbleu!" cried La Bussière gaily, "and I a clerk in the bureaux of the Comité de Salut Public! Reared in the seraglio, citizen!"

The Commandant made a gesture of impatience, but he said nothing.

"Adieu, then!" said La Bussière. "The Supreme Being, who found it so tough a job to fight Chaumette, will forgive me for not having been able to triumph over Robespierre, the conqueror of Chaumette. He will pardon poor Charles de la Bussière for having failed to save his little friend. No one can give more than his life for those whom he loves. Adieu, Commandant La Raison, always a hero, indeed more and more heroic, but less of an enchanter."

He advanced towards the group of soldiers, which was getting numerous. But the Commandant appeared to take a sudden resolution. He held back La Bussière by the arm.

"No! *She* shall save you. I cannot leave *her* in danger. Pass your hand behind your back. Here is safety for you."

He rapidly slipped into La Bussière's hand a card of another shape and colour. Then La Bussière advanced to the negro and held up this card before his eyes. What was it that occurred in the poor fellow's African brain? Domingo opened his eyes in a terrified stare, let his gun fall, and was briskly running away when Paul Crassus came up, took hold of him by one of his immense ears, and brought him back to the railing.

"How now! What are you about? Don't you see that you are leaving your post, you wretched nigger! Beware of the whip, Domingo."

"Don't be angry, Massa Lieutenant, my good little master, Massa Paul. Sorcerer he take red paper—pstt—change it into yellow paper as I change my hat."

"May the *ci-devant* devil fly away with these *ci-devant* blacks! What an idea it was of Emilie's to make a grenadier of her servant. Here, let us see what this is all about."

"Just this," said La Bussière, coldly, "that the grenadier here wanted to prevent me from going out."

"He was quite right. The order is formal, and of implacable severity, even against you, Citizen La Bussière."

"Formal, but not against *that*, Lieutenant Crassus the younger."

La Bussière presented his card to the Lieutenant, who took it, while the negro drew back, muttering :

"He sorcerer ! He real sorcerer ! He great sorcerer !"

"Liberty, Equality ! Comité de Sûreté Générale," read the Lieutenant. "Décadi 30 Prairial, year II. Let the bearer pass,—DUBARRAN."

"There is nothing to be said, La Bussière. Pass out. And as for you, you black idiot, if you have the ill luck again to fail in respect for the seal of the Comité, you shall very shortly renew your acquaintance with the whip. Do you hear ! The seal of the Comité de Sûreté, for, as for Dubarran's signature, I snap my finger at that ; he's a Moderate."

La Bussière passed out. When he was beyond the view of the spectators he began to run, and soon reached the quay. Then, having made sure that nobody was watching him, he took from his coat pocket a large ball of paper, which had been steeped in water, and turned into pulp. He divided this mass into several parts, and threw the whole into the Seine.

CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT CRASSUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Now for your turn, citizen soldier," said Lieutenant Crassus, roughly, when La Bussière was gone ; "have you also a pass from one of the two great Committees ?"

"In the first place," replied La Raison drily, "I am not a citizen soldier, but a citizen commandant."

"Ah, indeed ! those are fine words, but they don't go down with me. The aristocrat-conspirators who weave their plots against our holy Mountain in their prisons, may very easily disguise themselves as commandants to come and assassinate the fathers of the country."

"I a traitor ! I an assassin !" roared La Raison, "I conspire against the holy Revolution, against the venerable and sacred Republic ! miserable Lieutenant, I will crop your ears."

Crassus made a sign. A dozen soldiers, who had been attracted to the spot by the shouts of Domingo, rushed upon the commandant and showered blows upon him, while the negro

advanced, with the stock of his gun uplifted, awaiting only a sign to split the prisoner's head.

"Besides," continued Crassus, gravely, "if you were really a commandant, it would not matter. Robespierre, with his lofty genius, enlightened with the flames of patriotism, has foretold that military ambition will kill the Republic; and when we send a general to the guillotine, each decade, we are not going to respect a commandant. Have you a pass from one of the Committees? That is the question."

"No," replied La Raison, who had recovered his customary coolness.

"Then what were you doing, at this hour of the night, in the middle of the National Palace?"

"I was walking," said the Commandant, whose voice had resumed its gracious and impressive serenity. "I was coming back from the Comité de Sûreté Générale, where I had an appointment to keep immediately on my arrival in Paris. This was the first time I had put my foot into one of the august citadels of the holy Revolution. It is also my first visit to Paris, the heroic mother of the beneficent Republic. In coming out of the hall of the committee I lost my way, somehow, and went on pretty much at random, delighted to find myself all alone in these famous scenes where the virtuous Parisian people gave such proofs of their patriotism, on many a solemn occasion, from the 10th of August until the 2nd of June, when the Republic, peace, and patriotism, finally established themselves on the ruins of the aristocracy of the Girondists."

Crassus burst out laughing.

"I am very sorry that the darkness and these smoky lamps prevent me from seeing your face; but I am sufficiently informed, you are not a conspirator, you are a mystifier. Ah! and so you were walking about, musing on the satellites of Capet, and the rascalities of the Federalists. Take him away to the lock-up. When he has been there for twenty-four hours, we shall recommend him to the special attention of Fouquier Tinville."

"All right. Even the wisest governments are exposed to mistakes of this kind. But do you know, Lieutenant, who will be the most vexed by my arrest? It will be the Convention, when, to-morrow, Commandant La Raison, whom that august body expects to see, does not present himself at the bar."

Crassus started as the Commandant announced his name, advanced briskly, and administered a heavy thump in the

side to Domingo, who still held his gun in a threatening fashion.

"What!" cried he, "are you Commandant La Raison?"

"Yes, I am, Commandant of the fourth battalion of the Army of the North; chosen because of the gallant conduct of that battalion, by Pichegru, General-in-chief of the Army of the North, and by Moreau, General in command of the army of the siege, to render to the Convention a detailed account of the taking of the town of Ypres, for," and here his voice rang out like a trumpet call, "we beat Clairfayton, on the 22nd Prairial, and we entered Ypres on the 29th. Notwithstanding its numerous garrison, and a most vigorous resistance, the town was forced to yield before the irresistible heroism of the soldiers of Liberty. The garrison, composed of six thousand men, are all taken prisoners. We have taken more than one hundred guns."

A shout of enthusiasm was raised in the midst of the calm and stillness of the night, and the sectionaries, gunners, and gendarmes had already begun to thunder out the *Marseillaise*, and to dance an uproarious measure to its exciting strains, when Crassus reduced them to silence by threatening them with the wrath of the Committees.

"Break up, begone, return each of you to your own guard houses. I will try to find a few assignats in the bottom of my pockets, if I have not left them all in the Jardin de L'Egalité³ and this afternoon, when the guard is relieved, we will drink to the brave fellows of the fourth battalion of the Army of the North."

This promise was received with loud applause, but the group broke up and dispersed obediently. Then the Lieutenant turned to La Raison.

"Commandant," he said, "you are twenty-four years old, I am twenty-two; I am a Parisian, you are a stranger, it is for me to make the first advance. Will you come to me at five o'clock, after the sitting of the Convention? We will go and dine at Verriás; it is the best place, after the eating-houses, ever dear to the dandies and the aristocracy. Barère, Saint-Just, the great Robespierre himself dine there. I live in a wing of my uncle's house (he is Crassus, a member of the Convention), Rue de Chartres, just opposite No. 13. Pray excuse my rudeness."

Then quite suddenly, and without any apparent cause, he laughed.

³ Palais Royal.

"Would you like me to tell you what it is that has brought you to Paris? You have come here to get married."

The Commandant uttered an exclamation of evidently sincere astonishment.

"I cannot resist your good humour," he said, "I see you know me, although I knew nothing of you, not even the fact of your existence. I cannot repel the friendly advances you make, however surprising they may be to a stern and austere man as I am said to be. But I protest that I have no idea of what you mean when you talk to me about marriage."

"All right, nothing like discretion, but you will not assert that there is nothing at all mysterious about you; you will not swear that you are Commandant La Raison, come to Paris simply to look about you, to pass a week here, and present yourself to-morrow at the bar of the Convention, which will grant you the honours of the sitting."

"It is true that there is a certain mystery, but whatever I may be, I am not an engaged man."

"Very well, Commandant, then you will be. For Robespierre has promised that, at the request of a young citizeness," here the lieutenant looked closely round him, "to whom he can refuse nothing. Hush!"

The last word was superfluous. La Raison stared at the speaker in utter bewilderment. He held his peace, and tried to read the face of his present companion, as a little while previously he had tried to read that of La Bussière.

"Where are your lodgings?" asked the Lieutenant.

"At the end of the Rue de Sèvres."

"What! Quite at the end? Eh?"

"Yes, I believe so. You know that I am acquainted with Paris only through the medium of descriptions, maps, and gazettes. They tell me it is quite at the end: an almost empty house at the corner of a street called De la Barouillière, not far from the Hospital for Incurables, opposite to a convent which forms the angle of the Rue de Sèvres and the Boulevard, and which is now used as the prison of the Bonnet-rouge Section."

"Yes, I know it. Well, that is another coincidence."

Again he laughed.

"And now, if you like, I will call up my quarter-master and go with you myself a part of the way."

La Raison thoughtfully and silently followed his companion

through the courts which divided the façade of the Tuilleries from the Place du Carrousel.

"Now, Commandant," said Crassus when they had reached the Place, "you will find on the right the Rue des Orties, which runs along the great gallery of the Louvre; go down it until you reach the Infanta's Gate, then you will see the Quay. But no," he pulled himself up roughly, "I am not going to be ill-humoured because you are so reserved, and do not want to tell your secrets. But I may as well tell you that I know the whole story. However, as I am said to be a featherhead, incapable of the least discretion, I will be silent."

They walked on, perhaps a dozen steps, in silence, in the direction of the Infanta's Gate. Then the young lieutenant halted, and said to his grave companion :

"You see that I can hold my tongue, and that I am wrongfully accused of not knowing how to keep a secret. You may, I assure you, safely take me for a confidant. I tell you that I know all, and that it would be really ridiculous of me to make a mystery of it. I was brought up with my cousin, the handsome Emily Crassus, and I know her as well as if she were my sister. She is as proud as she is handsome, as elegant as she is coquettish, as imperious as she is tender; Clorinda and Armida in one. Seventeen years old, a creole, an only daughter, a spoilt child, with a sentimental heart, a virtuous mind, and a volcanic head, knowing no obstacle. Her complexion is blended roses and lilies, and her black eyes are bright enough to set fire to all the guns of the Republic. Then, Uncle Crassus is a friend of the virtuous Robespierre and the other heads of the Government. And—come nearer that I may whisper this—Uncle Crassus, is, although he be one of the purest friends of Equality, an ardent Montagnard, a zealous Jacobin, a devoted *sans-culotte*, possesses a hundred thousand good *livres de rente*, in fair landed property. As his daughter Emily makes this fierce good fellow do exactly what she pleases, you may suppose that the fair Emily is a very eligible *parti*. Well, would you believe it? she would not have *me*. My cousin has always said that she would not marry any man except the one who should please her, were he a mere grenadier, but that the man she loves she will marry were he the Grand Mogul! One hundred thousand *livres de rente* as a dowry, the friendship, the favour of all the heads of the people, and the handsomest woman in France. You see now that I know everything. You have seen that I can hold

my tongue, and there is no occasion for you to practise any dissimulation with me."

"I confess that I am naturally reserved," said La Raison gravely, "and almost as discreet as yourself," he added with a half smile. "However, I readily yield to my instinct of kindness and goodwill. In you I perceive frankness, and a youthful spirit which please me. I have no indiscretion to fear, since you are as mute as a fish, and from where we stand at present there is not a living soul to be seen; and so I am about to divulge everything."

Lieutenant Crassus drew near him eagerly.

"Citizen Lieutenant," said La Raison coldly, "you are a mystifier of the school of Citizen La Bussière. That is the whole secret."

"I, a mystifier!" said the young man laughing. "Certainly, Commandant, you are a diplomatist of the first class. Why, I do not even know La Bussière, except slightly, and if could detest any one, I should hate him, since he is the future husband of Lise, whom I am tempted to adore."

"You allude to the Citizeness Lise Dubois Joli? You told me her name yourself. You can bear witness to my discretion, for I took good care not to utter it. I, a mystifier! Well, this is real effrontery. Do you mean to tell me that you were not at Landrecies three months ago, in Germinal; and that you did not lodge at the house of a rich old bourgeoise whom you inspired with a quite maternal affection, and that the individual in question is not the aunt of the Citizeness Lisette?"

"That is all perfectly true. I will even add, for I do not profess to be so strictly reserved as you, Citizen Lieutenant, that on the 4th April—or rather, I should say, the 15th Germinal,—two of the nieces of my worthy hostess, Lise Dubois and Emilie Crassus arrived, to take refuge at her house. It seems that several republican girls, as foolish as they were heroic, had made up their minds to accompany Saint-Just to the Army of the North, just then much dejected by a series of mishaps, in order that they might rouse the courage of the French by the sight of beauty. The two fair citizenesses very quickly perceived that this was an idea more Roman than realizable, and after a great deal of fatigue and disappointment they sought shelter with their aunt. The town was invested on the 6th April, I mean to say on the 17th Germinal. I was extremely anxious to save the two charming heroines from the dangers of the siege

and the bombardment. In short, when I foresaw that Landrecies would be taken by the troops of the coalition of tyrants, I endeavoured to get them out of the town, and I succeeded on the 29th Germinal, that is to say on the eve of the surrender. I rejoined my battalion at the siege of Ypres, and there I did my best. Immediately after the taking of that town, Richard and Choudière, the representatives of the people to the Army of the North, asserted that the fatigues of the siege had retarded my cure. They sent me to Paris on the mission I told you of, and with sick leave for two months. That is all I know."

"Parbleu! Choudière is a particular friend of my uncle Crassus, and was one of the admirers of the great Maximilian! You see, O prudent troubadour, that you are letting the tip of the cat's ear out of the bag of concealment."

"I always was reckoned a very cool person," rejoined the Commandant, with redoubled gravity. "I tell you once more that if you had not just now invoked the revered name of the wise Robespierre, I should believe there was some ill-intentioned jest in all this. If you please, Citizen Lieutenant, we will conclude that there is a mistake as to facts or persons, and we will let the matter rest there."

"May I be accused of moderation," exclaimed the young man, "if I have not heard the fair Emilie talking to her bosom friend, Eléonore Duplay (the virtuous Maximilian's betrothed, perhaps his wife) about you, and declaring that you combine perfect grace with noble heroism! But I say no more, for I am a discreet person. This afternoon, at four, Rue de Chartres. This is the bridge, take the Rue du Bac. Aurora, with rosier fingers than those the fair Lise's own, will shortly open the portals of the East. The night is cold; you have a cloak on your arm, I advise you to wrap yourself up in it. My counsel is that of a tender heart. When you see the lovely Lise, will you tell her so?"

He stopped a moment, then followed the Commandant who already stood upon the bridge.

"If you were not Commandant La Raison," he said, "if you were an aristocrat! Eh! I might say 'Adieu, paniers, vendanges sont faites,' I should be accused of complicity. It seems that there is some traitor who gets, at night, into the bureaux of the Comité de Salut Public and takes away denunciations, reports, documents concerning accused persons and suspects, so that Robespierre and Saint-Just, who are heads of the bureaux of

police in the fifth division, and Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, and Richard, the President, are furious and do not know what to be at. That is the reason why all the gates of the National Palace were shut to-day. As for me, if only Richard were concerned I should laugh at him, for he is a humpbacked carpenter, and an insolent fellow who has principles, as he calls them, against militarism. But, help aristocrats and suspects to escape the sword of the Republic! never! Adieu! Imitate my discretion; say not a word of all this, lest you should enlighten traitors and moderates."

Then Lieutenant Crassus returned to his post, singing the following popular variation on the hymn of the Marseillais, the primitive text having come to be regarded as tainted with moderation:—

Chassons les rois, poursuivons les tyrans,
Marchons, marchons,
Sur les débris de leurs trônes sanglans.

A Modern Jesuit.

IF any one imagines that the life of a Jesuit priest who spent his days in very matter-of-fact duties, and in the monotonous routine of confessor and preacher to the poor of Paris, is wanting in drollery, humour, and adventures the most amusing, he will find out his mistake as he peruses the *Life of Father Milleriot*. The little volume from which we draw most of the details of our present sketch doubtless owes much of its entertaining character to the clever pen of its author, but its interest is mainly due to the man whom it paints ; and, indeed, it is in a great measure made up of extracts from Father Milleriot's own journal. Father Milleriot was essentially what is called a "character;" every visitor who happened to dine in the refectory of the Rue de Sèvres could not avoid noticing the pleasant-looking old gentleman, whose thundering voice drowned the voices of all the rest of the community in answering to the grace before and after dinner. And if he had the good fortune to sit next the good Father in recreation, he soon discovered that in his genial and witty companion a great soul lay hid, the soul of one who to natural talent, keen sense of humour, and unlimited power of meeting any emergency, added an undying zeal for God, and an intense and enthusiastic devotion to all the poor, the sinners, the outcasts, and the fallen, in whose benefit, from morn till eve, he employed his best energies, and the peculiar talents with which God had endowed him. We feel sure that a short account of this remarkable man will be interesting to our readers ; if it leads them to desire a further acquaintance with him, they will be glad to hear that his Life is soon to appear in an English form.

Louis Etienne Milleriot was born at Auxerre, January 11th, 1800. His family had experienced great reverses of fortune, but his pious and excellent parents seem to have brought him up in a truly admirable manner. His father was accustomed to punish his childish faults with wholesome severity, in pursuance

of the good old-fashioned maxim so sadly neglected in the present day, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." Father Milleriot used to tell the story of a sound whipping he received when three years old, for repeating a blasphemous expression he chanced to hear in the street, and of the meaning of which he was totally unconscious. "My father overheard me from his window, and immediately rapped upon the pane, 'What is that you are saying, sir?' he called out; 'come up here to me this moment!' I obeyed, feeling more dead than alive, and my father speedily recalled me to sensation in not the most agreeable manner."

Three months before Louis Milleriot made his First Communion, the perusal of a Jansenist work filled his soul with alarm, so that his mother one day found him in tears with this book in his hand. She asked her son what ailed him, and he pointed out to her some passages relating to the terrible guilt incurred by those who communicate unworthily. "My child," she replied with the sound sense habitual to her, "no one makes a bad Communion who is sincerely desirous to make a good one." It was upon this great occasion that he, in accordance with his mother's suggestion, entreated our Lord to make known to him his future vocation. The prayer was abundantly answered; from that day forward the one wish of the boy's heart was to be a priest, and this fixed and unalterable desire is proved by his after life to have been indeed an inspiration from above. He made his studies at the institution founded by M. Liautard, and destined later on to be known as Stanislas College. When ordained, he became a professor, at the Seminary of Chalons in the first instance, and subsequently at that of Rheims; returning afterwards to Paris, where he passed some years at Stanislas College, occupying whilst there several important posts in succession, and discharging his multifarious duties in such a manner as to command universal respect. But God, Who even while they are yet in their exile, is ever saying to His friends, in one way or another, "Come up higher," inspired this holy priest with an ardent desire to enter the Society of Jesus. For twenty years he cherished it in secret, preparing himself for the religious life by devoting all his leisure to meditation and prayer, by being scrupulously methodical in the distribution of his time, and by courting, rather than seeking to avoid, every sort of hardship and privation. Many were the difficulties which delayed the execution of his

project, until a circumstance, trivial in itself and apparently fortuitous, at last brought him face to face with its realization. Wishing to find a substitute for one of the under-masters of the College, he called upon a Jesuit Father in order to ask his advice.

As I was in the act of taking leave the idea somehow suddenly occurred to me that I should do well to speak to this Father of my desire to enter the Society. He listened very attentively, approved what I said, and promised to speak to the Father Provincial.

"I have already spoken to the Rector of Stanislas," I rejoined ; "and I think I ought to tell you that he considers I have too strong a will for a Jesuit. I can truly say that as far as I go, my will is to have my will thoroughly broken when I join the Society.¹ Now what is your opinion ?"

"My opinion," rejoined the Father, "is that men of your stamp are the very ones to suit us."

After the usual retreat, Father Milleriot began his novitiate at St. Acheul. Our Lord showed His appreciation of the generous sacrifice His servant thus made by immediately requiring of him another. On the day he commenced his novitiate he was deprived of all sensible consolation ; this privation continued during the remaining forty years of his life.

All my sensible devotion was cut off at a stroke, a few minutes before I reached St. Acheul. From that moment up to the present I have experienced nothing but dryness and aridity. I would not complain in the least of this, did I not feel sure that I am myself in a great measure to blame for it. Before I became a novice, I often knew what it was to feel fervent love towards God; and occasionally I have found myself regretting those times. After I had been some time in the Novitiate, I said one day to the Master of Novices : "I am quite different from what I used to be; formerly I enjoyed whole years of fervent devotion." I shall never forget his answer.

"Years of fervent devotion are no doubt precious in God's sight, but years of sacrifice are a thousand times more precious still!"

The Jesuits were not at that period permitted to carry on the work of education in France, and this may possibly be the reason why Father Milleriot was not again engaged in teaching ; or perhaps it was because his Superiors early discerned in him a remarkable aptitude for evangelizing the lower orders. Be that as it may, he soon began the work which was destined to engross the remaining half of his long life by visiting prisons

¹ Ma volonté est de me faire broyer.

and giving missions. Even at this early stage of his career his apostolic labours bore abundant fruit ; we will give one anecdote among several, selected from a sort of journal in which he used to keep a record of his various labours, the way his time was spent, the subjects of his sermons, &c.

I was going into the country to preach a mission, and a young man was sent to carry my bag for me. I gave him a miraculous medal, and also one for each of his three brothers, making him promise they would all wear them. The mission was opened, and on the very first evening the young man came to me and said : "Father, I want you to hear my confession. All day long that medal has kept repeating to me, 'Go to con-fess-ion, go to con-fess-ion !'"

"I will certainly hear you," I answered ; "but you must bring your brothers as well."

"I'll do my best, Father."

The second duly made his appearance, the third also ; but the fourth proved somewhat recalcitrant. However, willing or unwilling, his brothers brought him at last, and actually thrust him into the confessional.

"Here is No. 4, Father ; you must look after him."

My task proved an easy one. The young man did as I wished, and went away much happier than he came.

If the first fruits were thus plentiful, what must the harvest have been which Father Milleriot was privileged to gather in during all the years he spent in Paris from the close of his novitiate until his death ! He doubtless owed much of his success in dealing with souls to his natural gifts, his great moral and physical courage, his marvellous tact and readiness of resource, and the happy art he possessed of turning people's corners, so to speak. Not a little is due also to that strong will, the possession of which he so much deplored as a possible hindrance to his own sanctification, but which became the means of effecting the salvation of so many with whom he was brought into contact, for it can truly be said that no one has ever more thoroughly understood and more ably carried out the spirit of our Lord's injunction, *compelle intrare*, than did Father Milleriot. Kind as he was to every one, he had a positive weakness for the poorest and most revolting, his favourite clients being great sinners, "big fish," as he used smilingly to term them, those who were very ignorant, or who had neglected religion for years. His patience was unwearied, as is shown by the following account of the conversion of an aged man

whom he used familiarly to call *mon vieux Jeannin*. He entitles the story, "A desperate case."

An old man of eighty-six, the father of one of our young workmen, who belonged to the Association of St. Francis Xavier, had been for some time suffering from a nervous affection. On my asking his son about him, he spoke of him as being utterly irreligious.

"Very well," I replied; "next time I meet him I shall make friends with him."

"Oh, Father, take care what you do. You may be sure he will say something rude to you."

"Never mind, we shall see."

Shortly after I found myself face to face with my man.

"Good morning, M. Jeannin," I said, taking his hand; "how are you?"

He pulled his hand away forcibly: "I don't like priests," he said.

"Well, if you do not like priests, for my part I like people who speak their mind as you do. Besides, if you do not like priests, you like Almighty God."

"Don't bother me with your Almighty God!"

"For all that, I daresay you still say some kind of little prayer night and morning."

"I want to hear nothing of your cursed prayers!"

"Goodbye, M. Jeannin; some other time."

The poor old man was quivering with rage. "Never mind," I said to myself, you shall make up for the others, you old rogue; "My God, help me! you have often given me the grace to carry a soul by storm at the first or second attack; I shall have to take my time at this one."

I determined to get at my old friend through his stomach; I sent him, by one of my penitents, a nice meat pie and two bottles of good wine.

"Father Milleriot has sent you a pie for you and your son, and two bottles of wine, that you may drink his health," said the kind messenger, when she presented herself at his house, laden with the good things.

At the first mention of my name, the old man broke out in a fury, but he soon calmed down, "Sit down, madam," he said, "Father Milleriot is very kind."

That was something gained. Shortly after, I called on him myself.

"M. Jeannin, here is a friend come to see you!"

"Take a seat, Reverend Father."

That was better still, yet my point was far from gained; the pies and the wine had to be sent again and again, at stated intervals. I went to see him every month, and felt I gained ground every time. I avoided arguments, preferring to try and touch his heart. By degrees he began to pray himself; after a time, whenever I went, we said a *Pater* and an *Ave* together. At length, after waiting four years, he was conquered;

he made his confession, and I gave him his Easter Communion at his own home ; for some time past, he had not been able to go out.

Before receiving Communion he said :

" Father, let me say a word to my son before you."

" By all means."

" Look here, James, your old father is going to Communion for the first time since he made his First Communion, seventy-nine years ago : you too have neglected the sacraments ; of course you are free to do as you please, but if you will take my advice, you will do as I have done."

He then received our Lord with much devotion. Six months later, the poor fellow was said to be in danger ; I administered the last sacraments to him myself, and he expired peacefully at the age of ninety-two years.

The foregoing incident illustrates Father Melleriot's patience ; as a proof of his unflinching courage, we give the following :—

On one occasion Father Milleriot was told, that a man, who had long been leading a bad life, was now at the point of death. He had already driven two priests away from his bedside, and threatened to give a good beating to any one who should venture to invade his domicile. Father Milleriot paid no heed to all this, but set out boldly for the sick man's house, which he entered without more ado. At the sight of a priest, the invalid started up in bed, his eyes flashing with anger, seized a stick lying beside him, and ordered the intruder to leave the room instantly, adding, that he should not hesitate to administer a sound thrashing in case of refusal. Father Milleriot smiled kindly upon him, and said, " you are very feverish my poor friend, and I can see you are in great pain, it might be some relief to you to give a few blows, in that case use your stick freely ; beat away, a few strokes more or less will not kill me." Then turning his back he placed himself in such a position, that the sick man could strike him with the greatest possible ease. But it is hardly necessary to add that the cane was laid aside, and that the sufferer, heartily ashamed of himself, begged Father Milleriot's pardon, and forthwith made his confession. He died not long afterwards in the best possible dispositions.

It is needless to say that the edifice of Father Milleriot's external usefulness and activity, was based on the solid foundation of eminent personal sanctity, and constant interior union with God, without which, no priest can ever exert a permanently beneficial influence on his fellow men. He was most loyal to the Holy See, and his devotion to our Lady was remarkable ; many years indeed before the Immaculate Conception was solemnly proclaimed to be an article of faith, he offered all his free masses to obtain the definition of the dogma. When once

the decree had been passed, he said as many as he possibly could for the triumph of Holy Church and the Infallibility of the Pope, and he continued to inspire all under his direction with this love for the Church and her visible Head.

It must not be supposed that he had not many fervent Christians among his penitents, young men especially, were captivated by his fatherly kindness, and loved his wise and firm rule. One of them says :

"I was little more than a child when the war broke out, but I was intensely patriotic. I was one day accusing myself of hatred to the Prussians, adding that I really could not help this feeling! Father Milleriot smiled at this, and I went on to say that I was afraid of offending God, since He bids us love our neighbour. 'Of course,' he answered, 'the Prussians are our neighbours, but they are almost too far off to reckon as such. Child, do as I do; every morning I fight a great battle with them in my heart of hearts, and kill ten thousand, then I say some prayers for the repose of their souls.'"

Father Milleriot did indeed know how to make himself "all things to all men," in every sense of the word. The way in which he found time for everyone was wonderful, and would be a greater mystery still, if we did not know that he began his day at three a.m., for it was his invariable practice to rise thus early in order to have two hours meditation instead of one, before saying Mass at five o'clock. After his thanksgiving, he took his scanty breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee, without milk, which he took standing. At 6.30 he set out for St. Sulpice, where he remained in the confessional until 10.30, and then returned to his cell in the Rue de Sèvres. Several times a week he devoted his afternoon also to this exercise of his ministry, the remainder of his time being occupied in saying his Office and preparing his sermons, which he carefully wrote out on small sheets of paper of uniform size. This life he continued to lead for upwards of thirty-six years, and notwithstanding the many privations and hardships it entailed, he was never known to be otherwise than cheerful and even joyous. Indeed one his chief attractions was his freedom from anything like sadness and gloom; he was very fond of repeating the saying of St. Francis of Sales, "A saint who is sad, is a sad sort of saint." One day he had been commenting on it in an instruction given to the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and some time afterwards, a woman, who had been among his hearers, gave the following amusing proof of having remembered his words. She got her living by

selling needles and thread in the streets, and one day when she was going down the Rue du Bac chanting a rude ditty to attract attention to her wares, she perceived Father Milleriot on the opposite side of the way, and immediately altered her rhyme so as to introduce the maxim she had recently heard from the Father's lips :

My needles and thread give no cause for complaint,
Come, buy them, oh !
"A saint who is sad, is a sad sort of saint,"
That good Father said so.

All the passers-by laughed, and Father Milleriot himself joined heartily in the general merriment.

We have referred to Father Milleriot's sermons in connection with the preceding anecdote, and our sketch of him would be grievously incomplete were we to omit speaking of the beneficial influence he exerted in this way, for it can be said with truth, that he excelled no less as a preacher than as a confessor. He was a popular orator in the widest sense of the term, eloquent and familiar, pointed and practical, knowing not only how to win the attention of his audience, but to keep it when gained. He possessed, moreover, the rare gift of suiting himself equally well to the most opposite classes of hearers ; the working men of Paris hung upon his lips, and he was just as able to find his way to the hearts of his brethren in the priesthood. Whilst preaching a clerical retreat at Nantes, he enlarged with such effect upon the necessity of penance and corporal austerities, that a convent in the neighbourhood was besieged by priests, eager to obtain instruments of bodily mortification, and the good nuns were at last heard to complain that their fingers ached with making disciplines.

The peculiarly original style of Father Milleriot's eloquence, led a working man who had been listening to him with the greatest interest and pleasure, to hazard the remark that he was not like a Jesuit. "They are all made after the same pattern, but Father Milleriot has broken the mould !" Nothing however could be more untrue, for no one ever strove more earnestly than this good religious to conform himself, in even the minutest details, exterior as well as interior, to the rule of St. Ignatius, as the following story, related by himself, amusingly illustrates.

One day a messenger arrived breathless, and went straight to Father Milleriot, who was in the confessional :

"Come quickly, Father," he said, "there is a man dying close by here, a policeman ; he is quite willing to see you."

Father Milleriot at once left the confessional, saying to the people who were outside waiting for their turn :

"Have patience for a few minutes, I shall soon be back ; while I am gone, pray for the soul of a man who is dying."

But we will leave him to tell the story in his own words.

"I crossed the great square in front of St. Sulpice, and turned down the Rue du Vieux Colombier, walking as fast as possible without actually running, as I would fain have done had I dared, only I remembered the rule about modesty, which prescribes that the pace should not be hurried without urgent necessity, and even in this case due decorum should be observed. Whilst these thoughts were in my head, I met a detachment of the fire brigade rushing along with their engine to extinguish a fire which had just broken out in the neighbourhood. When I saw them, I said to myself : Now here are these men running at full speed to save a house on fire, and am I not to run to rescue a soul from burning ? Run, *spiritual fireman !* run and extinguish the flames which are destroying a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ ! thereupon I hurried forward, trying however to run as decorously as possible. I reached the man's bedside just as the end was approaching ; his confession did not take long, and there was barely time to get the parish priest to bring him the last sacraments. Then I returned in triumph to my confessional and my penitents, whom I thanked for the assistance they had rendered me by their prayers."

Nor could advancing years diminish his ardour or cause his zeal to grow cold, when he could no longer walk, he had himself driven to the Church, and then dragged himself to the confessional as best he could. The doctor was one day remonstrating with him, and begging him to relinquish exertions to which he was no longer equal. The good old man, however, contrived to silence him with the following verse, merrily improvised on the spur of the moment :

To confess is my life,
Not to do so, my death ;
Pray don't hasten the time,
When I draw my last breath.

Father Milleriot's strength had for some time been visibly declining, and the execution (June 30, 1880) of the decrees of the preceding 29th of March, gave him a blow from which he never recovered, though it was not until February, 1881, that he was compelled to keep his room, and before long, his bed also. He suffered much from want of sleep, and from the

exhaustion consequent upon his inability to take any kind of nourishment, but his patience and cheerfulness were the same as ever. The record of his closing days is most interesting, he was so simple on his death-bed, and so marvellously humble. It is touching to read of the natural shrinking he experienced at the idea of death, when his Superior spoke to him of the advisability of receiving Extreme Unction. "Father," he replied, "I have myself said to a great many people what you have just said to me, and I have done so with the greatest ease, but now that I have to listen, and not to speak, the case is very different. Poor human nature! it is still alive, and it makes its voice heard, and revolts at the idea of death. In order to conquer it, I must struggle upwards. I *will* struggle, and I *shall* conquer, but the effort will not be slight. Alas! that it should be so." This was at nine in the evening. At four o'clock the next morning he sent to say he was *converted*, and ready to receive the sacrament. But he lingered for about a week, until on the evening of the 1st of March it became evident that the hour of his departure was at hand. The Superior gave him the final Absolution, adding, *Vade in pace*. The dying man responded, *In pace*. These were his last words; immediately after he had uttered them, his lips became paralyzed, and according to the wish he had himself expressed some days before, Father Lefebvre recited the acts of faith, hope, and charity, and then the *Suscipe* of St. Ignatius, after which all present, kneeling at the foot of the bed, repeated the prayers for the departing. The sufferer seemed unconscious of what was passing around him, though both his pulse and respiration continued strong, and it appeared as if he might yet linger for several hours. However, about a quarter of an hour later he peacefully breathed forth his spirit. It was soon after midnight on Friday, March the 2nd, that he thus went to take the place prepared for him among the glorious choir of the Apostles, there to praise God with them for ever and ever. *O quam gloriosum est regnum in quo cum Christo gaudent omnes Sancti!*

Four Days in Tripoli.

EARLY in the morning we came to an anchor off the Turkish town of Tripoli, on the north coast of Africa. There is no proper harbour. A few reefs of rocks mark out, rather than inclose a sort of port, but for large ships there is no shelter. The entrance is very dangerous. The captain told me that the only safe plan was to steer due south upon the town, but it must not be attempted in the dark, for there are no lights. As it was Sunday, I hastened on shore for Mass at the Franciscan Church. Father Angelo, the Prefect Apostolic, was exceedingly kind. He had been there thirty years, and looked like a venerable Arab, bearded and sunburnt. With Arab hospitality he told me I must remain with him while the ship went to Tabia, some seventy miles up the coast. "This house is yours," he said, and he afterwards did all he could to prove to me that it really was so. A friend took me for a drive to the edge of the desert of Maseri. On the road an Arab offered us some "Pharaoh's hens," called Habber, or Habara, from the desert of Sahara. Two were bought for me to take to England, but as I was assured it was almost impossible to keep them at all in captivity, and that they would certainly die before we got home, I sent them to Malta. Another Arab offered us legb, or legby, the sap of the palm-tree, which he carried in a stone jar, with a pale green tumbler to drink out of. Legb is sweetish, and is said to be cool in the early morning. It is got by cutting off all the branches of the palm, leaving nothing but the central germ, or heart of the tree. The external coat of this heart is then sliced off, which causes it to bleed, and the sap is caught in a jar hung underneath. The bleeding continues for six weeks or two months, in sufficient quantity to fill two large jars every twenty-four hours, and the tree takes four years to recover from its exhaustion.

We passed clusters of dome-shaped huts, made of mats supported on upright sticks. The roads were at first as sandy

as the sea-beach. They were bad always; dusty, uneven, and sometimes intersected by trenches a foot wide and deep, over which the carriage had to bump. On either side were high, thick walls of yellow clay, out of repair, inclosing gardens or orchards, for the arid land needs only irrigation to turn it into a Paradise. A wretched little cow was lifting water out of a well by an ingeniously constructed machine. It consisted of a large bucket, or rather bag, made of skin, which was lowered and raised by a cord passing over a high pulley. The bag had a kind of open sleeve in the bottom, which was kept bent while the bag was coming up, so that the water could not run out. But the string which kept it bent was so adjusted with the lifting rope that, as soon as the bag was lifted high enough, the sleeve was unbent, and drawn forward over a trough, into which the contents of the bag were discharged. The labour was considerably lightened for the cow by her having to walk down hill in a tunnel, so that she could throw all her weight into the collar, and was sheltered from the sun. Nevertheless, she looked meagre enough.

Sore eyes seemed very prevalent. A baby in its mother's arms, or rather astride upon her hip, in the genuine Eastern style, had about half a dozen flies in each eye, and no attempt was made to keep them away, as we noticed more than once. Flies going from child to child carry disease about. In Egypt mothers sometimes blind their male children of one eye, in order to unfit them for military service. Formerly the custom was to chop off the forefinger, but as this became very common, the Government had to remove the impediment, and men who had lost the forefinger had to pull trigger with the second, that was all. At the foot of a tall tree, in an orange grove, we came upon a miserable looking woman and a girl, paying their homage to some Mahometan saint. They were squatting in front of a little grotto, about eighteen inches high, formed of two upright stones, with a third across the top, and inside the grotto was burning a diminutive lamp, set upon a little pillar. We were assured that in the Mahometan calendar idiots filled every place that was not occupied by a knave. There is a country nearer home where they are called not uncommonly "innocents."

In Tripoli there are about three thousand five hundred Catholics, mostly Maltese. Of Jews there are said to be ten thousand, and of Mahometans twelve thousand. The Catholic

Church is poor and small, only large enough to hold from one hundred to two hundred people. There is a girls' school, managed by Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, a French Congregation. They have on the books about two hundred children, the greater part of whom belong to the poor school. The boys' school is at the Franciscan Monastery. Attached to the convent is an hospital and a dispensary, where medicine is given gratis to all comers. Among other patients in the hospital we found a Welsh sailor, suffering from dysentery, and an old Italian, who was with Napoleon the First in Russia. He escaped down between the Black Sea and Caspian into Syria, thence to Egypt, and finally to Tripoli. Years had made him childish, almost an imbecile. When asked his age, he replied, "One year." I said I thought he must be older. "Due," said he. "Cento," said I ; a joke which he seemed to enjoy intensely.

We learned from the Prefect Apostolic that no progress is made in converting either Mahometan or Jewish adults. The only thing the missionary can do is to inculcate such great moral truths as honesty, truthfulness, and sobriety, and to give medical help to all who ask it. Then he can get hold of foundlings and friendless children, whom he may bring up as Christians. A priest whom we met, dressed in fez and white woollen burnous, and mounted on a handsome horse, has a station at Gadames. The inhabitants of this place are fanatical Mahometans, but he holds it as a stepping-stone for a further advance into the interior. In Tebu, or Tibesti, there are many idolaters, and these are more easily converted. Bornu, too, is a Mahometan kingdom, but the Sultan is friendly to Europeans. Arabic is the key to the languages of the interior, where many dialects of it are spoken.

While passing through the Jewish quarter of the town, we entered a Jewish school. It was clean and airy, and filled with cane-bottomed settles, on which the children sat cross-legged and read Hebrew. As we came out a loud, shrill screaming of women, coming over the house-tops, announced that the death-struggle of some Jew was ended—*ploratus et ululatus multus*. The Jews seemed to have the same indifference to filth as the Sanitary Board of Naples, as illustrated by the state of the sea-wall and stairs by the Chiaja. The streets were very full of holes and very dirty. A dustman goes about Tripoli every day, but apparently despoils the Jews of nothing. A grimy looking fellow was he, with a dirty handkerchief round

his head, and a dirtier blanket round his body. He raked together the offal with his tawny claws, and threw it on his donkey-cart. Another dustman, who seemed to have a particular line of his own, was provided with a bast-mat, such as joiners carry their tools in, and a two-pronged hook, with which he gathered in his peculiar booty. The climate must be particularly salubrious, for, notwithstanding the imperfection of the sanitary arrangements, fever seems to be almost unknown, and although, until quite lately, no precautions were taken against small-pox, and people suffering from it were allowed to walk about the streets, yet it did but little harm. Scorpions are numerous. The remedy for their sting is five or six drops of ammonia taken internally, the same applied externally, and not to eat or drink for forty-eight hours. If the treatment is not begun within twelve hours the consequences are serious, and sometimes end in death.

As the streets in Tripoli are not named, few people, have any particular address. Letters coming from a distance are kept at the post-office, and all such persons as indulge in the luxury of correspondence, have to send for them if they expect any. At night the main thoroughfares are lit with oil-lamps. Pieces of marble and granite, shafts and capitals of pillars, relics of a magnificence long since passed away, are to be met with in all directions, utilized as steps, or door-sills. A marble coffin-lid, chiselled to look like scale-armour, lay against one of the public offices. In an out-of-the-way corner, amalgamated with, and nearly hidden by an overgrowth of modern buildings, we found the ruins of what had once been a handsome Roman triumphal arch. The Mahometans had defaced and mutilated all the figures, exactly as the statues of saints, which once adorned the Catholic churches in England, were treated by the enlightened children of the glorious Reformation. At the end of the town we found ourselves upon the shore. The sea had encroached on the land, and laid bare numerous cinerary urns, but nobody seemed to take any interest in them. They get broken according as the tide unearths them, and the contents are scattered. Wishing to see something of the Government Offices and the palace of the Pasha, we passed under an archway, where stood some Turkish soldiers. No one challenged us, but we had not gone far before a sentinel called us back, and the guard turned out. I could not help smiling at all this fuss about our entering such a tumble-down place. They, however,

did not seem to look upon it as a joke, and, being unable to settle the matter themselves, they sent for the colonel, who presently appeared on the opposite side of the archway, a very fat fellow, surrounded by lesser dignitaries. After hearing all, he looked ferociously at us, and pointing majestically to the street, dismissed us ignominiously. We went round then another way, and climbed first up a worn-out, ricketty pair of wooden stairs, and then up a second staircase of marble, which landed us on a gallery, running round a court, in the ordinary style of a Moorish house. The marble pavement was cracked and broken, and the battered marble pillars badly whitewashed. In the court were the Government printing-press, and other offices, including the Treasury, at the door of which was a good-humoured sentinel, sitting down on the ground, and chatting with our guide, Said, while we looked about us. As we came down we saw a few companies of soldiers, who had been out for drill, marching into barracks : fine fellows, with shabby accoutrements, and their boots in holes. They stepped pretty well, while the band discoursed a plaintive Turkish quickstep. Coming to a mound of stones and mortar, which suggested the idea of a number of houses having fallen down all of a heap, I thought I would get on the top, to catch, if possible, a mouthful of fresh air from the sea, after plodding so long in the deep, hot dust, and being baked by the July sun, and blinded by the fierce glare of his rays, reflected from the whitewashed walls. When near the top we were challenged by a shabby-looking soldier, who forbade us to advance. It was a fort ! There were, indeed, some old guns there, but to think of calling it a fort seemed too ridiculous to be true. I stood for a minute to survey the scene, and the soldier stood with his hand on his sword surveying me. What were his thoughts ? Did the poor fellow feel humiliated ? As for us, the sight stimulated our curiosity, and we proceeded to visit several other parts of the fortifications, and found them all in pretty much the same state, partly in ruins, and partly honeycombed by the weather, with brushwood growing on the parapets, and old guns lying about, sometimes without carriages, and soldiers mounting guard quite seriously. A few years ago a party of soldiers were employed in removing powder from one of these forts. The officer in charge carelessly threw down the stump of his cigar, and blew it all up, along with a neighbouring café, and several houses. A good many people were killed, and a sentinel is said to have been blown into the air on a large frag-

ment of wall, with which he came down again, and dropped into the sea, quite safe and sound. A number of such fragments are still lying around, bearing partial testimony to the truth of the story. The ravages in the walls have never been repaired, but a neighbouring fort has lately been made to assume a truly imposing appearance ; the side which faces the sea has been stucco-plastered all over. We could not have believed it if we had not other evidence of the utterly rotten state into which everything belonging to the Government has been allowed to fall. From the sea Tripoli presents the appearance of a strongly-fortified and rather important place ; on closer acquaintance this is found to be a gross deception.

A large fair is held on Tuesdays, so we started to see it at half-past seven a.m., thousands of men, and hundreds of camels, all crowded together on a sandy plain near the sea. Of women we did not see more than a dozen, and they were all negresses. There were cows, sheep, grain, hides, leather, capsicums, wool, baskets, mats ; but the chief traffic was in alf, or esparto grass, samples of which may be seen in the "Zulu hats" that have lately become so popular. It grows at forty-eight hours' distance from the town, and is brought in on camels. A tax of three halfpence a hundredweight is laid on it by the Turkish Government. It is worth about four shillings a hundredweight, and is used for making ropes, harness, baskets, and other furniture, and camels will eat it. While we were sitting in a little office, an Arab came to ask how long he was going to be kept waiting to have his grass weighed. He was told to wait till his turn. This only made him still more impatient, so the clerk, with the imperturbable calmness of the East, took a piece of paper, and having scribbled all over it, handed it to the man, who carried it off in high spirits, thinking he had got an order to have his grass weighed soon. When he had gone we discovered that there was nothing written on it—only a meaningless scrawl, just to get rid of him. A great many of the camels had been fired. This seems to be a favourite remedy here, for even children are fired, with a hot nail, for sore eyes. To make the hair grow on their camels when the skin has been injured, the Arabs apply petroleum, a suggestion of which we make a present to the fraternity of the pole. A block of marble, almost buried in the sand, attracted our attention at a little distance from the town. It was the headsman's block, on which he used to hack off the heads of criminals. This is

not done now, but the culprit, when condemned to death, is taken, about two o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, to the open space where the fair is held, and there forthwith hanged on a gibbet, so that when the people arrive they have him before their eyes, and the sight is supposed to afford them an impressive and salutary lesson on the folly of walking in evil ways.

Trade is not confined to the fair. Some of the bazaars in Tripoli are remarkably good, and those which are built of stone and arched over with brick are deliciously cool. One of them was roofed over with wood, except a space of about four feet wide, like a skylight, running from end to end, which was covered by a luxuriant vine, laden with fruit. Here there were hand-looms at work, producing those magnificent scarves, striped in purple, green, yellow, and red, which are used as shawls by the Jewesses. They are a yard and two-thirds wide, and from three to four yards long, and they cost from two to three pounds, which can hardly be considered exorbitant, seeing they are of pure silk, and strongly woven. Although the greater part of the trade with Central Africa is now diverted to the River Niger, still caravans arrive periodically from Timbuctoo and Bornu, bringing the riches of the Soudan, ivory, gold dust, and ostrich feathers. In this part of Africa the art of ostrich farming seems to be still in its infancy, for the ostrich is skinned, and the feathers are not plucked until they arrive in Tripoli, where a good one will fetch about twenty francs. We were presented with some baskets, made of grass, ingeniously interwoven with thongs of red and black leather, wrought into a pattern. They came from Fezzan. Another, which was covered with cowry shells, came from Bornu, a journey of five or six months across the desert, where cowry shells are used for money.

We took a walk outside the walls towards the Jewish cemetery. On the way we found the ice-plant growing abundantly. It is a spreading, herbaceous, fleshy plant, the leaves and stem of which are covered with bright, transparent vesicles, like beads of ice, containing a watery fluid, most acceptable to the camel on the desert. The flower, too, is thickly sprinkled with similar beads, but in the corolla they are set on a ground of magenta instead of green, as in the rest of the plant. Where it finds moisture on these arid hillocks, still more how it keeps it under the eyes of this thirsty sun, are questions to think about. Coming home we passed by the place where cattle are slaughtered for the Jews, a veritable Haceldama.

Several big calves were standing there tethered. Three striplings got hold of one, and dexterously threw it on its side. One boy then passed the tail between the hind legs, and pulled it tight, another lay on the body, while the third held the head with the muzzle upwards, so as to bring the throat into a convenient position for being cut. The rabbi then made his appearance at the door of a little hut, holding in his hand a broad-bladed knife, the edge of which he was trying with his thumb. He approached, and stooped over the prostrate animal, which seemed to divine his intentions, for it flung out its legs with great vigour, and sent the boys tumbling in three directions. They shouted, gesticulated, blamed each other for a minute or two, and then pinned the calf down again. Again the rabbi stooped, it seemed but for a moment, and a wide gash appeared, through which the poor victim quickly gurgled out its life.

On Wednesday afternoon the ship hove in sight. She had been detained at Tabia longer than was expected, for a strong north breeze blows on the coast every day, beginning at ten a.m., and increasing until midday, when communication with the shore becomes almost impossible. Provisions were scarce at Tabia, so we had to procure some in Tripoli. As soon as this fact became known, sheep that had been selling at ten shillings a piece during the day, ran up in price to two pounds ten. Night had fallen before all was ready. We met in a courtyard, into which we groped our way under an arch and over some broken steps. There we found half a dozen Arabs awaiting us, with a quantity of vegetables, several large bundles of fowls tied feet together, and four sheep. The next thing was to send for the officer to unlock the city gates, for it was already after nine o'clock. "He will be asleep," said someone. "No," replied a surly Jew, "*drunk*." In about half an hour he turned up, and led us down to the marina, sheep, fowls, vegetables, infidels, and Christians, stumbling along in confusion. The portal was under a venerable tower of massive stone-work, with a lumbering heavy door, covered over with plates of iron. The official who actually held the keys happened to be on the outside, and it took a considerable time to attract his attention, and make him understand what we wanted. Then he fumbled ever so long, and was chaffed, by Arabs and Europeans alike, for not being able to find the keyhole. At last we got out, and found our boat waiting at the tumble-down landing-stage. All scrambled

on board in the dark safely, except that as I was settling down in the stern-sheets, the captain sang out to me, "Look out ! all the tomatoes are under you." After a long pull, through an intricate passage among the rocks, we were glad to find ourselves again on board, and shortly afterwards under weigh. It was just a lunar month from the fast of Ramadan, so all the manarats¹ of the mosques were brilliantly illuminated, and Tripoli bade us farewell with a display of beauty as false as the display of strength with which she had greeted our arrival.

J. F. SPLAINE.

¹ *Manarat.* I was corrected by an educated Mahometan for spelling this word *minaret*.—J. F. S.

*The Song of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford,
"Angelus ad Virginem."*

EVERY student of Chaucer will remember his description of the Clerk of Oxenford in "The Milleres Tale," in whose chamber

All about there lay a gay sautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie,
So swetely that all the chambre rong :
And "*Angelus ad Virginem*" he song,
And after that he song the kinge's note :
Full often blessed was his merrie throte.

The "kinge's note" was the national anthem of the time, the stirring martial song which was sung at the head of the forces before battle, like the song of Roland at the Battle of Hastings. But the sacred song which he sang first of all, the "*Angelus ad Virginem*," has been lost for centuries, and it is only a few weeks since that it was discovered among the manuscripts of the British Museum by a zealous student and learned antiquarian, the Rev. H. Combs. It was found among the Arundel MSS (248), and is written in a small but beautifully clear hand. Of the date we shall have a word to say presently. One inaccuracy runs through it, that the Anglo-Saxon þ, or *th*, is repeatedly written for *h*. Otherwise it is careful and fairly correct. Probably the transcriber in copying it from an old MS. did not advert to the spelling of the words, but copied uncritically from the original.

The collection of Arundel MSS. in the British Museum is well known to every English antiquarian. Many of them passed into the hands of the Arundels from the famous Sir Henry Savile, who was Warden of Merton College, Oxford, and Provost of Eton, in the reign of James the First, and founded the Savile professorships in his own University. The MS. with which we are

concerned was one of this number. It was given to Savile by his father-in-law,¹ Thomas Foxcroft of Christall. On fol. 4 is written—

Liber Henrici Savil junioris, ex dono Thomae Foxcroft de Christall.

And on fol. 73, the following doggerel—

Thomas Bromhead is my name,
And with my hand I wratt the same.

And on fol. 94, in the same hand—

Thomas Brumead of Bromley within the paris of Ledes, gentleman.

All of these are in a hand of the time of James the First.

From the above data we gather that the MS. came from Bromley, near Leeds, and by some means passed into the possession of the Foxcrofts, who handed it on to Savile. Now Bromley belonged to the domain of Kirkstall, where was the well known Cistercian monastery. We may therefore reasonably conjecture that our MS. was in the possession of that monastery at the time of its suppression, when its literary treasures were scattered about the surrounding country.

So far for its origin. The MS. is a 4to, on vellum. It is written by various hands, and dates from the reign of Edward the First. It contains some very suggestive notes on the Sunday Gospels, treatises entitled *Liber de doctrina dicendi et tacendi*, *Liber consolationum*, &c., as well as a number of beautiful hymns, of which we give a verse or two before passing on to the one which now immediately concerns us. On fol. 154^b is a sequence relating to St. Mary Magdalene—

Spei vena, melle plena
Collaudatur Magdalena
Cordis, oris jubilo,
Per quam reis innescit
Vitæ via, ac patescit
Lapsis reparatio.
Forma patens poenitendi
Et exemplar resurgendi
Datur ista miseris ;
Quæ commissa pie flevit,
Et per fletum abolevit
Cunctinoxam criminis.

¹ Peacock's List of Yorkshire Roman Catholics, p. 2, note.

On fol. 155 is a hymn to our Lady, which begins as follows—

Ave, virgo virginum, parens Genitoris,
Salve, lumen luminum, radius splendoris,
Salve, flos convallium, stella veri roris,
Nostra spes in te.

On fol. 133, one in more serious strain—

Memorans novissima, cogitans futura,
Quam horrida, quam aspera sit mortis hora dura,
Quod secundum merita post mortem redditura
Sit justis, et reprobis tortura.

But the reader who cares to examine further will find in the printed Catalogue of the Arundel MSS. all that he requires.

What is specially interesting to us is the date of the present hymn. It was evidently a popular melody in Chaucer's time (1350), and was chosen by him as the best representative of the religious hymn or song or lay then prevalent. This gives it a peculiar value. It belongs to a time when Church music was under the patronage of kings. Richard Cœur de Lion was celebrated throughout Europe for his passionate love of music, and under the succeeding kings it flourished none the less. John of Peckham, who was consecrated Archbishop in 1279, wrote pious Latin hymns to be sung in the churches.² John of Hoveden (or Howden), chaplain to Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Edward the First, was himself a skilful musician and the author of many hymns on the Passion, the Blessed Sacrament, our Lady, &c. We cannot exactly determine how many years before the time of Chaucer our hymn was written,³ but we have certain data from which we may form a reasonable conjecture.

Among the pieces in the same MS., Arundel 248, is a translation or adaptation, a part of which corresponds almost exactly to the *Stabat Mater*. Now the *Stabat Mater* was in all probability the work of Jacopo de Benedictis, who lived under Pope Boniface (1294–1303). This would bring the date of the MS. quite to the close of the thirteenth century. It is how-

² “Hic Johannes carminum erat dictator egregius” (Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, p. 585). One of these hymns commenced—

Ave vivens hostia, veritas et vita.

Another is a sequence to the Blessed Trinity, beginning—

Deum Trinum Adoremus
Tres in uno.

³ “Johannes Hovedenus fuit musicæ sacræ addictissimus” (Tanner, *Ibid.* p. 415).

ever possible that the *Stabat Mater* may have been previously in circulation in a shorter form, and therefore no conclusion can be absolutely drawn from the similarity between the two pieces. But there is no doubt that our hymn must have been in circulation some fifty years at least before the middle of the fourteenth century. It had had time to be quoted as a representative of its class and as a familiar ditty. If it is really subsequent to the *Stabat Mater*, its rapid spread is not to be wondered at. Its extreme beauty and elegance would soon give it a wide circulation, and the music accompanying it is excellently suited to the words. It is indeed a treasure which Mr. Combs has discovered, exceedingly interesting to the antiquarian, but of a very special interest to the Catholic.⁴

⁴ For those who take an interest in the scansion of mediæval hymns we subjoin the following analysis of the Latin metre :

Each of the 5 verses contains 10 lines, of which 1 and 3 are trochaic, the rest iambic. The trochaic lines are technically called trochaic dimeters catalectic, consisting of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet—

án - ge | lús ad | vín - gi | ném ||

Of the iambic lines, 2 and 4 and 9 are iambic dimeters catalectic, consisting like the trochaic lines of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet—

sub in | trans in | con - clá | ve ||

5 and 6 are dimeters catalectic, *i.e.*, consist of a full 4 feet—

a - vé | re - gí | na vín | gi - nún ||

8 and 10 are dimeters brachycatalectic, *i.e.*, are a foot short of the double metre, or consist of 3 feet—

sa - lú | tem | hóm | i - nún ||

While 7 is a trimeter catalectic, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet—

con - cf | pi - és | et pá | ri - és | in - táct | a ||

The feet, whether trochees or iambi, are of course the accentual feet of popular poetry.

The English metre reproduces the Latin exactly, as will be found when allowance has been made for the *e* of inflection, which is sounded or dropped freely. In the English, however, there is this curious addition. The 8th and 10th lines of each stanza have in the Latin a peculiar grace of cadence, due to the way in which, though consisting properly of three (accentual) iambic feet of two syllables, they naturally fall into two feet of three syllables (mostly dactylic feet), and so give rise to a counterpoint rhythm. It was not possible to reproduce this grace in the English, owing to the shortness of the words, which are much more often monosyllables than in Latin. In compensation the translator has aimed at another effect : in each 8th and 9th line he seems to have supplied mid-line rhymes, at the 3rd syllable of the line, and by this means also of necessity changed the rhythm, breaking the line up into two shorter lines of three syllables each, and giving at the break or place of meeting the kind of rhythmic effect called *antispastic* or reversing. This may have been suggested to him by the phrasing of the music at this place. Thus he has : Flésh of thé, | máiden bright, || mánkínd fré | fór to máke—'All mánkín' | wórtb ybóught || Thórough th[ne] | swéet chil ding—Thát I slíth | his will is || Máiden wíth | óutén láw — Whére through sís | cáme God wón || Hé bought sís | óut of pain—'Us give fór | thiné sáke || Hím so hré | fór to sérven.

LATIN VERSION OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.⁵

Angelus ad Virginem
 Subintrans in conclave,
 Virginis formidinem
 Demulcens inquit "Ave !
 Ave ! Regina Virginum,
 Cœli terræque Dominum
 Concipies et paries intacta
 Salutem hominum,
 Tu porta cœli facta,
 Medela criminum."

"Quomodo conciperem,
 Quæ virum non cognovi ?
 Qualiter infringrerem
 Quod firma mente vovi ?"⁶
 "Spiritus Sancti gratia
 Perficiet hæc omnia :
 Ne timeas, sed gaudeas secura,
 Quod castimonia
 Manebit in te pura,
 Dei potentia."

Ad hæc virgo nobilis
 Respondens inquit ei :
 "Ancilla sum humilis
 Omnipotentis Dei

⁵ In the MS. each stanza is written continuously : in all other respects the above reproduction is exact. The full stops and colons are employed by the scribe to mark off the lines, not the sense ; and are sometimes omitted.

⁶ These lines show the general acceptance in England, at the time this hymn was written, of the fact of our Lady having vowed her virginity to God previously to the Incarnation. It is true that it is a necessary consequence of her words in the Gospel, for if she had simply stated the fact of her being a virgin at the time of the Angel's visit, his natural answer would have been, as the French preacher, Le Jeune, well puts it, "Vous ne connaissez point d'homme, mais vous en pourrez connaître." But it is satisfactory to find that the explicit belief is proved to have existed among our Catholic ancestors so generally as to find its way into a popular song.

ENGLISH VERSION OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Gabriel fram evene king
sent to þe maide swete :
broute þire blisful tiding :⁷
and faire þe gan hire grete[n].
heil be þu ful of grace arith.
for godes sone þis euene lith.
al for mannes loven wile man bicomen and taken
fles of þe maiden brith
maken fre for to maken
Of senne and devles mith.

Mildeliche im gan andsweren
þe milde maiden þanne.
wiche wise sold ichs beren
child with huten manne.
þangle seide ne dred te nouȝt.
þurw þoligast sal ben iwrout
þis ilche þing. war of tiding ichs bringe.
al manken wrth ibout⁸
þur þi swete chiltinge :
and hut of pine ibout.⁹

Wan þe maiden understud
and þangles wordes herde.
mildeliche with milde mud.
to þangle þie andswerde.

⁷ The accentuation *blisfil tiding* is no licence. All compound words, even words compounded with suffixes like *ly* or *ness*, have in verse a variable accent in old English. The accent is also often found on the last syllable of words ending in *ing* or *er*.

⁸ This seems to be *All mankind worth ybought*, All mankind becomes bought, comes to be redeemed.

⁹ Probably *ibrouȝt* (brought) ought to be read here.

Tibi cœlesti nuntio,
 Tanti secreti conscio
 Consentiens, et cupiens videre
 Factum quod audio
 Parata sum parere
 Dei consilio."

Angelus disparuit,
 Et statim puellaris
 Uterus intumuit
 Vi partus salutaris ;
 Quo circumdatur utero
 Novem mensium numero.
 Post exiit, et iniit conflictum,
 Affigens humero¹⁰
 Crucem, qui dedit ictum
 Soli mortifero.

Eja, Mater Domini,
 Quæ pacem reddidisti
 Angelis et homini
 Cum Christum genuisti,
 Tuum exora filium,
 Ut se nobis propitium
 Exhibeat, et deleat peccata
 Præstans auxilium,
 Vita frui beata
 Post hoc exilium. Amen.

¹⁰ There is probably here an allusion to the Crusaders, or at all events the cross worn by them was in the mind of the writer, as the introduction of our Lord's fighting the fight with the cross upon his shoulder as the badge of the conflict needs some motive to render it natural and suitable to the passage.

hur lordes þeumaiden iwis.
ics am þat her abouen is.
aneftis¹¹ me fulfurthed be þi sawe.
þat ics sithen his wil is :
maiden withhuten lawe :¹²
of moder haue þe blis.

Pangle wente awei mid þan
al hut of hire sichtie.
and þire wombe arise gan.
þurw þoligastes miche [*sic*].
in hire was crist biloken anon
suth god soth man ine fleas and bon.
and of her fleas iboren was at time.
warþurw us kam god won.¹³
þe bout us hut of pine
and let im for us sloy [? slon].

Maiden moder makeles¹⁴
of milche ful ibunden
bid for hus im þat þe ches :
at wam þu grace funde.
þat þe forgiue hus senne and wrake.
and clene of euri gelt us make.
and eune blis wan hure time is to steruen :
hus giue for þine sake
him so her for to seruen
þat þe us to him take.

¹¹ Aneftis. Derived from the prefix an—and est or æft=after. An adverb akin to anentis, anent=respecting, relating to.

¹² *Withouten law*, contrary to the general law of humanity. The Blessed Virgin was not at this time without law in the sense of being free of a husband, for her so-called espousals were in fact marriage.

¹³ *Where through us came God won*. Perhaps: Through whom God came to be won over, reconciled, to us,—or, came to be one with us.

¹⁴ Although there is a German word *makel*, a spot, and its derivative *makelos*, immaculate, yet *makeles* would seem to be nothing but *matchless*, from *make* the older form of *mate*.

We insert for the benefit of our readers who are not skilled in the old English forms, a modernized version. We have kept the quaintness of the original so far as the necessities of metre and of clearness permitted.

Gabriel, from heaven's king
 Sent to the maiden sweet,
 Brought to her blissful tidíng
 And fair 'gan her to greet.
 "Hail be thou, full of grace aright!
 For so God's Son, the heaven's light,
 Loves man, that He | a man will be | and take
 Flesh óf thee, maiden bright,
 Mankind free for to make
 Of sin and devil's might."

Gently tó him gave answér
 The gentle maiden then :
 "And in what wise should I bear
 Child, that know not man?"
 The angel said : "O dread thee nought.
 'Tis through the Holy Ghost that wrought
 Shall be this thing | whereof tidíng | I bring:
 Lost mánkind shall be bought
 By thy sweet childbearing,
 And back from sorrow brought."

When the maiden understood
 And the angel's words had heard,
 Mildly, of her own mild mood,
 The angel she answéred :
 "Our Lord His handmaiden, I wis,
 I am, that here above us is :

As touching me | fulfillèd be | thy saw ;
That I, since His will is,
Be, out of nature's law
A maid with mother's bliss."

The angel went away thereon
And parted from her sight
And straightway she conceived a Son
Through th' Holy Ghost His might.
In her was Christ contained anon,
True God, true man, in flesh and bone ;
Born óf her too | when time was due; | who then
Redeemed us for His own,
And bought us out of pain,
And died for us t' atone.

Filled full of charity,
Thou matchless maiden-mother,
Pray for us to him that He
For thy love above other,
Away our sin and guilt should take,
And clean of every stain us make
And heaven's bliss, | when our time is | to die,
Would give us for thy sake ;
With grace to serve him by
Till He us to him take. Amen.

110 *The Song of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford,*

ORIGINAL MUSIC

Arranged and harmonized by MR. C. J. HARGITT.

An - gel - us ad Vir - gi - nem sub - in - trans in
con - cla - ve . . . Vir - gi - nis for - mi - di -
nem de - mul - cens in - quit A - - - ve.
A - ve Re - gi - na Vir - gi - num coe - li ter - rae - que
do - mi - num Con - ci - pi - es et pa - ri - es

"Angelus ad Virginem."

III

in - - tac - - ta Sa - lu - tem ho - mi - num.

Tu, por - ta cœ - li .. fac - - ta

Me - de - - la cri - - mi - num.

English Relics.

I.—ST. THOMAS OF HEREFORD.

ENGLAND was once very rich in relics, and prized them dearly. Like many of her most precious treasures, she cast them from her, and now very few remain. As it has chanced that I have had the opportunity of tracing the history of four or five of those that have survived the attack of Protestants, and, I fear I must add, the neglect of Catholics, I have thought that I should interest the readers of the MONTH if I were to set down in print such information respecting them as I have been able to acquire.

The relic with which I will begin is not the grandest nor the most venerable of surviving English relics, but it is a relic of very high interest, and one to which a long story is attached. It is the bone of St. Thomas of Hereford, now preserved at Stonyhurst, which, as far as I am aware, is the only certainly authentic portion that remains to us of the body of that great English Saint. As the sequel will show, it is not to the hand of the despoiler that we owe the loss to which this survival testifies.

To begin at the beginning, I should say that years ago I was pressed by Mr. Edmund Waterton to try to trace the relics of St. Thomas of Hereford. The story, he said, was current that some young Catholic gentlemen of the county of Hereford, hearing that Dean Merewether was about to open the tomb of St. Thomas, had by bribing the verger been admitted by night into the Cathedral, and had succeeded in opening the tomb. The bones of the Saint, the story continued, had been taken by them to Stonyhurst, where they were secretly buried. "Where were they?" Mr. Waterton asked. "Would they not be lost altogether if they were allowed any longer to lie in obscurity?" I ought to say that the story gave the name of one gentleman as having personally taken part in the pious theft, though on inquiry he was found to know nothing of it; and it ended by

saying that the day after it took place, Dean Merewether carried out his intention of opening the tomb, and of course found it empty.

To this I may further add a corroboration of the story from an entirely independent source. I was relating one day what I knew of St. Thomas's relics in the presence of an excellent antiquary, Mr. Everard Green, and when I had got thus far, he said that he was well acquainted with a son of Dean Merewether, and that Mr. Merewether had told him that he had met in New Zealand a man who asserted that he was one of the persons engaged in the removal of the relics from Hereford Cathedral.

So circumstantial a story would surely seem to be credible ; and yet it is not true, and indeed could not be true, and that for the very simple reason that the relics were not in the tomb, and had not been there for centuries.

It is a fact that Dean Merewether opened the tomb of the Saint, and was disappointed to find it empty. His impressions as to what had happened to the relics were derived from a conversation with Father Waterworth, S.J., who then had charge of the Hereford Mission. I have Father Waterworth's permission to give his account of what passed between him and the Dean on the subject, written to me by him in 1871.

About Midsummer of 1846, or thereabouts, Dean Merewether, who was a great friend of mine, called on me, and begged of me to be one of the witnesses to the opening of the tomb. Though surprised, for I knew the body was not there, I assented. Day and hour were named, and it was arranged that I should be summoned by the verger. But no verger came. Later than the hour named, I went out and met the Dean, and asked him why I had not been summoned. On this he said, "Overnight I quietly opened the tomb, in order to see the state of the body, and be better able to explain what was deserving of notice ; but—" On this I added : "You found nothing." "True," he said ; "but how did you know that?" "Why," I observed, "the body has not been there for nearly two centuries." He asked me if I knew where it was. I answered, I did. "Where is it?" I said, "I must not tell." "Have you it?" I answered, "No." "Is it in England?" I replied, "No." On this he was satisfied. *It was however in Wales*, but this I did not breathe to him.

The Dean may very possibly have afterwards told this story in some manner approaching to the current tale of Catholics having recently rifled the tomb. His son must have heard the

Dean tell the tale in his own way ; and accordingly, with this misconception in his mind, he evidently misunderstood what was said to him by the person whom he met in New Zealand. That person could not have said that he took part in stealing the body of St. Thomas, for as we shall soon see, the body of St. Thomas was not there to be stolen. But he may have taken part in another theft from Hereford Cathedral ; for another theft there was, though not of anything directly associated with St. Thomas. This real theft is probably an element in the origin of the story of the theft that did not happen.

The true theft was this. Bishop Trilleck's tomb (1360) was opened in 1813, and a ring, a seal, and the head of a crozier, were taken from it. These were afterwards kept in a glass case or cupboard in the vestry. Early in 1838 these were stolen, and the Dean and Chapter offered a reward of £30 for the recovery of "an ancient crozier and episcopal ring, having an amethyst in gold, and the *bulla*, or seal, belonging thereto." The printed bill, dated April 16, 1838, is still to be seen in the vestry of the Cathedral, and I am indebted to Canon Dolman, O.S.B., the present missioner at Hereford, for having kindly consulted it for me.

Father Waterworth's impressions at the time of his conversation with the Dean he has been good enough to express more fully in another letter to me.

To stop the plague, in 1665, the Catholics of Hereford, who then were at least one-fifth of the entire population, took quietly the body out of its tomb, and carried it at night through the town. The result was, as an historian of that period says, "the plague at once surceased." The body was never I think replaced, but was kept in safe hands until it could be removed from the neighbourhood of Hereford.

When the body was removed from Hereford I do not know, but I should think that there must be some history of it in our house at Holywell. At all events I saw it there either in 1836 or 1841, but I think that it was in 1841. Father Lythgoe must know something of it: it was certainly there in his time, and I have been told that it was thence translated to Stonyhurst.

This narrative is very interesting, and first, may it not also have something to do with the modern story ? "Quietly taking the body out of its tomb and carrying it at night through the town"—let that pass from mouth to mouth, especially if those who repeat it have not read the account for themselves, and it would soon become such a theft as we were told had taken

place: and there is even a final translation to Stonyhurst; which, taken with the fact that the Dean found the tomb empty when he expected to find the relics, and that there was actually a theft from the Cathedral in 1838, is quite enough to account for the modern legend.

I now address myself first to the question of the length of time that the bones of St. Thomas were in his tomb. We are told by the Apostolic Commissaries, who in 1307 compiled the process of his canonization, that the Saint died in the year 1282, on a Tuesday, on the morrow of St. Bartholomew. Easter fell that year on the 29th of March, and the Sunday letter was therefore D. The actual day of the Saint's death was consequently the 25th of August, and the Commissaries meant the English and not the Roman feast of St. Bartholomew. The 2nd of October was fixed for the festival by John the Twenty-Second in the Bull of Canonization, but the reason for the choice of the day is not known. The feast has been pushed on another day by the later festival of the Guardian Angels.

Father Richard Strange, S.J., in his "Life and Gests of St. Thomas Cantilupe," says¹ that the Saint came "as far as the State of Florence, and in it to a place known by the name of Monte Fiascone." The Saint died at a little place, no longer existing, called Castel Fiorentino, near Monte Fiascone, as the Commissaries record. The bones were separated from the rest of the body, which on the Sunday after his death was buried in the Abbey Church of St. Severo near Orvieto.² In that city, ten miles from Monte Fiascone, Pope Martin the Fifth was then residing, so that St. Thomas may be said to have died in *Curia*. The bones were taken with the head and heart to England, and were buried in a stone coffin in the Lady Chapel of his Cathedral. Here they rested for about five years, as we know from Richard Swinfield, who had been in the Saint's household and was his successor in the see of Hereford. This Richard built the tomb in the north transept—the very tomb Dean Merewether opened. To it he translated the body of the Saint in the year 1287, and with that translation a wonderful succession of miracles began. The transfer was not meant to be an act of religious *cultus*, or an anticipation of canonization. It was an episcopal tomb and not a shrine that Bishop Swinfield built, and a Black Mass for the repose of the soul of St. Thomas

¹ Quarterly Series, *Life of St. Thomas of Hereford*, p. 121.

² "St. Severus, near old Florence," says Alban Butler, which is a blunder.

was said in the Bishop's presence at the time when that transfer of his relics was made. Canon Dolman adds the curious fact that "a sum of money was paid over by the executors to the Hereford Chapter to establish his yearly obit, but with a special reservation in the event of his future canonization."³

Father Strange says that the translation was on "Mandate Thursday in Holy Week, the 6th of April." But Maundy Thursday in that year was the 3rd of April, and certainly a Black Mass would not have been said on that day. The exact day of the translation is not known. We know, however, by the records of miracles that on the Friday before Palm Sunday, the 28th of March, the relics were still in the Lady Chapel; and on Maundy Thursday, the 3rd of April, they were in Bishop Swinfield's beautiful new tomb. Father Strange further says that Edward the Third came over purposely from Calais to be present, and unfortunately the usually careful and accurate Alban Butler has copied the error. I do not see any reason for believing that Edward the First was present, and indeed he could not have been, as he was abroad all this year.

Immediately after the canonization in 1320, a translation of the relics was of course intended, and Edward the Second, in the letter⁴ dated Westminster, February 24, 1321, in which he thanks Pope John the Twenty-Second for canonizing our Saint, said that he proposed to be present in person at the translation *in Herefordensi Ecclesia in proximo solemniter celebrandæ.*

The translation, however, did not actually take place before the twenty-second year of his successor, Edward the Third, who was present with many of his nobles when it was performed by Bishop Trilleck.⁵ The day was the 25th of October, which was celebrated afterwards as the feast of his Translation in the Hereford use. The year was 1350, if we are to credit William of Worcester, or 1348 according to Henry de Knyghton, which authority Father Waterworth considers the more probable. From this it follows that the relics rested sixty-one years in Bishop Swinfield's tomb, and that tomb

³ *Life of St. Thomas*, p. 233.

⁴ This letter refers to a former letter, in which the King had already thanked the Pope for the canonization, which must be the letter in Rymer (vol. ii. p. 400), evidently misdated "apud Ebor. xxvi die Junii." This would be in the year 1319, which was before the canonization. The letter, dated in the roll "*ut supra*," is clearly misplaced.

⁵ The Bollandist author, Father Suysken, was in ignorance of this translation.

had been empty for five centuries when Dean Merewether reopened it.

Canon Dolman, to whom I venture to attribute the editorship of the new edition of Father Strange's book, says:⁶ "It is clear for many reasons that the shrine of St. Thomas stood in the Lady Chapel;" and amongst them he states that "when the Cathedral was restored, the old stones which formed the basement of the shrine were found *in situ*, much worn by the knees of pilgrims." The shrine, with the silver feretrum in the form of a church, the gift of Bishop Audley, was of course destroyed in the reign of Henry the Eighth. "When the shrine in the Lady Chapel was destroyed," Canon Dolman continues, "the relics or the greater part of them must have been preserved, how or in what way is unknown, for in Queen Mary's reign they were in the custody of Mr. William Ely, the Vice-President of St. John's in Oxford. All that is known of him is that he was born in Herefordshire, that though Catholic at heart he conformed outwardly to the new gospel; in 1563 he refused to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Queen Elizabeth, was deprived of his office, went abroad, and was ordained priest. He returned to his native county, and laboured in support of the old Catholic faith. A State Paper of James the First's time describes him as 'an aged priest and a great aider of the Jesuits, having such liberty as that he rideth up and down the country as he likes.'⁷ He was thrown into prison, and died in the old Hereford Gaol in 1609."

"Vice-President" in this extract should be "President." Anthony à Wood says that he "supplicated for" the degree of B.D. in 1557, the last year of Queen Mary's reign. He was then "Will. Ely of Brazen-nose College," and he "was made the second President of that of St. John by the founder thereof in 1559." But we are not told by Anthony à Wood that he was ordained priest abroad, after his removal from St. John's in 1563. Dodd says so,⁸ but Dodd is very inaccurate. We may take for granted that the President of St. John's had been ordained priest in Queen Mary's time, but he was not at Hereford, nor had he charge of the relics, in that Queen's reign. This would seem to be the meaning of the first sentence of the

⁶ *Life of St. Thomas*, p. 236.

⁷ *Records of the English Province S.J.*, vol. iv. p. 453.

⁸ Dodd gives his account of William Ely in the same words both in his first and second volumes.

manuscript note which is preserved at Stonyhurst : "Mr. Elie, priest in Queen Mary's reign, lived at Hereford"—not that he lived in Hereford in Queen Mary's reign, but that he was a priest of her time, who came to Hereford under Elizabeth, and obtained possession of the relics of St. Thomas from their previous custodian, whoever he was. His being a "Queen Mary priest" may account for his comparative freedom for a time, till for his zeal he was thrown into Hereford Gaol.

The Stonyhurst note, written in an Elizabethan handwriting, runs thus :

Mr. Elie, a priest in Queene Marie's raigne, liued at Hereford, and had in his custody certaine Reliques formerly kept in y^e Greate Church there, which were of St. Thomas, Bishop of that place ; the sayd Mr. Elie, dying many yeaeres after, delivered y^e said Reliques to one Mr. Clerke, a lay Gentleman, who afterwards delivered y^e same to one Mr. Stephens, a priest, who lived many yeaeres after in y^e same City of Hereford. The said Mr. Stevens having receaued those Reliques, for a further testimony and certainty of y^e authenticalnesse thereof, caused divers ancient Catholiques to meeete him at Hereford, whom hee examined about y^e Reliques, and they tooke their oath, in y^e presence of y^e said Mr. Stevens and others, that these were y^e Reliques w^{ch} Mr. Elie used to shew to them, and that they had for many yeaeres seene and visited them as y^e Reliques of St. Thomas, Bishop of y^e place : And this they knew by certaine signs and tokens. After that, one Mr. Cuffaud, a priest, alsoe liuing in Hereford, had those Reliques in his keeping and custody, and gave one thereof (being, as we conceaue, an Arme-bone of nine inches and somewhat more or thereabout in length) to Mr. Evans (living in North Wales) in y^e year of our Lord 1664, to be kept by him.

In this paper we learn that the successor of Mr. Ely as priest at Hereford, and as custodian of the relics of St. Thomas, was "one Mr. Stephens" or "Stevens," as the MS. calls him with the indifference to spelling characteristic of the seventeenth century. There will have been but little interval between the two priests. William Ely died in 1609. Roger Cadwallador, priest and martyr, was apprehended on Easter-day, 1610, within eight miles of Hereford—he suffered martyrdom at Leominster on the 27th of August in that year—and he wrote a letter from Hereford Gaol "to Mr. John Stevens, a neighbouring missioner, recommending to him the care of his flock." Bishop Challoner's¹⁰ account of Roger Cadwallador is drawn, he says, partly from the testimony of the Reverend Mr. John

¹⁰ *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, vol. ii. p. 27.

Stevens, a neighbouring missioner." Brother Foley¹¹ makes the probable conjecture that he is the student entered in the Diary of the English College at Rome as John Lyne alias Stevens, who was admitted into the College October 21, 1598, was ordained priest October 28, 1602, and left for the English Mission May 17, 1604.

The recent editor of St. Thomas' life places the "private procession" by which the plague in Hereford was stayed, in the year 1610; Father Waterworth, as we have seen, in 1665. If the former is the date, then Mr. John Stevens was the priest at the time. But this seems too early, as Father Richard Strange, who was not born in 1610, and who published his book in 1674, says that it was "even in our time, not many years ago." The following is the passage from his *Life of St. Thomas*,¹² relating to this singular procession, given in its original spelling :

Yett to shew that the Saint is still in heaven and powerfull with Alm. God, if we were but worthy to deserue his fauours, euen in our time not many yeares agoe a furious plague sweeping all before it in the Towne of Hereford and threatning utter distraction to the inhabitans, that pestilentiall Contagion receiu'd such a check from our Saint's Reliques carryd in a priuate Procescion that it gaue a totall surcease to the same, and so sudainly, that it was ascribd to Miracle. Such reserues of his ancient bountyes Alm. God is now and then pleased to Communicate, to keep our deuotion on foot, and gie us heerby a pledg that when he sees time he will restore both our distracted Country to vnity of fayth, and the current of his graces to theyr wonted channell.

There are many indications in the State Papers that Hereford retained its Catholicity for a long time. One of the most emphatic I have seen—earlier certainly than this procession, but still, deep in the reign of Elizabeth—is one that puts the City of Hereford itself down in a list of Recusants. The paper¹³ is headed "Catholicks in Inglonde," 1574, and after the Herefordshire names, it says, "The Citee of hereford (a very small nombere and they of smale power excepted)". Certainly a procession, however private, in the midst of the persecution, renders it plain that the Catholics must have been very numerous. So also the story¹⁴ of the funeral of the poor

¹¹ *Records of the English Province*, vol. vi. p. 207.

¹² "The Life and Gests of St. Thomas Cantilupe," collected by R[ichard] S[trange] S.J. At Gant, 1674, p. 266.

¹³ P.R.O. *Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. xcix. n. 55.

¹⁴ *Records*, vol. iv. p. 452.

Catholic woman in 1607 at Allenmore, a few miles from Hereford. The minister of the parish had refused to bury her, saying that she was excommunicated, so

Her neighbours, who were Catholics, determined to rise early next morning, and by torchlight, with candles and sound of bell, and other Catholic ceremonies, to bury her in the churchyard of the parish. The Bishop, at the minister's request, sent his officers to take the Catholics into custody. These, at first only forty in number, were joined by so many as they went along the road, that the officers, who had begun to arrest some of them, were obliged to let all go, and retreated into the city to save their own lives. This event so greatly alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that though generally well inclined towards the Catholic religion, yet through fear of some great disturbance they requested the leading Catholics of London, such as the archpriest with some of his reverend assessors, or the Jesuit fathers and others who possessed more authority over the Catholics, would immediately send some gentleman into those parts with full authority to assist in allaying the excitement.

With a population so well disposed, it is not to be wondered at that the relics of St. Thomas should have been withdrawn from the shrine when it was destroyed.

There is another event in the history of the relics of St. Thomas whilst they were still kept together, which it is not easy to account for. Father John Poyntz¹⁵ wrote, apparently in 1651, that the head and other relics of the Saint which had been kept with pious veneration, though privately, from Catholic times, were in 1642 carried off when the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Stamford occupied Hereford, but were recovered by Mrs. Ravenhill, a Catholic lady then living in Hereford. It is not said that the Parliamentarians took them away. As Father Waterworth remarks, they were not the men to keep them nor to restore them. It would seem rather that some Catholic took them at that time, much as, later on, the head was taken.

Another testimony to the condition of the relics before their dispersal, preserved for us with that of Father Poyntz, by the Bollandists, is given in 1668 by Father Richard Barton, then Rector of St. Omers. He speaks of "the box in which the venerable head and many of the bones of the Saint, rescued long since from the fury of the heretics, are religiously preserved by the Catholic priest at Hereford in

¹⁵ *Acta Sanctorum*, Octobris tom. i. 1866, p. 540.

England, and exposed to the public veneration of the faithful, as much as can possibly be done in that country amongst heretics."

We have now to look to the relics as one by one they left Hereford.

Of St. Thomas' heart, Father Suysken, the Bollandist, says that he knows nothing more than that Adam Kingsham, a lawyer, the eleventh witness in the Process for the Saint's canonization, said that in his time it rested at Asshrugg, in the diocese of Lincoln. Father Richard Strange tells us how it came there :

While St. Thomas was yet alive, nobody seemed to carry a greater respect and veneration for his sanctity than Edmund [Plantagenet] Earl of Cornwall, son to Richard, King of the Romans. However it was procured, this great devotist made means to get his heart, a treasure he esteemed above any jewels ; and to testify this esteem, thought he could not honour it sufficiently any other way than by inclosing it in a most costly shrine, together with a parcel of our Blessed Saviour's Blood, and founding a monastery of Bonshommes at Ashridge in Buckinghamshire to His honour, where it might daily and duly be venerated to the praise and glory of Almighty God, Who had raised His servant to such an eminence of perfection.¹⁶

As Edmund Earl of Cornwall died in 1300, such *cultus* to the heart would have been before the canonization. But Father Strange's inaccuracy is corrected by Canon Dolman, who shows from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities* that the heart was originally placed by the Earl of Cornwall "in a repository made with exquisite art in the north side of the choir of the Conventual Church, but was afterwards removed by the Pope's authority, with the Earl's heart, the portion of Christ's Blood, and other sacred relics, and committed to an apartment finely gilt by the Earl in his lifetime, prepared for that use." The Earl had then made sure of his friend's canonization.

Father Waterworth has pointed out to me that Alban Butler is in error when he says that the *head* of the Saint was at Ashridge. With respect to the head, it seems strange that while Father Richard Barton asserted in 1668 that "the venerable head and many bones" were in the charge of the Catholic priest at Hereford, the head should have been found in 1670 by Brother Peter Street, a lay-brother or "converse" of Lambspring Abbey, in his sister's house in Herefordshire. The following

¹⁶ Quarterly Series, *Life of St. Thomas*, p. 135.

document, which Father Waterworth has kindly given me, copied by him from the original in the hands of the late Abbot Heptonstall O.S.B., speaks for itself. The two signatures and the postscript were of a later date than the original memorandum. I may add that Abbot Gascoigne, who is named in it, died in 1681. Lambspring Abbey was suppressed by the Prussians in 1803.

I, Brother Benet Gibon, Benedictine Monk of the English Congregation and professed of the Abbey of Lambspring, in the diocese of Hildesheim, do declare y^t Br Peter Street, Convers of y^e same monastary, affirmed to me the manner with many particulars how he toke the head of St. Thomas of Hereford from his Sister's house in Herefordshire, where it had been reposed long in y^e family by y^e Catholic Clerg^e of England; he out of a particular zeal for y^e honor of y^e Saint, not thinking it kept and exposed with dew publick veneration, brought y^e same to Lambspring as above, in order to a greater veneration of y^e Saint, where with leave of the Bischop of y^e place it has been permitted to be exposed to the devotion of y^e publick, and his feast kept as a duble annualy upon y^e 2nd of Octobre. Now I, above-said Benet Gibon, do affirme that the said Clerg^e reclaiming restauration of the same sacred head by a letter writt to the Abbot Gascoigne, which letter he gave me to answer, and I now none approving y^e manner of this translation, did answer if they pleased to send any person approved to receave it back, it should be restaured, only desiring y^t some particle of y^e same head might remain at Lambspring, but no answer being given it there remains.

B^r BEN^T GIBBON.

For satisfaction of my conscience before I dye, I give this instrument about fifty years after this translation, 8ber 6, 1720.

B^r BEN^T GIBBON.

Just as this account is going to press, I learn that Father Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., of St. Gregory's, Downside, has lately made an expedition to Lambspring with the view of seeking for the head of St. Thomas; and that he has had the good fortune to find a skull, which he hopes may be the treasure of which he was in search. He kindly informs me that "the head was in an old box with many other relics (notably some of English saints and martyrs) stowed away on a shelf about twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, in a vast cupboard, back to back to the reredos or altar-piece. Of the relic, the lower jaw, a portion of the forehead, and all the teeth are wanting. The skull is evidently of great age, brown in colour,

and rather large. As the church books of Lambspring make no mention of any other head ever having been there, it seems very probable that this skull is the one which Brother Peter Street took there about 1670."

Two bones were given away by Father Cuffaud, who is the first Jesuit known to have been missioner at Hereford. He gave an arm-bone to Father John Poyntz, *alias* Stephens, who, on November 12, 1651, gave it in charge to his sister, Mary Poyntz, who was then in Paris, "that if anything happened to him, it might be given to the English Provincial." On September 1, 1668, this relic was, by the Provincial's order, placed in the Sodality Chapel of the College at St. Omers, and on the 1st of October of that year, Ladislaus Jounart, Bishop of St. Omers, permitted it to be publicly exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

The various documents relating to this relic were sent to the Bollandists in 1753, by Father William Wappeler, from St. Omers, with some notes of his own, one of which was *Franciscum Bayum et Alexandrum Custaud eundem esse*. From this note, in spite of two misprints, we learn that Father Alexander Cuffaud and Father Francis Day were one and the same person. In Dr. Oliver's *Collectanea* they appear as two individuals, with, however, little more information than a few dates. He was a Sussex man, who died in Worcestershire in his seventy-second year, on April 30, 1674. Father John Poyntz, to whom he gave the relic, had another *alias* besides the name of Stephens, he and his sister Mary both calling themselves, from affection to the martyr, by the name of Campion. By that he was known when a student in the English College at Rome, which he entered in 1621, but he was called Stephens when he governed the College in 1659. He was transferred from Rome to Liége also as Rector in 1663, and he died at Ghent March 6, 1671.

The relic, as we have seen, received the authorization of the Bishop of St. Omers on October 1, 1668. The next day was the feast of St. Thomas, and the College had need of his intercession. There were no less than eighteen persons in the infirmary, several in danger of death; and worst of all, three had the small-pox, which it was greatly feared would spread through the house. The feast of the Saint was kept as a day of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and the arm of St. Thomas was for the first time exposed. The prayers were

heard. There was no other case of small-pox, and all the sick speedily recovered.¹⁷

It is possible to trace this relic further, and at one time I was full of hopes that it might be found. I knew that, when the College of St. Omers was transferred to Bruges, the Fathers had succeeded in conveying thither all they had. At Bruges the suppression of the Society struck down the College, in spite of the generous efforts of the Bishop of Bruges and of the four English Vicars Apostolic, who desired to preserve it, as the College at Liège was preserved. It was therefore at Bruges that search was to be made. I was guided by my dear friend, the late Père Waldack, to the *Archives de la Province* in the Palais de Justice, and there he put into my hands a MS. volume¹⁸ containing all the documents connected with the suppression of the College. In it I found a list of the relics that were seized by Maria Theresa's Commissaries, and there was the one for which I was in search.

5. Un de St. Erisordiens garni d'argt. par aproximation 16 Eterlins.
Ces six reliquaires sont du grand Collège anglois.

Les huit Reliquaires ci-dessus ont été déposés chez Monseigneur l'Evêque de Bruges le 29 8bre 1775.

Etoit signé J. R., Evêque de Bruges.

The sight of Mgr. Caimo's receipt made me hope that the relic could not be far off, but all inquiry at the Evêché was in vain. Crestfallen I returned to the Palais de Justice, and then I saw an endorsement on the Inventory a page or two further on, written by Mgr. Caimo's successor, Mgr. Félix Brenart.

Tout ceci m'appartient en propre, les ayant acquis pas remboursement de prix qu'ils ont coûté, fait à la maison mortuaire de feu mon prédécesseur Caimo.

+ FELIX, Evêque de Bruges.

I made every effort to ascertain what became of the relics on this Bishop's death, but without any success. Mgr. Brenart left the furniture of his palace, and of his country-house *de la Ste. Croix, à la Jointe de la ville de Bruges*, and everything was sold, December 17, 1795. I obtained a sight of the sale catalogue, but the relics are not mentioned there, and it was not likely that

¹⁷ Annual Letters for 1670, quoted by Dr. Oliver in his account of Father John Poyntz.

¹⁸ Collection spéciale, No. 10 (115).

they would be included in the sale. They may still exist in Belgium, in the possession of some one who little knows how we should prize them. This is not the only treasure that may perhaps one day be found in Belgium. Where is Father Garnet's miraculous ear of straw in its little silver reliquary of the form of a heart and the size of a shilling? It was *conservé soigneusement* by one of Père Feller's friends when he wrote in 1797, having been kept, until the suppression, in the English College at Liège. I have often been tantalized by the mention, in Dr. Oliver's *Collectanea*, of a cupboard at Ghent in old times with the inscription *Reliquiae nondum approbatæ, et monumenta virorum illustrium*. What relics of the English martyrs would have been found in that cupboard! It is doubly tantalizing to find the receipt of Mgr. Govard Gerard Van Ersel, Bishop of Ghent, attached to an inventory of the relics of the Tertianship of the English Province made over to the Bishop on the 6th of November, 1773, with the entry, *Un petit armoire contenant plusieurs reliques, sans argenterie, et dont l'inscription porte les mots given above.*

It may be well to add, for the help of any one who may have the opportunity of searching out what became of Mgr. Brenart's relics, that Father Suysken, the Bollandist, tells us that the original reliquary containing the arm of St. Thomas of Hereford, when in 1668 it was placed in the sodality chapel at St. Omers, was made of ebony and glass, which was changed in 1752 for a glass cylinder with silver semi-circles at the ends to hold the relic. These are the poor little bits of silver to which Maria Teresa's Commissaries assigned the approximate weight of sixteen *esterlins*—sixteen pennyweights I suppose.

One thing more that may help for the recognition of the relic. In 1651 it was *fascia viridi involutum*—that is, tied round with a band of green ribbon. This little detail is of interest now that we turn to the other relic of St. Thomas that was also given away by Father Cuffaud, for that also has a silk ribbon wrapped round it, that may once have been green.

The relic mentioned in the Stonyhurst manuscript note is now at Stonyhurst. It is however a *tibia*, or right shin bone, not an arm-bone, as the writer of the note conjectured. It was given in 1664, as that note tells us, "to Mr. Evans, living in North Wales." Evans was the true name of the veteran missioner and confessor of the faith who was also known by the name of Father Humphrey Brown, who

died in his eighty-third year, January 14, 1679. When the relic was given to him he was Superior of his religious brethren in North Wales, and lived at Holywell. From that time to this, the Mission of Holywell has been in the hands of the Society, the priest's house and chapel being known through the days of persecution as the Old Star Inn, while the secular mission, which existed next door to it for exactly a century, was called the Cross Keys. In the Old Star the relic of St. Thomas remained for one hundred and seventy-one years, till 1835, when Father Francis Lythgoe, then missioner at Holywell, transferred it to Stonyhurst.

Father Whitty, when Provincial, had it placed in a handsome reliquary made by Mr. John Hardman of Birmingham. A glass cylinder enables the relic to be seen, and the two ends are ornamented in silver with the singular armorial bearings of the Cantilupes, which in honour of the Saint have become the arms of the see of Hereford, leopards heads inverted, with a fleur-de-lys entering the mouth and coming out of the back of the head. This bearing the heralds call "leopards' faces, *jessant de lis*."

Before 1835 it must have been that Father Waterworth was on a visit to Holywell. The box containing the relic was shown to him, closed, and he distinctly remembers that he was told, "That is the body of St. Thomas." We now see how he came to be under the impression, when he had his conversation with Dean Merewether, that, not merely a bone, but the body of St. Thomas of Hereford was in Wales.

We have thus, I think, a complete explanation of how the story arose that the body of the Saint had been taken out of the tomb, which the Dean found empty, and that Stonyhurst had become its receptacle; and we have the whole history of the bone that the College is so fortunate as to possess. Alas, that of the *osssa complura* of our last canonized English saint, spoken of by Father Richard Barton as in Catholic hands in 1668, so many should now be lost. The apathy of the eighteenth century has undone much that the care and zeal of the seventeenth century would have secured to us.

JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

Reviews and Short Notices.

I.—DR. WARD ON MIRACLES.¹

DR. WARD has for some time past been re-issuing his essays, which appeared originally in the *Dublin Review*. And, if in the autumn of life it is generally a pleasant task to gather together the fruits of earlier years, that task is more than doubly pleasant when, as in the present case, the author's works have had throughout the single aim to impress upon mankind those truths which form, not the passing interest of a day, but the matter of eternal concern.

The contribution which we have to notice deals with four objections, "directed respectively (1) against the efficacy of prayer for temporal blessings; (2) against the possibility of Divine grace; (3) against free will; and (4) against miracles." (p. 15). Our space will permit us to choose only one of these heads for comment; and we will take the first, especially because this receives the longest treatment at the author's hands.

Dr. Ward contends that the regularity observed in phenomena does not contradict the notion of what he calls a Divine "pre-movement." He illustrates his position by the case of some mice enclosed in a vast complicated "polychordon," an imaginary musical instrument of greater intricacy than any which our most skilful makers have yet devised. The mice would hear the melodies and the harmonies, they would see the nature of the vibrations, and they would calculate the laws regulating the music; but the player outside they would not perceive. Still they would have no warrant for denying his agency, as, according to our fabulist, some foolishly have ventured upon doing. "Two hundred absolutely fixed laws intervene between the player's movement and the resulting sound; but this fact does not tend ever so remotely to show that there is not an intelligent player, or that his premovement is not absolutely unremitting. And

¹ *Science, Prayer, Free Will, and Miracles.* By W. G. Ward, D. Ph. London: Burns and Oates, 1881.

in like manner, though phenomenal laws the most strictly and rigorously uniform existed throughout the realm of nature, such a fact would not tend ever so remotely to show what irreligious men pretend ; that these laws are not at each moment directed by an immediate and uncontrolled *Divine premovement*" (p. 19). We may state that this doctrine is substantially admitted by Professor Huxley, a passage from whose *Essays and Critiques* we will put side by side with the quotation just made : "The teleological and the mechanical views of nature are not necessarily mutually exclusive. On the contrary, the more purely a mechanist a speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement, of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences ; and the more completely is he thereby at the mercy of the teleologist, who can always defy him to prove that this primordial molecular arrangement was not intended to evolve the phenomena of the universe." So far there is agreement in essentials ; but disagreement springs up when Dr. Ward goes on to his second proposition, namely, "It is far more than probable that God actively forwards those ends which He has at heart, than that He rests content with such premotion of them as was involved in the very fact of creation. A Creator, self-banished from active interference with the movement of His own work, is a possible indeed, but surely an almost incredible hypothesis" (p. 26). The mere acts of conservation, and concurrence, not to speak of the Divine Immensity, would shut out the notion of "self-banishment," which Dr. Ward feels to be so repugnant. How far, however, beyond these modes of presence, there is that constant interference, in the ordinary sense of the word, it is hard for us exactly to determine. It is Dr. Ward's decided opinion that what he calls the "Divine premovements" are of perpetual occurrence. He admits, indeed, that there is at the same time a great uniformity in the course of nature. "Our argument by no means requires us to deny any general uniformity which experience may indicate in God's premovement of natural laws. It may be true, e.g. that He more often sends rain in July than in June ; and that the amount of rain which falls in one year is not very different from that which falls in another. If scientific observation have established these facts, they are of course true ; but, however true, they present no difficulty whatever to a Catholic, or to any other Christian. Indeed, one would expect à priori much greater regularity of action from

the All-Wise God, than from a human player on a musical instrument" (p. 33, 34). Thus our author admits uniformity, and he admits interferences; but he seems less struck by the former and more inclined to multiply the latter than are some Christian writers. Undoubtedly it is a hard, though perfectly just part of men's probation, especially of those whose experience is the bitterest, to see how, in the physical world there is, to so very large an extent, a rigorous, inexorable, even terrible rule of law. Dire calamities march on apace, and no Divine hand is raised to stop them, even though the victims are, according to our human standard, not deserving of such misfortunes. In these cases—and they are many—we can only say, that there is another world where all inequalities will be redressed, and that God, for the discernment of His elect, has a right, if He chooses, to let secondary causes run their course, irrespective of the deserts of those who, for a brief day, may profit or lose thereby. Certainly there is a providence over the course of the world; certainly not a hair of our heads can fall to the ground without our Father's permission; certainly the world's on-goings are, in a most true sense, ordered for the good of the elect, though not necessarily for their temporal good. It would be exposing the faithful to over rude a temptation, if we were to lead them to expect a perfect security in earthly prosperity and against earthly adversity, by reason of their virtuous lives and the earnestness of their prayers. Dr. Ward quotes from the Old Testament promises of assistance to those who ask for the supply of their temporal needs. But it should be remembered that we Christians have these promises in a lesser degree; we can infallibly impetrated all our soul's wants; our body's wants we can impetrated only in dependence on the will of God, about which He has revealed to us no fixed rule. The Jewish state had the express guarantee: Be faithful to the law, and you shall enjoy earthly well-being; neglect the law, and the world shall go ill with you. History shows that this promise was kept.² We have no such promise; not even in the words "seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." This sentence, as it does not forbid direct petition for temporal things, so neither does it mean that all virtue shall meet with its proportionate temporal reward.

² The rule was fixed with regard to the state; it was less constant with regard to the individual.

We have mentioned this other side to Dr. Ward's picture, not so much because we disagree with him, as because we fear some readers might derive from his words expectations only to be disappointed. And if now we go on to mention a view, which makes what he considers to be a constant succession of interferences to be mainly a provident constitution of things from the beginning; it is not because we think the theory to be demonstrable, but only in order to show another possible way of regarding a matter about which we are very much in the dark. It is, therefore, the opinion of some writers that the course of Providence, as concerns physical nature, was mainly settled from the commencement; and that then prayers were answered by anticipation, so far as God saw good to comply with the requests of His creatures. This view fails in regard to what, in the strictest sense of the word, are miraculous events, that is, events beyond the power of natural causes, either as to their substance or as to their manner. We have seen the theory stated elsewhere, but we prefer to quote the adoption of it by one of our ablest Catholic periodicals. In the *Questions Scientifiques* we read the following citation from the great mathematician, Euler: "The establishment of a course of nature, once for all fixed, so far from rendering our prayers useless, as is pretended by our self-styled 'strong minds,' rather heightens our confidence by telling us this consoling truth, that all our prayers have already, from the outset, been presented before the throne of the Almighty, and that they have had their influence in shaping the scheme of the universe." This is the theory which is taken up by the periodical above-named. For our part we can only say that it may be true, or that there may be some truth in it; but we see no positive proof either one way or the other. The special convenience of the view is, that it most fully allows a reign of law consistent with a perpetually guiding Providence, which, however, never now interferes with secondary causes except in the rarer cases of miracles strictly so defined.

That the mention of this view, held by some Catholic writers of eminent scientific acquirements, is not irrelevant, will appear at once when we state the essence of Dr. Ward's contention. He is not proving the existence of Providence; he is supposing that he knows it *aliunde*, and he is answering the difficulty drawn from the assumption of what Mill calls "the abstract power of infinite prediction." If the train of future

events are certainly and to an indefinite extent calculable, this shows, it is argued, that they flow uninterruptedly from known natural causes, without Divine interference. Dr. Ward answers, and answers most truly, you cannot prove the fact of non-interference, especially of non-interference some stages removed from the point where your examination begins. The sequence of effects is far too vast for you to follow it out in detail; its natural course may be changed a thousand times without your detecting the facts. And most particularly is this true in those matters, about which prayer is constantly concerned, "famine, disease, unseasonable weather, war, shipwreck, extreme poverty, and the like" (p. 29). This position is undoubtedly impregnable; but the other school, which, the strictly miraculous apart, relegates all providential action to the beginning of the world, does not feel itself concerned to deny "the abstract power of indefinite prediction." Whereas on Dr. Ward's theory such a concession would admittedly be fatal. "Our imaginary objector," he says, "took for granted that any person of super-human and adequate intelligence, who should know thoroughly all the various properties and combinations of matter which now exist, could predict infallibly the whole series of future phenomena. If this hypothesis were established as true, there would at once "result a final and absolute *disproof* of that great verity which we are defending, a final and absolute disproof of every notion that God does unintermittingly pre-move the laws of nature" (p. 26). Here is a clear divergence of opinion. Both sides agree—they must as Christians agree—that prayer has its effects even on the physical course of nature; they *may* disagree as to the frequency of those effects, and they *do* disagree as to the manner of them.

At one point of the discussion Dr. Ward distinguishes "earthly phenomena" as contrasted by their variability and incalculability with the opposite characters of "cosmic phenomena," "such as the hours of sunrise and sunset; of moonrise and moonset; the respective apparent positions of the heavenly bodies," &c. (p. 30.) The distinction may stand; but we should at the same time remember, that the "cosmic phenomena," for those who could get near them, would be almost as varied and incalculable as our own. We, to another sphere present simply an example of a planet with its phases; the other planets do the same to us. Much of course depends upon whether the other worlds are fitted up

for the habitation of rational creatures, and are so inhabited. Dr. Ward regards it as more in conformity with revelation to suppose they are not; Father Faber, with characteristic enthusiasm, inclines to the opposite opinion, and is even bold enough to conceive the effects of the incarnation as reaching to our brother planets. Both writers allow that they have no certain knowledge. But, inhabited or not inhabited, what to us are simple "lamps of heaven," rising and setting with calculable regularity, must have irregularities on their surface far beyond any human prediction.

We can accompany Dr. Ward no further; but we may spare room to call attention to the pages in which he points to the repeated cases of design in nature as giving support to the idea, that the Designer is often at work; and in which he extends his answer beyond physical to mental phenomena, where a law of sequence has been made an argument against what are essential doctrines of Christianity. We trust that Dr. Ward may be spared to complete the re-editing of former works, and to make yet new additions to the branch of literature which it has been the devotion of his life to enrich.

2.—THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.¹

In this volume M. de la Berge has contrived to collect a great amount of information, which, if new to his countrymen, will be all the more so to his readers on this side the channel. Having undertaken to write a series of articles for the *Siecle* on Tunis, the nature of the country and its importance in relation to France, he found his materials grow under his hand to such an extent, that he determined to publish the present volume, which he divides into three parts.

The first part is devoted to a detailed account of the recent French expedition into Tunis.

The primary object of the expedition was to restrain the neighbouring tribes, whose frequent aggressions were a continual source of danger and disquiet to the present colonists and subjects in Algeria. For the violation of territory and the acts of pillage and violence committed by the turbulent population of the frontiers the Government of Tunis refused to make satisfaction; and complaints and expostulation proving

¹ *En Tunisie.* Par Albert de la Berge. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.

fruitless, the French Government found it necessary to maintain the interests and assert the authority of France by the force of arms ; the more so, because Italy, remembering the glories of ancient Rome, looked with a covetous eye on Tunis, the " Italian Algeria," as destined to become once more what it was formerly, the dependency of Italy in Africa. To prevent the establishment of a rival European power at the very gates of her colony was as important for the French Government as to provide for the security of her subjects, and therefore, when diplomatic negotiations failed, military preparations were set on foot. The campaign in Tunis, attended with more hardships than glory for those who took part in it, was nevertheless successful in accomplishing the desired end : the prestige of France was re-established, and the Regency of Tunis placed under her protectorate. Some difficulties may yet have to be overcome as far as diplomatic relations are concerned, but from a military point of view nothing more remains to be done ; the population of Tunis are, in the main, far more peaceful and industrious than the tribes of Algeria, and such insurrections as break out from time to time in the Regency may speedily be suppressed by a slight military demonstration.

The second part of the book gives a full and interesting description of the country, which, in the shape of a parallelogram, occupies a commanding position in the north-east of Africa ; its central position and extensive line of sea-coast marking it as the natural emporium of commerce between Southern Europe and Central Africa. The land itself is far from possessing the fertility of former times, when it shared with Egypt and Sicily the duty of supplying Italy with cereals. At the present time, corn-fields are rare in the northern districts, and although in some parts splendid olive forests may be seen, the produce is of small value, owing to the poverty of the soil and lack of irrigation. The number of the population it is almost impossible to ascertain, for no register of births and deaths is kept, and the returns made by the Sheiks to the Turkish Government are unquestionably incorrect, as the census is only for the purpose of raising the amount of taxation. The nomad tribes pay no fixed taxes, the Kaid, or local Governor, contenting himself with exacting a tribute in kind or money, to levy which, however small the amount, military force is generally required. How faithful is the allegiance of these tribes to their Mussulman rulers, the following incident will serve to show. On one occa-

sion, a year or two ago, a sharp encounter took place between the troops of a certain Governor going his rounds to collect the taxes, and the men of a frontier tribe, defaulters in the matter of payment. On the evening of the same day the Sheik, several of whose followers had been killed, made his appearance with the amount demanded, excusing his resistance on the plea that his tribe had thought themselves subjects of France. On being asked why, in that case, they had recently joined in an attack on the French flag, he had nothing to answer, but paid his 1000 piastres in silence. The next day a stranger, who had been present remarked to him, that it was hardly worth while to take up arms about so paltry a sum. "True responded the Sheik, the amount is trifling ; but prompt and willing payment on our part one year would surely involve heavier taxation the next ; besides, we should think it a disgrace to yield at the first summons." Under the mal-administration of the Bey the population has sensibly diminished, many tribes having emigrated to the south, and others having suffered from famine. Thirty years ago the former Consul of France at Sousa wrote as follows (since then matters have become worse) :

It is difficult to imagine the misery to which the inhabitants of this country are reduced, and on how little they contrive to subsist. The food of the majority consists of coarse barley or rye bread, the pith of olives, and the entrails of animals dried in the sun. In summer this wretched fare is varied by the addition of a few vegetables and fruits, principally figs.

The condition of the resident tribes in the agricultural districts is much better ; they are, moreover, peaceful and submissive to authority. Those who form part of the regular army are exempt from taxation, on condition of certain fixed periods of military service.

The province of Djerid is termed the land of palms. Here, out of the midst of a sea of sand, rises the town of Gafsa and its adjacent villages, situate on a beautiful oasis, and surrounded by luxuriant palm forests and superb gardens. This lovely spot was formerly favoured by grace as well as by nature. In the third century it possessed churches and a bishop ; St. Cyprian speaks of it as one of the principal of the African dioceses. The culture of the palm is here brought to great perfection ; the tree is propagated by carefully transplanting the off-shoots, which bear fruit after seven years, and its leaves are put to so many uses as to make them almost equal in value to the fruit.

There are twenty-two varieties of date-palms indigenous to the soil.

The island of Djerbah is the most fertile and well-cultivated portion of Tunisian territory. It is the Meninx of the ancients, the lotus-isle, where grew the delicious fruit whose exquisite flavour caused all strangers who eat of it to forget their native land. Naturalists, we are told, suppose the lotus to be a red berry peculiar to this island and somewhat resembling the strawberry and raspberry.

M. de la Berge passes in review all the principal towns of the Regency, amongst which Tunis itself has naturally the most prominent place. For his interesting account of its bazaars, mosques, and palaces, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The native manufactures are few and insignificant, and commerce is principally in the hands of Jews and Europeans, all nationalities being represented in the northern towns; amongst colonists, the Italian element predominates. The Government of Tunis is an hereditary monarchy, and the Bey is absolute. The executive, legislative, and judiciary power rests in the hands of ministers and magistrates; the administration of the provinces is entrusted to Kahias and Kards. An immense majority of the population profess the faith of Islam; Christianity makes but little progress amongst them. Despite their contempt for both Jews and Christians, the Mussulmans are said to be extremely tolerant, granting them complete religious liberty, and even allowing them to enter their mosques. One is inclined to think this liberality is more apparent than real.

The third and concluding portion of the volume traces the history of this portion of African territory from the time when the Phoenician colonists first settled there until the present day. Tunis and Carthage are by some supposed to be one and the same, but is not so: they were distinct and often rival cities. When the star of Carthage began to wane, Tunis allied herself with the Romans, and the African population, long impatient of the Carthaginian yoke, hastened to throw it off. Since those days the land has seen many vicissitudes, and known many masters. After the fall of Carthage, a period of peace and prosperity ensued under the Roman dominion, until the wars broke out which disturbed the latter days of the Great Republic. After the Roman rule came the Byzantine, which was too weak to withstand the invasion of the Vandals in the fifth, and of the Arabs in the seventh century. These latter held sway

until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the advancing wave of Ottoman power reached and overspread the shores of Africa.

M. de la Berge's researches have been so thorough that he seems to have left nothing untold respecting this new Dependency of France, and the student of politics, or geography, or history will find all he wants to know about Tunis in the comprehensive and yet not bulky volume before us.

3.—A BOOK OF INTERESTING TRAVEL.¹

If all books of travel were like this one the reviewer's task would be both easy and delightful, for he would have nothing to do except to praise. Mrs. Mulhall has given us a charming volume, full of amusing anecdotes and traits of character, and abounding, moreover, in useful information. She has had the wisdom to avoid both scientific details and intricate statistics—the *bête noire* of ordinary readers—and the good taste not to say more than necessary about herself personally, instead of saying as much as possible, after the fashion of too many travellers. Her description of the plague epidemic which ravaged Buenos Ayres in the early months of 1871, and cost the lives of 26,000 citizens, is intensely vivid, as that of an eye-witness alone could be; and in the scenes of horror it reveals, goes far towards rivalling the tales with which the records of Naples and Florence were rife during the prevalence of a like scourge in mediæval times.

The following humourous story belongs to the period when the disease was rapidly abating:—

A prisoner was brought into the Policia, charged with having attempted to stab some of the gravediggers at the Chacrita Cemetery. He was a negro, and his head and face were so covered with lime that his appearance was extremely ludicrous. It appeared he had been a nurse, and having earned high wages got very drunk; he was picked up for dead in the street, and taken in the municipal dust-cart to the Chacrita; but the lime which the gravediggers threw on the corpses got into his eyes and soon brought him to his senses. So enraged was he that he drew his knife and attacked the gravediggers. When I saw him

¹ *Between the Amazon and Andes, or Ten Years of a Lady's Travels in the Pampas Gran Chaco, Paraguay and Matto Grosse.* By Mrs. M. G. Mulhall. London: E. Stanford, 55, Charing Cross, 1881.

he was quite sober, and the Commissary let him go without any fine, but took the knife from him. It is needless to say that many persons were believed to have been buried alive which was quite possible (p. 42).

The authoress concludes her account of this awful visitation in the following words :

Before many weeks the plague was as utterly forgotten as if it had occurred in the previous century, and the foundations for a new opera house were laid on the site of a saw-mill used for making coffins during the epidemic (p. 44).

We never read of any country in which human life was held in such utter disregard, the greatest insecurity prevailing in consequence, especially as criminals seem to be scarcely ever brought to justice, and assassins, even when apprehended are "simply locked up, to play cards until they get a chance of murdering the guards." Whilst visiting a fort, used as a prison, the authoress was shown by the officer in charge "a half-caste with a sinister countenance, "That," he said, "is Guemes, who beheaded the Neapolitan." It appears a Sicilian organ-grinder was playing one Sunday evening for a group of people at the Arroyo Seco, when Guemes came up, cut off the Sicilian's head, put it on the organ, and went on playing in the presence of the bystanders, who were too terrified to move. He ultimately fled to Rio Grande, and, on the demand of extradition, was given up by the Brazilian authorities.

The native tribes are many of them harmless and peaceable, and Mrs. Mulhall gives various amusing details illustrative of their peculiar customs. The following seems to shew that they take a very practical view of the proverb "Whom the gods love die young."

September 27th.—Went last night to see the *velorio*, or wake of a little child. The body was laid out on a table, dressed in white satin, embroidered with silver; it had a wig of long, black, curly hair, on which was a wreath of artificial flowers. About forty women sat around, smoking and laughing. When a child dies, the mother first holds the feast in her own house, and then lends the body to her neighbours, the event of an infant's death being regarded as an occasion of great rejoicing (p. 223).

Not the least interesting and valuable portion of the book is that which gives the history of the rise and fall of the Jesuit Missions. It is not easy to say whether we ought to admire

most highly the patient and unwearied efforts of the Fathers, or the absolute and unquestioning obedience of their flocks, upon whom they used to inflict penances for their faults, especially that of drunkenness. Such was the charming docility of the Indians that they, after performing any of these penances, were accustomed to go and kiss the Jesuit's hand, saying, "Lord reward you, Father, for showing me my errors." Very touching, in its simple pathos, is the letter they addressed to the Governor of Buenos Ayres, imploring that their beloved Fathers might not be expelled from the country. Indeed the affection universally felt for these successors of the Apostles, was no less ardent than that shown by the Ephesians of old, to the first and greatest of missionaries. Even the lower animals shared in the sentiment, for the horse of one of the missionaries would allow no one else to mount him, and pined away from the moment of his master's departure. If we venture to predict that this book will be widely read and universally liked, we are but expressing our conviction that the verdict of the public will ratify our own.

4.—BRACTON ; A TALE OF 1812.¹

It need hardly be said that coming from Father Anderdon's pen, *Bracton; a Tale of 1812*, is before all else thoroughly Catholic and religious to the core, without, at the same time, being in the least unpleasantly pious. It would spoil the reader's interest in this very agreeable story to betray the secret of its plot, further than to say that it seems to have been suggested by Spelman's *Fate of Sacrilege*, and that its main incidents and characters are worked out in illustration of the hereditary blight which is said often to attend the ill-gotten possession of Church property. The Bractons are represented as an old Catholic family, clinging tenaciously to the ancient faith without greatly adorning it by their virtues, whose fortunes, impaired by the Wars of the Roses, Henry the Eighth had afterwards restored by the dubious and perilous gift of Church land. Thenceforth continuous misfortunes cling to the ancient house, until its modern representatives in 1812 are found to be distinguished for nothing so much as an insane devotion to the gaming-table.

¹ *Bracton; a Tale of 1812.* By Rev. W. Anderdon, S.J. London : Burns and Oates, 1881.

It seemed a fitting Nemesis that if hazard had put them in possession of the broad acres and buildings once solemnly dedicated, under anathema, to divine service and the relief of the poor, hazard should likewise render their ill-gotten spoils delusive and treacherous as a demon gift.

Much of the story is told by correspondence carried on amongst its chief characters. Some readers of novels, who, on what precise ground is not very clear, take exception to this method of unfolding the plot of a story, so largely employed by Wilkie Collins, and once at least, very effectively by Charles Dickens in *Bleak House*, may possibly object to many of the letters in Bracton on the further ground, that they are a trifle stiff and formal in style. But surely this should be esteemed a merit rather than a fault; for the date of the story, be it remembered, is 1812, when amongst other now obsolete customs, men addressed their fathers and mothers as "sir" and "madam" respectively, not 1882, when our greater facilities of communication and the penny postage have had time to work a complete revolution in our epistolary style. May not these letters have been modelled, with what measure of success the reader will decide for himself, on those so often found in the works of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, authors who take rank amongst the very foremost of English novel writers? Exception, however, may perhaps be taken to the letters of the little German lady, who has married an Italian marquis, and devoted her life to good works, on the ground that the broken English they contain is a trifle overdone; people generally write a foreign language more correctly than they speak it.

The plot of the story is simple, and the characters few, but *en revanche* these are drawn with lineaments strongly enough marked and are painted in colours sufficiently warm to awaken interest and enlist sympathy. The table of contents will gratify the sensation-loving reader with the promise of a good murder and many exceedingly interesting scenes in connection with it, as for instance the trial, in which all hangs on a case of mistaken identity. *Bracton; or a Tale of 1812*, contains not a few passages quite as good as the following, selected almost at haphazard as a specimen of the author's style.

His plans had been well laid. Shame on us, when for worthier ends we take less effectual means! Bracton has planned this murder with more forethought than scores of men employ to save their souls. He has brought everything with him; a pocket compass, a well-folded

map to guide his course; a roll of banknotes and a purse of guineas for relays of horses. Half his fortune would have been well bestowed, so he reasons, to emancipate the other half from these intolerable exactions, to rid him of this incubus. Knollis disposed of, and himself once safe at Ernham, then he may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, and sleep, in spite of thunder.

Sleep! Has he then lulled his conscience, more than that other, who "murdered sleep?" Do not compunctionous visitings knock at his heart? no vision of the murdered man rise before his eyes? Hardly, yet: the time has not come. He will have leisure at Ernham—leisure to quake at his own dread memories. The avenging furies, that will cling like vampires round his roof-tree, and sit with him by the hearth, and scream discordant in his ear, have not overtaken him upon their slow but certain way. Lame of foot they are left behind by the desperate gallop. At present he flies, not from remorse, but Smethers!

A principal and indeed one of the best drawn characters of the story is a priest, a certain Father Morton, who in the trial consequent upon the murder is put into the witness-box, and being possessed of a very awkward secret confided to him in the confessional, meets with a fair amount of bullying at the hands of a Judge with a strong family likeness to fussy little Mr. Justice Stareleigh of Pickwick notoriety, and at those of a blustering barrister with a spice of Buzfuz in his make-up, and ends by getting committed to prison for contempt of court. This priest is made the vehicle for communicating a good deal of sound instruction to the reader on points of Catholic doctrine, more pleasantly and perhaps more effectively even than is sometimes done by professedly didactic works.

In conclusion, we think that Father Anderton has done well to eschew the vulgar wind-up of most novels, even if, instead of making everybody live very happily together for ever after, he has given a slight tinge of sadness to the close of his story. We sincerely wish *Bracton* all the success it undoubtedly deserves, and fervently hope that we may, at no very distant date, have another story, as good as *Bracton*, from Father Anderdon's ready and amusing pen.

5.—LOUIS NAPOLEON PAINTED BY AN ADMIRER.¹

This book, which might have been more accurately entitled "Recollections of Napoleon the Third," by his confidential friend and admirer, Count Orsi, derives its value and interest

¹ *Recollections of the last Half Century.* By Count Orsi. Longmans, Green, and Co.

from the fact of its being the work of an eye-witness, who has not trusted to memory, but to notes made at the time, for the events and conversations he records. The first chapters relate to the agitation among the partisans of the "Independence," not the "Unity," of Italy, which was to result in a national rising, headed by the Duke of Modena. The two sons of the ex-King of Holland had thrown themselves, heart and soul, into this movement which Orsi was clear-sighted enough to perceive was an utter mistake, and from which he vainly strove to detach the Princes.

The attempt, as is known, turned out a complete *fiasco*. The Duke backed out. Louis Philippe, who was supposed to be secretly abetting the movement, proved a broken reed, the insurgents were routed, and the elder brother of Louis Napoleon died shortly after. The bank, established in Florence by Count Orsi's father, and which he and his brothers conducted, stopped payment, and they were thrown upon the world. They went to London in hopes of finding employment, and there the Count met with Gouband, a French artist, who had painted the christening of the King of Rome for Napoleon the First, a picture, the fortunes of which, as told here, are worth reading. Gouband was just starting for America to "interview" the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, or the Count de Survilliers, as he was now called, to whom he was the bearer of letters from Queen Hortense and her son. The popularity of the *Roi-Citoyen* was on the wane, Count Lennox, the reviver of the Imperialist party in Paris, was in need of substantial support, and the object of Gouband's mission was to obtain a subsidy from Joseph. He invited Orsi to join him, and the proposal was accepted. The journey did not result in much: Joseph was too prudent to countenance conspiracies or revolutions, for which the late experiences of his nephews must have given him a distaste.

Next comes the story of the famous Boulogne expedition, which Orsi utterly denies to have been the absurdity it is usually considered, and as he is the only survivor of those on board the *Edinburgh Castle* on August 5, 1840, he is certainly entitled to speak with some authority.

After closing his mother's eyes at Arenenberg, Prince Louis Napoleon went to England, and at once began writing the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, which soon rallied round him the partisans of Imperialism, and very soon meditated a *coup de main* for

which Louis Philippe's rapidly declining favour seemed to him to be preparing the way. Orsi, ever prudent, tried his utmost to persuade him not to hurry matters, to watch events, and wait till the catastrophe came, which was certainly impending ; but Persigny and his master would not listen. Orsi chartered the steamer for the "pleasure trip to Hamburg," the story of which is too long to tell here, besides having been told often enough ; but it is well worth reading in Count Orsi's words, especially as he alone knew the reason why the scheme, which he considers had a good hope of success, proved an utter failure. The object was to reach the Boulogne barracks at 4 a.m. on the morning of the 5th of August, on which day the Republican captain commanding the battalion was to be absent ; but the Prince, incredible as it seems, had omitted to take the all-important matter of the tide into consideration, so that the party landed on the 6th, and to this *contretemps* Orsi attributes the ruin of the enterprise. The following account of the "eagle" story is worth quoting. The steamer was anchored off Gravesend, and while Persigny and the rest were anxiously looking out for the Prince's arrival,

Colonel Parguin, accompanied by Charles Thélin, Louis Napoleon's faithful valet, went ashore to buy cigars. The Colonel and I got into the boat. Thélin was with us. As we were walking to the cigar shop, the colonel remarked a boy seated on a log of wood, feeding an eagle with a shred of meat. The eagle had a chain fastened to one of its claws, with which it was secured. The colonel turned twice to look at it, but went on without uttering a word. On our way back to the boat, we saw that the boy had left the spot and had gone within two yards of the landing place we had to go through. The colonel went to him, and looking at the eagle said to the boy, "Est il à vendre ?" The boy, not understanding a word, turned to me and said, "I do not understand the gentleman." I guessed what the colonel meant doing, and said, "My dear colonel, I hope you do not intend to buy that eagle ? For God's sake, do not think of such a thing. We have other affairs to think of."

"Why not ? I *will* have it. Ask him what he wants for it."

"I will not. Ask Thélin what he thinks of it."

"I do not care for anybody's opinion, I *will* have it. *Combien t'en-x-tu ?*"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. At last the colonel asked him in broken English, "How mooth ?"

"One pound," answered the boy.

He ordered the boy to put the eagle in the boat, and then Thélin and I jumped into it, and rowed back to the steamer. On arriving on

board, the eagle was fastened to the mainmast by the boy, and from that moment it was never taken notice of till it was discovered and seized by the authorities at Boulogne, who took it to the museum, from which it fled away next morning, owing to some carelessness on the part of the men who had it in charge. Is it not most extraordinary that a fact which had been witnessed by upwards of sixty people on board the steamer, and contradicted a great many times, should have been allowed to go the round of every country, and left to cast ridicule on the Prince, who never saw or knew anything of the eagle on board the *Edinburgh Castle*? How many events recorded in history are to be put on a par with that of the "Boulogne eagle!"

The place to which Orsi was sentenced to be imprisoned for five years, for his complicity in the Boulogne affair, was the citadel of Doullens, fifteen leagues from Ham. Here he beguiled the time by giving lessons in English and Italian to some of the other prisoners, and the relations between him and the governor were very friendly, so that the only letters ever examined were those of the Prince, from Ham. When liberated from Doullens, Orsi went to London, where he speedily received letters from Louis Napoleon, announcing his resolution to attempt an escape at any risk, and urging his friend to find some one willing to lend the funds necessary for the enterprise. After the transaction of this business, there was a pause in Orsi's correspondence with the Prince, in order to lull suspicion, but matters were precipitated by the illness of the Comte de St. Leu (the ex-King of Holland). The Prince, a devoted son to both his parents, humbled his pride by writing an earnest entreaty to the King of the French, to be allowed to leave France, "if only for a very short time," to visit his dying father, pledging his word of honour to return when summoned. His appeal met with an ungenerous reception, though Orsi seems of opinion that Louis Philippe was overborne by his Ministers in the matter. There was no hope but in escape, and this the Prince resolved now to attempt without delay. The plan was very simple but very daring, and a graphic account of it is given by Orsi. Like his uncle, Louis Napoleon had the power of inspiring devoted attachment, and the zeal and self-sacrifice of Dr. Conneau and the faithful Thélin stand out very brightly in these pages.

The two years spent by the Prince in London before his visit to Paris in 1848 was devoted to furnishing a work, the composition of which had beguiled his captivity at Ham, on the gigantic

scheme of the Nicaragua Canal. It is sad to think that his yearning desire to take a last farewell of his dying father was not fulfilled. The Grand Duke of Tuscany refused to grant the request for a passport, and the Belgian Government inscribed the Prince's name in the extradition list. It is difficult to understand how such harshness could be justified.

No sooner was the Republic proclaimed in France than the Prince was overwhelmed with assurances that it was distasteful to the country, and with invitations to come over and try his fortune.

The news of the Prince's arrival spread rapidly in Paris. His portrait was in all the windows, under it the one word *Lui!* As is well known, the Provisional Government wrote to request him to show his love for France by leaving Paris for a time, and his friend, General Montholon, the companion of his Boulogne attempt and his Ham captivity, prevailed on him to comply with the request. The reward of his compliance was a seat for five departments in the Assembly. After being proclaimed President, Louis Napoleon, who, to do him justice, never forgot a friend, wrote to Orsi begging him to settle in Paris, which he did.

The interest of the memoirs ends here. There is a chapter devoted to the Mexican scheme, and another to the Count's personal sufferings under the Commune, but the charm of the earlier part of the work is in the personal touches, the light and shade, the familiar details which his intimate relations with the chief person concerned qualify the writer to give. While making the necessary allowance for his strong bias in favour of that person, one cannot close the book without a conviction of the fairness and truthfulness of the author, as well as of his simplicity and moderation of character. It would be ungenerous to criticize severely the faults of style and expression which are so frankly acknowledged in the preface, and which are not to be wondered at in an Italian, who nevertheless has evidently a thorough knowledge of our language.

6.—GOOD SERMONS FOR THE MILLION.¹

Father Bagshawe is already well known to Catholics, as well as to Protestant enquirers, by his useful and practical works on

¹ *Catholic Sermons.* A Series of Sermons on Faith and Morals, appearing every week. Conducted by Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. Vol. i. Sermons on the Commandments.

The Threshold and on *The Credentials of the Catholic Church*. He now desires to popularize his labours still more for the benefit of the poor, and to provide a weekly supply of religious instruction in a cheap form for those who have not the opportunity of hearing sermons in church. There are thousands of Catholics scattered over the United Kingdom who cannot hear a sermon from one year's end to another. Sometimes distance from a church makes it impossible for them to attend, sometimes their duties at home compel them to go to one of the Low Masses where there is no sermon, sometimes the scanty room excludes them from the late Mass. For these and such as these Father Bagshawe's sermons are primarily intended ; though they have the secondary object of providing spiritual reading for families on the Sunday—a practice often neglected by parents—as well as of the spreading the knowledge of Catholic doctrine among those outside the Church.

This good work (as Father Bagshawe tells us in the Preface) was undertaken with the special sanction of the late Bishop of Southwark, and since his death Cardinal Manning has supported it with cordial kindness and has written a little preface recommending it to the faithful. Well does it deserve his Eminence's recommendation. The sermons are plain and practical, and easy to understand. The ideas are clearly and interestingly put, and the sermons are all short. The illustrations are apt, and explain well the point illustrated. For instance, in Sermon I., in explaining that conscience is not an infallible guide, he says :—

I will give you an illustration of this which will explain what I mean. Conscience is like the compass sailors have to steer their ships by. If they did not attend to the compass they would certainly be lost ; but attending to it is not sufficient. They must also take care that the compass has not got wrong in some way or other. Some alteration on board the ship may easily have turned it a little or a great deal out of its right direction, so they must constantly compare their compass with the stars or with landmarks of some kind.

And this correcting influence is of course the positive law of God.

Among the sermons contained in this volume the one on the duties of parents deserves special praise. We wish our space allowed us to quote some portion of this and other excellent sermons which follow it. We feel sure that (costing, too, only one penny each) such excellent instructions will soon make their

way among Catholics. We hope that many priests will be induced to distribute them among their flocks. We may perhaps add, without any disparagement to the oratorical power of the clergy, that many priests would not do amiss if they sometimes read one of them in place of their own discourse.

We are glad to see that the series is to be continued, and that Father Bagshawe has obtained the assistance of other priests in carrying out this good work for God.

7.—THE REVISERS REVISED.¹

In England, which is often called the nation of compromise, such a work as the late revision of the New Testament was sure to depend largely on the spirit of compromise. Accordingly we have it in a production lying somewhat between Churchmanship and Dissent, between Orthodoxy and Rationalism. A second idea on which the revision is based, is that philological knowledge must be an impartial court of appeal from the biased judgment of those who start to translate Scripture with a creed already drawn out. But here again there is failure; for, especially with such a book as the Holy Scripture, the right understanding of the text is frequently hopeless without the guide of tradition or of authoritative interpretation. For these and other reasons the revisers need revising, and a well known Catholic writer has taken a review of certain texts, with regard to which he can claim a special competence owing to previous studies. In his criticisms the reader will find a careful record of how, in the passage distinctly known as Petrine, the authorities met in Jerusalem Chamber have sometimes improved upon their predecessors, and sometimes have done the reverse. Quite independently, however, of what concerns the revised version, a large amount of valuable matter is given in the way of positive comment, so that, from a perusal of the forty-eight pages here offered to his consideration, the reader may rise with a very fair knowledge of the texts that make for the primacy and infallibility of Peter. This certainly is no mean acquisition, but is well worth the labour both of the author and of him who has the easier task of appropriating what is placed ready for his taking up.

¹ *Criticism on Certain Passages in the Anglican Version of the New Testament as Revised, 1881.* By the Hon. Colin Lindsay. London : Burns and Oates, 1881.

8.—AN ALMANACK FOR THE SERVANTS OF MARY.¹

It is well known how that great master of prayer, St. Ignatius Loyola, went on the principle that "God helps those who help themselves." There must be pains-taking co-operation on the part of man, or he has no right to expect a continuance of abundant favours from Heaven. Now as the wearisomeness of routine is one of the difficulties of perseverance in devout practices, any little *industrie* which will help to do away with that drag on spiritual progress, is thankfully to be welcomed. Such an aid is to be found in "Our Lady's Almanack." The first part is a calendar, mentioning the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, the stations in her honour, the indulgences to be gained in relation to her, and the notable favours granted through her intercession. The second part, which is headed "Liturgy, History, Devotions," promises to be the beginning of a volume of interesting information on the three points specified. The author will be rewarded for such a contribution to Mary's honour; and we cannot do better than claim a share in the good work by recommending to the public the little volume which we have described.

9.—HELPS IN TIME OF TROUBLE.²

The name of the author is sufficiently well known to make introduction superfluous. The present series of Instructions are very wide in their range, being addressed to the timorous and scrupulous, the tempted and desolate, the tepid and indifferent, the worldly and frivolous, the uncharitable and back-biting, and to those who labour under any habit of sin. The various positions of life are taken into account, each according to his necessity may consult this useful little volume and find suitable advice.

10.—A FRANCISCAN ON PENANCE.³

We do not hesitate to say that occasionally the language of some Catholics, more perhaps through rashness on their part than

¹ *Our Lady's Almanack for 1882.* London : Burns and Oates, 1882.

² *Instructions for Particular States of Life.* By the Rev. John Gother. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1882.

³ *Franciscan Popular Library, IV. Mortification practised on all occasions.* Dedicated to Christians of the XIX Century. By F. Simon de Bussières, O.S.F. London : Burns and Oates.

malice, is, in flat contradiction to the teaching of Jesus Christ and all His saints on the subject of mortification. A Catholic is bound at least to think and speak well of those high degrees of mortification which he is not bound to practise. We therefore have pleasure in recommending to readers a little work treating of the following points :—

- “ (1) In what does mortification consist.
 - “ (2) It is not only possible, but easy to practise mortification in the world.
 - “ (3) The necessity of mortification.
 - “ (4) The advantages of mortification.
 - “ (5) The circumstances in which we can practise mortification.”
-

II.—FATHER HAYDEN ON EDUCATION.¹

Father Hayden has drawn with skilful hand in this sermon, a brief summary of the principles of Catholic education, which he vindicates as alone the source of true happiness to the individual, and the foundation of the peace and security to civil society. Father Hayden's high reputation as a theologian will give additional weight, if any were needed, to his wise and weighty words. Would that the echo of his voice could pierce the ears of the wild dreamers who fancy that society is to be regenerated by the mere imparting of information and driblets of a false philosophy !

¹ *Principles of Catholic Education.* A Sermon preached in aid of the schools of St. Francis Xavier. By Rev. W. Hayden, S.J. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son.

Literary Record.

AMONG recently published books of travel to which we cannot at present give more than the brief notice to which this department of our magazine restricts itself, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, by M. Paul Du Chaillu, the famous author of *Equatorial Africa*, claims a prominent position. The want of arrangement, amounting to slovenliness, is a defect in the book ; the reader never knows to which of his journeys the author is referring, where he is coming from, or whither he is going, but the narrative is all that can be desired in point of charm and interest. It does not possess the attraction of the unknown to the same extent as the author's earlier works, but it gives a fuller, more interesting, and more sympathetic account of the Scandinavian countries and their peoples than we have ever had before. The author takes a very cheerful view of life everywhere, and life in Sweden and Norway, and even in Lapland seems, barring mosquitoes, to lend itself to treatment of that kind. The picturesque and the scientific aspects of this valuable work are equally attractive. The publisher is Mr. Murray.

From the Catholic Publication Society of New York we have received the first part of a work, to be completed in three volumes, entitled, *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, by a Sister of the Order of Mercy. This volume (which is beautifully printed) is exceedingly comprehensive and interesting. The life of Mother M'Aulay is vaguely known to most Catholics, but this is the first time that the wonderful work which by the grace of God that holy woman was enabled to do in her and our time, has been put in a plain narrative before the world. The founding of the Order in Ireland, and the springing up of the one hundred and sixty-eight convents of Our Lady of Mercy which now exist there, form a story of thrilling interest, to which no doubt the histories of the Order in England and the Colonies, and in Scotland, will prove a sequel of equal merit and attraction.

Monsignor Gonzalez, Bishop of Cordova, has recently published a History of Philosophy (*Historia de la Filosofia*), of which we hear good things from trustworthy sources. This

learned Dominican is an eloquent and profound writer, and it is much to be desired that his work be placed, by a good translation into English, within the reach of Catholic readers in this country.

Among recent French works, the *Œuvres Polémiques de Mgr. Freppel*, Bishop of Angers, deserves attention, not only by reason of their merit, but for their masterly handling of the burning questions of the day. The polemical, political, learned, and literary Bishop has the honour to be specially detested and feared by M. Gambetta and M. Paul Bert. The latter aims the coarse ridicule which he mistakes for satire at him whenever he can, without the least effect we need not say, indeed he hardly amuses his own unhappy disciples by these sallies, French taste likes blasphemy served up à l'épigramme, and M. Paul Bert is a butcher, not a cook. The grace and finish of Mgr. Freppel's writings are as remarkable as their power; and in this collected volume we have several gems.

M. Lenormant is so well known to English readers by his studies in ancient, and especially in Oriental history, that the announcement of a new book by him is an event of widespread interest. His *Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient jusqu' aux Guerres Médiques* is much more than a new edition of the *Manual*, it is a complete re-handling and new arrangement of the subject, with vast additions. The first volume deals with Origins, Races, and Languages, and though the learning of the author is most profound, his literary skill enables him to give the results of great learning without the ponderosity or the stiffness of erudition; his style is easy and flowing. It is not necessary to tell our readers that M. Lenormant is a "croyant," but it is very agreeable to find the following declaration in the Preface to his new work :—

Je suis chrétien, et je le proclame hautement. Je vois dans les annales de l'humanité le développement d'un plan providentiel qui se suit à travers tous les siècles et toutes les vicissitudes des sociétés. J'y reconnaiss les desseins de Dieu respectant la liberté des hommes et faisant invinciblement son œuvre par leurs mains libres, presque toujours à leur insu, et souvent malgré eux. Pour moi, comme pour tous les chrétiens, l'histoire ancienne tout entière est la préparation, l'histoire moderne la conséquence du sacrifice divin du Golgotha.

The publisher of M. Lenormant's work is A. Levy (Paris).

The new series of *Le Correspondant* is pursuing its way with vigour. The recent numbers have been particularly strong in

historical matter, and the December number has no less than three articles, continuing subjects previously treated, which are of vivid interest. M. Boullier's secret page of the history of Italy—that of the relations between "the King," Victor Emanuel, and "the Conspirator" Mazzini—is a very curious and instructive study. The fifth instalment of Thureau-Dangin's "*Le Lendemain d'une Révolution*" (that of 1830) brings his *aperçu* to the terrible anti-religious movement, and the noxious influence of Saint-Simonism. M. de Chanteluze's "History of St. Vincent de Paul and the Gondi," brings much that is curious to light, by the aid of valuable documents recently discovered. The article contains a touching description of the last hours of Louis the Thirteenth. *Le Correspondant*, in all its summaries, appreciations, and general information, is calculated to keep its readers up to high-water mark in all the worthy and edifying intellectual movements of the day, and is a model of good editing.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* for last month gives the foremost place in its pages to some remarks on an event in which every Catholic rejoices—the canonization of four saints. Their elevation to the altars of the Church, says the *Civiltà*, is remarkably well-timed, not only because now that the waves of irreligion and unbelief dash with more force than ever against the Rock of Peter, and therefore the Church has need of new intercessors in Heaven and new examples of sanctity to place before her members on earth, but because the choice of the saints to be raised to our altars is especially happy. In the person of Blessed John Baptist de Rossi, the zealous and devoted priest, the clergy receive the appreciation and respect often denied them by the people to whom they minister; the exaltation of Blessed Benedict Labre, a homeless mendicant, rebukes the worship of wealth and the inordinate love of ease of the present day; and the choice of Blessed Laurence de Brindisi and Clara de Monte Falco, a Franciscan monk and Augustinian nun, adorns with the highest honour those religious who are now despoiled and hunted into exile. The second article follows naturally upon the first: it is an appeal on behalf of the poor nuns of Italy, reduced by the confiscation of their houses to penury and want, and to whom those who lavish money on dress and entertainments appear to grudge a small alms.

The *Katholik* for November gives an interesting sketch of the Blessed John Baptist de Rossi, whose life, spent in indefatigable labours for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor

and sinful deserves to be widely known. His unceasing activity, which made him so beloved in Rome that the people pressed round him in the street to kiss the hand ever extended in charity towards them, did not prevent his attaining great perfection in the contemplative life ; his desire of mortification was such that when a mere youth, he made a vow to abstain from tasting any liquid, a generous habit of self-abnegation from which he never swerved. On his death, in 1764, he was mourned as a second St. Philip Neri, in whose footsteps he had trodden, and was immediately invoked as possessing miraculous powers. The *Katholik* also gives us the conclusion of the articles on the Persecution of the Christians under Nero, upon which there is a difference of opinion ; some alleging that the persecution was confined to the walls of Rome, and was not so much directly religious, as founded on a false report spread by the enemies of the Christians, the "new sect" being accused of an attempt to set the city on fire. The more common belief, that the persecution was a wide-spread one, and its sole motive hostility to the Christian religion, is proved by these carefully-written papers to be correct.

The December number of *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* contains much solid matter. Besides the conclusion of the learned researches into the myths which hang about the early narratives of Scripture, we have from the pen of Father Bauer a record of the part which the Conservatives of Prussia have played in recent history, whilst M. Langhorst contributes an able review of modern philosophy, and of the scepticism, now so sadly prevalent, which pervades and disfigures it. He has collected a great deal of learning into the narrow space of a single article, and the object at which he aims is to show from the philosophical standpoint the meaning and the value of the Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, wherein a return to the safe path of scholastic philosophy is so stringently inculcated.

We welcome the appearance of a new monthly periodical, entitled "*The Bibliographer*, a journal devoted to Book-lore :" to which we wish the success which the first number promises. It is intended to discuss the various questions of interest which are connected with printing, binding, and library management ; and it will also contain papers upon kindred subjects which have reference to general bibliographical literature. The publisher is Mr. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.





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